



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

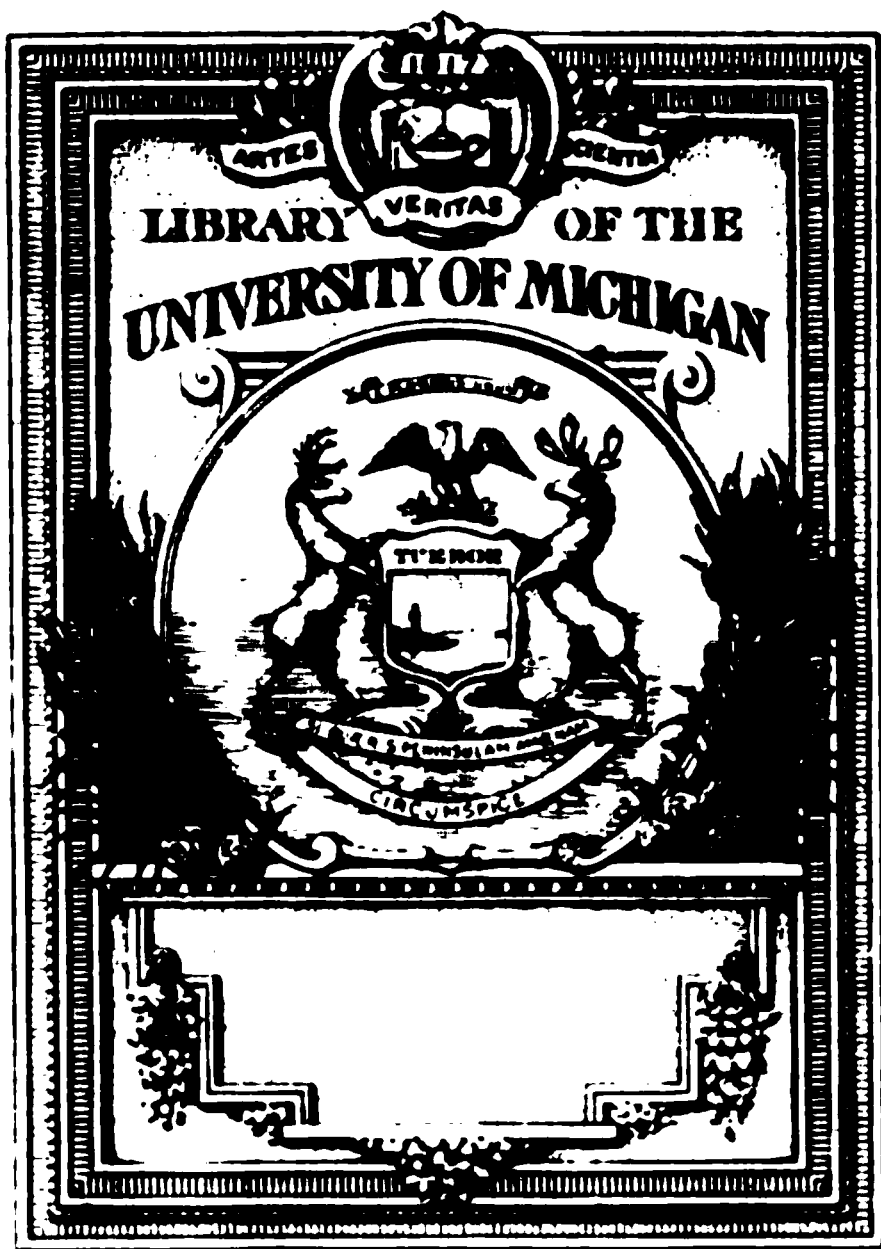
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



828
J769

THE REFUGEE.

A ROMANCE.

James, John, & Almon

THE

REFUGEE.

A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW MURGATROYD,
Of the Ninth Continentals in the Revolutionary War.

Slep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these
sights. *The Winter's Tale.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILDER & CAMPBELL,
No. 142 BROADWAY,

D. Fanshaw, Printer, 1 Murray-street.

1825.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1825, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Willder and Campbell, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

The Refugee. A Romance. By Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, of the Ninth Continentals in the Revolutionary War. *Says.* Name of mercy. when was this, boy? *Clown.* Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these sights.—*The Winter's Tale.* In two Volumes.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

Librarian
Farrison
2.4.75
12197

TO THE HON. DE WITT CLINTON, ESQ.

Governor Elect of the State of New-York.

SIR,

Will you permit me to inscribe to you these volumes? They are the production of no office-seeker; but of a man whose feelings towards you are honourably enthusiastic—who shares, in a small degree, in the benefits conferred upon this State by your wisdom and perseverance, and largely in the love and affection kindled by your goodness and virtue.

“ Glamis and thane of Cawdor,
“ The greatest is behind.”

THE AUTHOR.

CORRESPONDENCE,

Which led to the publication of these volumes.



Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Gideon Sparrow, Esquire,
Counsellor at Law, New-York city, dated Ryeneck, New-
York, July 10th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Brindle, who brought up the merchandise for the Smiths, handed me your obliging letter of the 25th ult., in which you accuse me of forgetting my promise in relation to the MSS. Really, sir, the promise is not forgotten, but the humour, which prompted me to make it, is cooled. I recollect time, place, and circumstances, with uncommon accuracy. It was in 1821. We were sitting under the great rare-ripe pear-tree in my orchard, both of us in excellent spirits. I, immoderately joyful, on account of my escape from Leslie and his host of suborned witnesses; and you, as merry as Rabelais, under the treble influence of a beaker of toddy, a thirty pound fee, and a legal victory. Under these circumstances, I made the promise, which I fear I shall rue. At that time, I was too generous to be just. I have some dislike to submitting a composition of mine to the eye of a man possessed of so much critical judgment, classical learning, and refined taste. You know, sir, I was brought up in a camp, having entered in '75, and continued in the army through the revolution,

and nearly a year after its close. I retired, sir, in '84, with as liberal an allowance of scars and buffets as ever fell to the lot of a soldier since the days of Baron Trenck. I was left poor and destitute, and was compelled for some years to toil very hard to support my family. I got no plunder except a copy of Puysegger on the Enterprise of Durazzo, an odd volume of Folard, and a few second-hand articles for my wife's use. Kicks, Counsellor, were a kind of rations more promptly paid in those days than coppers. Not that I find fault with the government and discipline of the army. We received the most kind and affectionate attentions from the commander in chief; and our other generals, with one or two exceptions, were disposed, in imitation of the Patent example, to pardon light offences, in consideration of the great hardships we endured, and the distressing privations we suffered.

After I left the army, I had, I assure you, a very hard time of it, Counsellor. My wife, good woman, laboured at the oar far more successfully in the production than the support of human beings. In the progress of time, we had so many sons that I used to say to Mr. Taxbill, our clergyman, jocularly, that if we had commenced housekeeping thirty years sooner, in all probability the nation, in my own family, would have found a counterbalance to the Hessians. A helpless woman and a family of helpless children, are enough to clog the industry and destroy the cheerfulness of any man. But since my wife left off child-bearing (which was in her fifty-second year) she has been of vast service to me, and has lightened my shoulders of many a hard task, which grinding poverty had imposed upon me. I am, at length, well

to do in the world; have competent wealth, fine health, good and dutiful children, and an old woman that sings *Lang Syne* with an upturning of the eye almost as thrilling as it was in the year '74. But my day of study has past. During the season when the mind acquires and retains knowledge the most readily—when we view occurrences with a less prejudiced eye, because old age and disease are not present to colour them of the hue of the autumnal leaf, I had no time for the improvement of my mind. Now, when I am seventy years old, my head as white as snow, and as many grandchildren around me as old Cornaro had, it is too late to attempt intellectual embellishment. The Holy Scriptures, sir, afford the only proper mental aliment for one standing, as I am, on the brink of the grave.

I don't think, Counsellor, that I should have placed the MSS. in your hands, if I had not thought that the fee of thirty pounds, which you pocketed in my suit with Leslie, was a very moderate fee, and that I ought, in some way or other, to evince my gratitude for an act of generosity uncommon to the gentlemen of your profession. When I mentioned to Mr. Taxbill that you had charged only thirty pounds for three hours stiff gabble, drafting nineteen special pleas, beside a general and a special demurrer to the plaintiff's replication—in short, for ringing all the bob-majors necessary in the progress of a full-fed law-suit, he confessed that the charge was moderate, but intimated that a stock of 'thank ye's' laid in against a recurrence of the deed, might rot in store long before they were wanted.

Let me know your opinion of the MSS. sent for your perusal.

Yours, &c.

M. MURGATROYD.

Gideon Sparrow, Esquire, to Captain Murgatroyd, dated
New-York, August 12th, 1824.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

Your MSS. and obliging letter came duly to hand, but being at the time particularly engaged in the great ejectment suit for the Manager's meadows, Den, ex dem Sweatitout *vs.* Fen Smotherclaim, tenant, I did not look over them till the close of the session. I lost that suit. It was decided against me on an authority not more in point than the twelfth article of the Athanasian creed. Ejectment *pro prima tonsura* will lie Ward *vs.* Petifer, Cro. Car. 362. In Wheeler *v.* Toulson, Hardw. 330, demise of hay grass and aftermath held sufficient to support an ejectment. Both cases in point. But the de'il got in their Honours, and I lost my case.

. With respect to my fee in your suit, I have hitherto heard so few complaints from my clients of too much moderation in my charges—indeed, have given them so small a chance to accuse their consciences for an insufficient requital of my services, that at first I thought you were quizzing me, Captain Murgatroyd, or had a mind to see whether I would not turn rogue for a *consideration*, as old Trapbois says.

You know little of the *post obit* method of reckoning, I see. By the father of wrangling, you half put

me up to the trick of scribbling a leaf of my cost book in the following manner :

SUPREME COURT.			
Murgatroyd	}	Costs and fees duly taxed by Recorder Pushpin,	80/.
ads.		(Paid)	30
Lealie.			—
		Balance,	00
			—

N. B. Error 20l., vide secret book against the heirs.

I have read your MSS. through very carefully, and with considerable pleasure. Excepting Fearne on Remainders, Coke upon Littleton, and Hullock upon Costs, I never read any thing that pleased me more than your "Refugee." It wears, withall, so uncommon an appearance of verity, that if I were cross-questioning you before a jury on any transaction in it, I should be at a loss to know where I ought to shrug up my shoulders. I think, Captain, that an indictment for murder might have been supported against Arleston. Vernon's death happened in the prosecution, by his slayer, of a felonious intent. Now, our legal writers lay it down as a sound position, "that if an involuntary killing happen in the prosecution of a felonious intent, and which, in its consequences, naturally tended to bloodshed, it will be murder."

I think, Captain Murgatroyd, that you ought to have omitted the duel. Various enlightened men, editors of newspapers, clergymen, &c. think with me that duelling ought to be reprobated, discountenanced, punished,—seeing that the law gives recompense for every insult amounting to a breach of the peace. I was employed before their Honours of the Basement Court-Room against Firmstep, who spit in Dodge's face, and kick'd him afterwards. The jury gave £5 and costs—ample recompense—for spittle is easily washed off, and the kicking left few

bruises. May juries always make courage smart for it.

The "Refugee" is a better story than either "Wendell Bosworth" or the "Cadet of Carolina." The principal personage in "Wendell Bosworth" is a Yankee, you know, and we have become too wise in the orthodox states to believe that them "sort of folks" can do a meritorious action. No offence, Captain. Had you gifted him with the attributes of awkwardness, pedantry, and knavery, instead of the competent share of polish, honesty, and unaffected learning you have assigned him,—had you made him a pedagogue instead of a gentleman, it would have been a favourite, with us, I think. Steal a trait or two from Dom Daniel or Maturin, Captain, and 'twill go down. By the bye, don't be in a hurry about your second—novels stand low just now.

I notice a considerable number of inaccuracies in point of grammatical construction, and two or three aberrations from the standard of religious faith and moral virtue. What became of Moke Dymoke, you have not said. Perhaps you'll suggest that upon the roll, as we lawyers say. Publish, Captain, publish.

Yours, &c.

GIDEON SPARROW.

Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Gideon Sparrow, Esquire,
dated Ryeneck, August 31st, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

I received your esteemed letter yesterday. I am very sorry, Counsellor, that you should have discovered aberrations from the standard of religious faith

and moral virtue. Eight years was I held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand, and preserved from the death which swallowed up a hundred thousand of my countrymen. Is it for me to forget his goodness? Oh, no, Sir. Strike out every passage which is capable even of being tortured into aught derogatory to my creator, his attributes or dispensations.

You advise me to publish. Oh, dear sir, it would bring me into an ocean of trouble. I am as hasty and choleric as a Welshman; as well I might be, being a lineal descendant from a good old leekling.* I frequently hear men say, that the critics and reviewers have damned such and such an author. Now, Sir, if a critic or reviewer were to damn me; as I am an old soldier, I would break every bone in his skin. I will take a damn from no man, while the sword hangs in my hall that beat down a weapon raised at the breast of Washington. And as they would not be deterred by the threats of an old man, when they laugh at those of younger, I fear much trouble from them. And yet they are frequently recommending the study of our revolutionary history, and lamenting the unfrequency of attempts to elucidate and explain the events which stamp a value on that portion of our national existence. Perhaps they will deal favourably by an old soldier, and help him along with a good word, as they are said to have done with some whose anger might have had too much of the "quip querulous" in it.

Will a bookseller run the risk to publish, and require no advance, think you? If he will, he shall have the merit of adding another to the list of books,

* Expatriated Denberghshireman.

which would never have seen the light but for a similar arrangement.

With respect to the copy-right. *Nota bene.* About a mile from my house there is a fine mill site and a good stream for a factory—The price one thousand dollars. A word to the wise is sufficient. I should like to employ my Tale in a manufacturing establishment.

Your obedient humble servant,

MATTHEW MURGATROYD.

Gideon Sparrow, Esquire, to Captain Matthew Murgatroyd,
dated New-York, Sept. 10th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Agreeable to your intimated wish, I wrote a clever bookseller in the city on the subject of your romances, and received an answer, intimating, in very handsome terms, his readiness to undertake the said publication at his own expense. He will do nothing at present for the mill-site. Don't tease him, poor fellow. You've no idea, Captain, how many of a bookseller's customers, near pay-day, match themselves in the Lag-behind family.

Being a kind of a godfather to your forthcoming Tale, I make bold to recommend various alterations in it, both as to phraseology and incident. It appears to me (and I merely anticipate the reviewers, whose well practised eyes will detect even trifling errors) that you had better spell Zack without the k. I would further recommend to you, my dear friend, if you would escape the most terrible of all earthly evils, a reviewer's ban, to strike out the more soul-

stirring of the love scenes. I like them hugely myself, so does Mrs. Sparrow, and the young ladies admire them prodigiously, but the critics will not. They are made of stern stuff, these critics and reviewers, and their bowels of compassion are the only thing of bulk, except a camel, that can be drawn through the eye of a needle. The Duke of Somerset, proverbially the "Proud," would have been as much at home in a game of hot cockles or bob-cherry as our reviewers in the task of critically reading, in order to accurately criticising the description of the meeting between Wild Gil and his mistress, after the narrow escape of the former from the twelve arquebusiers. Crowd into your stories as many "drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder," as you please; but, dear Captain, be cautious and niggardly in your delineation of the milk and water passions.

I have struck out several passages, which seem to reflect upon the higher powers. We cannot call things by their right names at present, Captain Murgatroyd. Another age must pass before we shall be permitted to speak the truth, and the *whole truth*, in connexion with the struggle which gave us independence. Before the complete development can take place, the ties of personal friendship must be broken; and various kinds of connections and dependencies be severed. The mantle, which habitual respect has woven to hide the frailties and failings of several conspicuous characters in the revolution, cannot be lifted yet. The year nineteen hundred may be the era for the production of Tales, boldly told, patiently heard, and calmly discussed; which, related at the present day, would subject their writer to the fumigation of a tar-barrel, a jaunt to the stepping mill, or some

other unpleasant symptom of public anger. A century hence we may hear pronounced, without periphrasis, the name of him who was to have succeeded Washington in the command of the continental army, could the disgrace of the hero have been effected. Many things, not yet known, will then appear, to depreciate the character and services of some, and exalt those of others. But now the attempt cannot be made without involving our literary as well as our political corps—in fact, our whole population, in a conflict most disreputable to our nation. Let, therefore, the memory of the immediate actors in our revolution remain for the present untouched by the pen, which means to insinuate impure motives or record suspicious actions.

I return your MSS. and advise a re-perusal, and consequent obliteration of all the passages obnoxious to the foregoing remarks. I cannot promise you great riches or great fame from the publication of your Romances, but I think that you bid fair to obtain of both as great a portion as the unambitious Hagar prayed for. With my warm wishes for the success of your labours, agricultural as well as literary,

I am, sincerely, yours,

GIDEON SPARROW.

Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Mr. O. Wilder, publisher and bookseller, New-York city.

KIND SIR,

My learned friend, Counsellor Sparrow, informs me that you have concluded to publish, at your own expense, the work of mine which relates a tale of our

revolutionary times. Really, sir, it was kind of you to proffer so readily the encouragement which is usually wanted in affairs of this nature. And it occasions a more abundant overflow of the heart, inasmuch as it was entirely unexpected. The greater part of the publishing brotherhood are little disposed to foster genius and patronise talents, and for this reason, that few of them are of capacity to discover the appearance of either. Your profession, sir, reckons many Curls among its members: it is well for them that ours hath so few dictionary-armed Johnsons. You know the anecdote.

I suspect, Mr. Wilder, that my chance for either profit or immortality is very small, constituted as the mass of your readers are, with an appetite which craves mental food of foreign preparation, and loathes that served up by native hands. Now I am frequently advised of fast approaching fatuity and second childhood; and that the winter, which has frosted my locks and furrowed my brow, has imparted a portion of the never-to-be-resisted chill to my mental faculties. Thus sinking into a state which totally unfits me to endure crosses and troubles, I should feel somewhat sorrowful under the rod of unjust criticism; and probably not well pleased, even should critical justice be done me. Let not this be understood, however, as a whining petition for mercy, or deprecation of the critic's wrath.

If they give me good advice, I think I shall have the grace to profit by it; if they scold me into an apoplexy, why let them be tried for homicide.

I am, my dear Mr. Wilder,

Your very obedient humble servant,

M. MURCATOYD.

THE REFUGEE.

—

CHAPTER I.

Change is inherent in all earthly things.
There's nothing but at last death comes to wear
Sign of obedience to that high command,
Which bade the sons of men to dust return.
We build us mansions, and the storm o'erthrows them.
Raise pyramids for lightning's to demolish;
In various shapes build structures for decay
To shoot his darts against.

The Changes

VERY few years have elapsed since the finger of decay prevented the more antiquated skippers of the coasting craft on the Hudson, from pointing out to their passengers a dilapidated and ruinous building, which stood on the left or west bank of that river, about five miles from the town of ————. As early as the third year of the Revolution, it bore marks of having recently received a visit from some marauder; for a wide breach had been made in one of the wings; the pastoral white of the front had been sullied by the smoke of an out-house to which the torch had been applied; and there were other not more equivocal indications of a hostile visit. Indeed the appearance of the whole domain annexed to the mansion, seemed that of a territory, lately

subjected to the domination of an angry foe, in this instance, dispensing with all ordinary rules of warfare, and visiting some wrong of magnitude on the head of a proprietor as incapable of defending his possessions by the strong arm, as beyond the protection of the ordinary rules of justice, and those which guarantee the rights of property.

Time, which works such changes in the material world, wrought its usual effects on this deserted mansion, enlarging the ruins, and gradually removing the traces of violence, substituting instead those appearances which speak of regularly progressive decay. During the gusty and tempestuous periods of the year, the winds committed great ravages, removing doors from their hinges, and windows from their frames ; gamboling through the dreary passages and deserted chambers, like a family of healthy children released from a nine hours' attendance on the village schoolmaster. The most desolating fits of elemental wrath were experienced about the time of the spring and fall equinoxes, when, in addition to the usual damage on doors and windows, prompt and effectual aid was afforded to the flight of the "weatherboards," clapboards, and shingles, which are seldom contented to remain long on the roof of an untenanted mansion, to say nothing of the noble trees prostrated by

these rude assailants. The walls crumbled beneath the influence of the continual damps to which they were exposed ; the fine fences surrounding a verdant lawn in front of the mansion, fell a prey to unruly poachers, in the shape of deacon Farnival's cattle, which became enamoured of the early clover, not soon eradicated by wild grasses. A part of the grove of noble elms, which had been a frequent theme of exultation to the proprietor of the estate, when the tenant and cultivator, had fallen, as we have said, by the winds ; and the remainder, subjected to a variety of injuries, sunk into a decline which reminded one of adulancy becoming old age by the mere pressure of grief, and quitting life, because seeing nothing but pain in a protracted existence. In a very few years, this mansion, which, at the commencement of the difficulties with the mother country, was by much the finest on the Hudson, resembled, in its utter desolation, the Temple of the Jews when the threat of the Most High was accomplished. "Not one stone remaining upon another." Fifteen years after the close of the Revolution, there were traces remaining sufficiently obvious to determine its locality ; but the building itself was laid prostrate by a tempest of wind, accompanied by hail and much lightning, and still remembered by the gray headed as the "September storm of '87."

With the fall of the mansion, various appropriations, favourable to the work of decay took place. What was nobody's property, was reckoned every body's property ; and consequently there were as many visits paid to the prostrated mansion, as there were articles worth the labour of transportation from it. One took the finely polished mahogany banisters and balustrade, which, being of a lasting material, had resisted the effects of wind and weather ; but what use the owner of a rudely constructed cabin made of these fruits of architectural taste, never came to be known. Charles Jeffers was in receipt of the ponderous and massy door-stones, wherewith he proudly garnished the principal entrance to his "high single" of sixteen by twenty feet ; and David Dobb was also guilty of the trover and conversion of articles of value and importance. So completely had the kind-hearted neighbours entered into the views of the great destroyer, that when, in the year 1805, passing the site, on our way to the city, and remembering a pleasing young man who, in some sense was the proprietor thereof, (being the only heir,) we were tempted to go on shore ; we found a place which wanted but a little more antiquity, to make it the subject of as much curious and unprofitable speculation as Babylon has been, with regard to its locality,

or the wilds of western America in respect of their former inhabitants. We found a dispute, sturdily maintained, between the parson and the dominie of a neighbouring town, whether the mansion-house actually stood on the summit of a certain hill, or a hundred yards lower down, on the brow, and nearer the river. When I recollected that little more than a score of years had elapsed since our transatlantic parent had acknowledged our majority, and lifted her guardianship ; and when I reflected that a period of such limited duration had been sufficient to efface every vestige of a powerful family, making it matter of mere conjecture where they dwelt, I could not help moralizing on the ephemerality of our present state, and confessing how absurd were most of our worldly deeds and actions, which indicated an expectation of durability. When I mentioned these thoughts to our worthy minister, Mr. Milledoler, he kindly, on the next Lord's-day, demonstrated from Psalms xxxi. 2, 3, the extreme folly of building on aught save the Rock of Hope.

The mansion of which we have been describing the decay, and the estate attached to it, which extended from the river to the foot of the Kaatskill Mountains, at a point where their northern or greatest distance might be six miles, at the commencement of hostilities

between the colonies and Great Britain, belonged to Colonel Cuthbert Greaves, a gentleman of dignified parentage, born on the fast anchored isle, near Guernever, in Breconshire. (It will not be altogether a digression, if we remark that we ourselves are not so widely born of the blue hills of Cambria, as to have our olfactory nerves dismayed at a mess of Welsh leeks and pottage.) The father of Colonel Greaves, Sir Mark Tudor Greaves, if children are blessings, had abundant reason to be grateful, for his good lady made him an annual present of a healthy, thriving boy, several years after the committee on food and raiment made most discouraging reports to that of ways and means. Wales is not a place where the fruits of the earth spring up spontaneously, nor does the product equal in quantity the parabolical increase mentioned by the scriptures. Sir Mark had a good estate, that is, for the Principality, but partially encumbered, and totally inadequate to make suitable provision for ten sons and half as many daughters. The cadets of the family were therefore encouraged to adventure themselves in quest of the consummation so devoutly wished for—a fortune, and departed, with the buoyancy of heart, and recklessness of danger, which commonly accompanies youth in this uncertain quest, while the being so favoured and

protected by the English laws, and quartered by their care upon every feudal hearth-stone, the first-born, the future Sir Mark, remained at Llankbodhie Hall, to have the benefit of lectures upon the splendour of David, the wrongs of Llewellyn, the voyage of Madoc, with whom several of his own family, *i. e.* all whose fate could not otherwise be accounted for, voyaged—and his own consequence; the first lesson taught in an ancient Welsh family.

At this time Great Britain was engaged in a continental war, and her sovereign had gained in person the battle of Dettingen. The declaration of war against France, which followed that victory, led to a loud call on the honour and patriotism of the British nation: a call which was never yet heard unanswered. Cuthbert Greaves, prompted by natural disposition, and cheered by the many mementos of hereditary valour which adorned the galleries of Llankbodhie, successfully prosecuted his suit for a lieutenant's commission, and joined the army a few days before the battle of Fontenoy. Through the whole of that disastrous day, the behaviour of Cuthbert Greaves was so much beyond his years, and his single endeavour contributed so greatly to the preservation of a body of troops, whose worthless

and inefficient commander had led them unnecessarily to a post of danger, that royal gratitude kept no terms with the rules of the army, but nominated him to diplomatic agencies of importance, and promoted him consecutively to the various military grades beneath a regiment. Nor was that dignity long withheld; for when the censurers of hasty promotions had received a cue from some other quarter, and the army list was exchanged for fresher grievances, Cuthbert Greaves was gazetted Colonel of the Prince William's Volunteers. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle left him at liberty to return to Llankbodhie, where he was received with great joy, and introduced to the record of his services, in an elaborate painting of the battle of Fontenoy, wherein he stood the prominent actor; said painting being placed beside one representing Sir Mark bestriding a long-backed French Grenadier in the lines at Malplaquet; thus proving, incontestably, to later generations, that both the father and son were heroes of important periods.

Soon after his return from the continent he married Emily, a natural daughter of one of the most powerful nobles of the court of George II. by a west-country woman of mean and rather disreputable connexions. Long

and severe was the conflict between love and pride in the bosom of Colonel Greaves; but love, as is usual in such skirmishes, prevailed. The lady had every requisite to captivate; was young, accomplished, virtuous; surpassingly beautiful, and as much in love as her suitor; refusing splendid offers for his sake, and bidding fair to wear the willow garland if not wedded by him. He married her, and the alliance was a happy one. The sacrifice of his foolish family pride was repaid by the acquisition of a lovely and sweet-tempered partner, the addition of six thousand pounds to his very narrow fortune, and court favour, which, in the end, led to valuable appointments, and substantial gratifications. However correctly this kind of stock has been valued, when rated with moonshine, in the present instance the quarterly receipt of three hundred pounds, in good Abraham Newlands, proved that not all kingly promises and professions are hollow and insincere. The lady's portion, the list from the Assistant-Adjutancy General, together with the income of his own little property, the whole carefully husbanded, enabled Cuthbert Greaves to live genteelly, and as the vulgar have it, to "lay up something 'gainst a stormy day." His own relations had forsaken him on his marriage; but he had gathered to his fire-side a circle of

friends, who were attracted by the mild virtues and sober order which presided in his establishment.

The pride of Sir Mark Greaves had been deeply wounded by the marriage of his son to the illegitimate Emily Burrard, and the pair had been forbidden Llankbodhie immediately on that event. Probably the several distinguished alliances contracted about this time, by others of his children, provoked the baronet, Welsh as we have said, (and hence wedded to a ridiculous pride of ancestry,) to anathematize more pointedly, the only member of his family whose choice of a wife was calculated in his opinion to fix a blot on the family 'scutcheon. The father and son met after the solemnization of the nuptials, and there ensued a warm and well-supported altercation between them, the son maintaining the propriety of marrying the object of well-placed affection, while the father tendered an opinion that birth and family were primary requisites to a wife, and the want of them insuperable obstacles. High words were used by the parties militant; the father bade the son darken not the doors of Llankbodhie, and the son assured the father that the prohibition would not be very painful, since it had led to the avowal by Sir Mark of senti-

ments so cold and heartless, as materially to lessen the value of the kindredship thus ordered to be delivered to oblivion.

The Colonel had been two years a husband, and twelve months the father of a lovely female infant, when chance brought in contact the haughty and petulant baronet, and the youthful mother. The meeting between the father-in-law and the daughter-in-law happened at a time and in a manner extremely favourable to a reconciliation, for the good folks at Llankbodhie had about this time ascertained the melancholy fact that the Honourable Bob, the eldest son and heir, while wedding birth and family, in the person of a Duke's ninth daughter, had united himself to more arrogance, ill-temper, and insolence, than would have served the Pope and all his cardinals. Lady Lucy was also more than suspected of some sins which stand at the front of matrimonial offending. And as good luck would have it, at a moment of just irritability, a visiter of consequence entered into a warm eulogium, in the presence of the assembled inmates of Llankbodhie, on the superlative beauty, splendid acquirements, &c. of a lady in town, bearing the baronet's name, and married to a Welsh officer of high character for bravery. Thereupon Sir Mark left Bro

conshire for London, pretending to take his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Fairprice; we do not undertake to say he went for the purpose of reconciliation.

Mrs. Greaves had called in one morning, at a friend's house, with the little Julia in her arms, when Sir Mark was announced. The lady of the house had previously requested her visitress to do the honours of the drawing-room during her absence for a few minutes in the nursery, and the usual civilities were paid the baronet by the daughter-in-law *prochein amie* lady Brabazon. Mrs. Greaves had pride which prevented her from discovering to the baronet the relation in which they stood to each other. An animated conversation took place between them, and war, peace, the national debt, the corn bill, private acts and public measures, were discussed, considered, defended, opposed, lost without division, or carried by acclamation; and on all the various topics, the lady displayed a depth of knowledge and piquancy of wit, which astonished and enchanted the baronet. Julia, too, who had just begun to exercise her powers of locomotion, shuffling her little body from individual to individual, by the aid of the chairs, had discovered her relationship, or what is more likely, something attractive in

the scarlet vest of the baronet, and was liberally caressing her grandfather.

“I see nobody, Madam; to name us to each other,” said he, and somehow my seat is never easy when I do not know the name and rank of the person with whom I am conversing. With people of narrow colloquial gifts, the name and title answer in conversation the purpose which the ‘Sir’ and ‘honourable gentleman’ do in the imperial parliament. Will you have the goodness, Madam, to favour me with your name?”

“Mrs. Cuthbert Greaves, Sir, daughter-in-law to Sir Mark Tudor Greaves of Llankbodie, in Breconshire. Do you know the gentleman?” Her beautiful eyes sparkled with almost the lustre of the diamond, while offended dignity sat in every feature of a face almost perfect. She expected repulse, and had prepared herself to make no sacrifice of her husband’s high-minded feelings to soften the baronet to a reconciliation. But behold the effect which beauty and sweetness wrought on the old gentleman! His face became of the colour of scarlet; he attempted to falter out an apology, nearly unintelligible, but which might safely be supposed, from sundry broken expressions, to contain the peace-making epithet of ‘Dear daughter,’ and specimens of the several modes

of expressing mental suffering for our sins of omission and commission. "He was sorry." "He regretted;" "wished he had done otherwise;" spoke of "erring creatures;" "fatal family pride;" used the imperfect tense of the subjunctive mood. "If he had known;" in fact, he at length found a tongue to say, "That if Mrs. Cuthbert Greaves would forgive the cruel neglect, and he was pleased to say, the unmerited displeasure, she had experienced from her husband's relatives since her marriage, and could prevail on that husband to take home to his bosom the christian principle of forgiveness, the family coach of Sir Mark Tudor Greaves should, on the morrow, set off for the mountains of Wales, with the fairest bride that ever crossed the threshold of Rhuys ap David, the Founder; and that the baronet himself, nathless the corn bill; and the colonial trade act, and the bill to prevent the cornuting of husbands, would himself accompany the bride to said mansion." The lady, as in duty bound, tendered her check to the baronet in token of reconciliation, and by virtue of the tacit permission so accorded, the old Welshman kissed her most devoutly, and assured her, upon the word of a believer, that she was much sweeter than the lady Lucy de Willoughby, who had wedded the honourable

Bob, his heir, or lady Crybabie, who had become a rib of his second son, David. We expect that our kind-hearted readers will be pleased with the termination of this family quarrel.

With the sunrise, the baronet was in Lower Berkeley-street; and, the matter of the breakfast table duly discussed, they were off in a trice for the land of leeks. The remainder of the introductory story shall be noted for brevity. They arrived at Llankbodhie, where the warmth of their long-delayed welcome made ample atonement for past neglect. The baronet had ample opportunity to compare the mild, unostentatious manners of the "child of love," with the repulsive, haughty, and undignified manners of the children of "birth,"—the native Emily with the artificial lady Lucy, and lady Tilly; and the family circle at once admitted the superiority of the former over the "premier ducal" blood and its adjunct. With a smile for ever on her cheek, the same happy, smiling, contented being, whether listening to the fond prattle of her infant, the endless genealogical dissertations of Sir Mark, and his tales of Rhuys the Founder, or enduring the petty insults of her titled sisters-in-law, her sweetness of disposition made her as many friends as there were souls at Llank-

bodhie. The fault of her birth was forgotten in the happiness she dispensed on all within the sphere of her attractions.

In the former part of this chapter we spoke of a circle of friends which Colonel Greaves had formed around him. These were not of the fashionable world. Such kept aloof; the reported cause therefor, the defect in Mrs. Greaves' birth. But had she possessed few attractions, and those merely mental, or been remarkable for deformity of mind or person, married unhappily and lived miserably, she might have been forgiven. But to be so generally admired, and withal so provokingly happy, was what merited the potential punishment of averted eyes, bent brows, audible whispers, and shrugs. *a la Francais*. Under these circumstances, Colonel Greaves determined to exchange London for a colonial residence. After a due consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of the various posts, stations, and countries, which bowed to the insular sceptre, Bengal, Bombay, Cape Coast, not forgetting St. Helena, and the Isle of Dogs, he determined to accept the offer made by the Earl of Thynne, the lady's father, and try how the winds that blew from the inland seas of North America would suit the constitution of a London-bred lady.

Earl Thynne was the proprietor of a tract of land on the Hudson river; in the province of New-York; the same we were found describing in the early part of this chapter; and a deed was duly tendered, which bid all men to know that “Albermarle Grey, Earl of Thynne, Viscount Tomline, and Baron Cockermouth, Lyon Thistle, &c. for and in consideration of the love and affection he bore Cuthbert Greaves, of Lower Berkeley-street, in the city of London, Esquire, and Emily his wife, did give, &c. unto, &c. (see simple estate,) a certain tract of land, lying and situated on the Hudson river, in the Province of New-York.” Then followed, particularized with all the wearisome caution of a skilful conveyancer, the “stone standing on B. Paddlefoot’s land,” “the marked tree at Lot Lickbarrow’s corner,” and other conveniently removed signs of heritage and ownership. Our eminently legal friend, and in truth little less than the proof sheet corrector of this our work, Counsellor Sparrow, has examined the feoffment parchment, and thinks it would bear as much picking as a wealthy client in a chancery suit. He also remarked, *en passant*, that the English lawyers fold more extensive margins than their brothers of the American bar; and further, that they use tape and wax of a much superior quality.

We will not detain our readers with a particular description of their leave-taking: the subject has become threadbare. From Monsieur Scuddery down to the last meadow-margined romance from the Minerva fable-mint, all have abounded with pathetic farewells of agonized friends, and heart-stricken lovers; and few have been tolerable, because, to use the words of a popular M. P. of our acquaintance, "they overdid the thing." Lest the same should be said of us, we conclude to omit the parting scene, as an advocate in "summing up" forgets to comment on that part of the testimony which furnishes no opportunity for the display of talent, nor helps to establish his client's defence; and our readers are requested to skip a few months of the life of Colonel and Mrs. Greaves, and without a particular description of the troubles which attended a long passage in an inclement season of the year, the feasts and welcome purchased in the metropolis by letters recommendatory, to imagine them seated in a temporary residence on the west bank of the Hudson, about the month of May, 1755.

CHAPTER II.

Men were not born to live in solitude.
The age is past when every fearful rock
That tower'd like Ararat of sacred song,
Became an altar for the sackcloth saint,
Doing strict penance for the Great transgression,
It holds of christian faith, this social glee,
And this unlocking of the wearied mind.
Bid young Roberdo string his violin
To music's merriest mood, we'll have the harp,
And spend an hour in merriment and song.

The Monk in Love.

HAVING settled the parents of our intended hero on the valuable donation of the English nobleman, it becomes our duty, in the orderly concocting of our tale, to mention some few incidents which attended the earlier period of their residence at the West Bank, remarking that the later furnishes the main theme of the story.

Amiable as we have represented Cuthbert Greaves, it must be said that he was not without a large share of the aristocratic pride common to his countrymen. Hence, when first settled in his new habitation, he held in light estimation the honest old farmers of the vicinity, and discouraged their homely offer of the hand of fellowship. But time hung heavy

on his hands. Books he had, but he had been used to the converse of the lively living, and felt solitary and gloomy when confined to that of the illustrious dead. It was for his interest, too, that he should cultivate the acquaintance of his neighbours. His knowledge of agriculture extended not much further than the practical hints in the Gardener's Calendar and Ryder's Merlin, and that to be acquired by the reading of Evylen. Around him were many practical husbandmen, waiting but the intimation of his wish to be taught their art, before they poured into his ear the results of their experiments on "loamy," "clayey," "stoney," and all other kinds of soils; proper seasons for planting rouncival, sowing broccoli, setting artichokes, and earthing up chardoons, besides (but here we spoil the period) planting potatoes and pumpkins. The Colonel, perceiving how much, in his present pursuits, he was inferior to his neighbours, and what advantages were to be derived from the inter-communion, and, withall, growing a little weary of his patrician hauteur, fell presently into habits of sociability, and met their advances to intimacy with considerable cordiality. In fact, there was no resisting their kindly, well-meant way of pressing their little services and cheap fa-

vours upon him. 'Squire Jacks sent his chaise to convey Mrs. Greaves to and from the church, when the Colonel's coach had been broken by the negligent driving of his negro coachman Pompey. This led to an intimacy with the Justice Shallow of the West Bank. The Reverend Mr. Haggis called in to expound some passages, which, in his sermon from Proverbs xxix. 2, *When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice : but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn,* he thought required explanation. Now the Reverend Adonijah Haggis declared that he thought nothing at all when he selected this text as the ground of a three hours' discourse, and he had been drawn into the choice of this passage by reading a sermon of Mr. Gad "Hitchcock's; and as for the other passage; "Thus saith the Lord, let it suffice you, O Princes of Israel ! remove violence and spoil, and execute judgment and justice," it was, he would confess it, altogether the elaboration of Archdeacon Gapes in King William's day. He had lost the Saturday, and to provide himself with a discourse, had taken this hap-hazard. The apology was accepted by the king's man, (as Colonel Greaves was called,) and this apologetic interview led to other and more marked calls. Mr. Bridle-

goose, the schoolmaster, acquired an accidental introduction, which he zealously improved to the manifest annoyance of the Colonel; who, though a good scholar, disliked the Dominie's eternal adaptation of the tongues of Homer and Virgil to the most trifling concerns of common life.

The Colonel seldom visited his neighbours; his lady never, unless when they had become objects of charity. Her moments were spent in the various concerns and duties incidental to her new occupation. The little Julia was now four years old, and the first six months of their residence in America, had added one to their stock of musical comforts. The stranger laddie had the name of Gilbert bestowed upon him, in honour of a great grandfather, who lived many years back, and was esteemed the most fiery-tempered man in Wales, besides speaking Welsh for his vernacular. A considerable part of the lady's time was, of course, devoted to master Gil and his temporal comforts, but she found time to visit the sick, and gladden them with nourishing viands, and palatable and healing mendicaments. And she also directed the gardener in his business, withall endeavouring to smooth by those affectionate little cares, which only woman can bestow, the pillow of her husband

after fatigues, which bore hard upon him who had never been accustomed to the labour of an agricultural life.

The prominent failing (if it can be called a failing) of the Colonel, was his disposition to expatiate upon the martial scenes in which he had been an actor. He spoke of more personal escapes in the imminent, deadly breach, than would be accounted proper by the rigidly modest, who forbid the use of the pronoun *ego*. He had an inexhaustible stock of anecdote, and fund of ready humour, and his mind was a complete note-book of every thing which occurred from the battle of Fontenoy to the peace of '48. These stories were a kind of aliment, which, being prepared in "foreign parts," the people of the West Bank devoured with greedy impatience. In the long winter evenings, which are the farmer's holidays, the Colonel, surrounded by a dozen of his homely friends, 'Squire Jacks, Parson Haggis, &c. sat in the arm-chair, narrating events which took place at various periods under his eye, and hence were depicted with a strength of colouring which we only find where the limner drew from an object before him. The while, Mrs. Greaves sat plying her needle, occasionally raising her eyes to meet the inquiring glance of her lord, and smile

her approbation of the story and its moral.

The Colonel was one of those affectionate, confiding husbands, much more rare now than they were before the fall, who believe their wives gifted with every desirable quality. Hence, when he had finished one of his long stories, and the opinions of the seignours had been deferentially collected, he was wont to require some indication of the estimation in which it was held for connection, spirit, and phraseology, by his partner. It will be readily imagined that the critic was complaisant, and judged with little of the asperity and virulent and intemperate rebuke which distinguish your cut and thrust critics of the nineteenth century, when reviewing works of authors who chance to be neither pugilists, duelists, or of the "bring mine action" sort. The lady would turn up her clear blue eye, glancing, however, impatiently at her sleeping charge in the cradle, and gravely propound questions, and profess that she "did not understand the motives for such and such an action." "Why Prince Waldeck did not march his command upon Fontenoy in time to aid the right wing." "Why the Duke d'Aremberg did not take Lisle before Count Clermont joined Saxe," &c. So the task devolved on the husband of convincing his fair

spouse, the sole motive to her assumed misapprehension.

We must not be understood to say that Mrs. Greaves felt it a duty to praise indiscriminately the military narrative of her husband, or considered herself to have no opinion distinct from, or counter to, that of her husband. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, was not experimentally known at the West Bank. The concerns of the family were managed much as were the affairs of Palmyra under Odenathus and Zenobia: (we are pedants without meaning to be so) the public acts were made out (as a grammarian would say) in the name of the most worthy, but the public voice ascribed more than a moiety of the wisdom displayed in the management of the family to the co-operating talents of its matron head. We are sensible that we have taken a very indirect way of telling our readers that Mrs. Greaves was a lady of bright judgment, and was consulted by her husband on all matters of importance relating to his establishment.

We will suppose our narrative to have reached, at this point, a quaternary period. Our readers, by recurring to the fortieth page of this volume, will find that we there

announced, though with our usual show of mysticism, the birth of a son, in due time, named Gilbert. This son and the little Julia constituted the sum total of their children. The latter was now a lovely child of six, remarkably engaging, sweet-tempered, and docile. Master Gil was a healthy urchin of four, as noisy as sin, and as brown as a berry. You might hear him, of a clear afternoon, the distance of half a mile, hallooing to the birds as they winged their way to the mountains for their evening nap. He was known by every person for ten miles around, as he seldom suffered a well conditioned nag to pass without an attempt to purchase him; and where the housing and trappings were gay, detaining him, *vi et armis*, by the bridle. The negotiations were usually conducted in the spirit of ready money; the display of a huge copper coin, (now in the possession of a city gentleman, and called an 'Otho,') clenched in his little fist, and always ready, nominating, on his part, the terms of the contract.

The spot where our little hero first drew his breath, was in the highest degree favourable to the acquisition of a strong and permanent constitution. The lofty range of mountains, which line the left bank of the Hudson, have always been noted for their bracing and

valour-prompting qualities, and it stands chronicled that most of the Sullys and Turennes of our great state came from their neighbourhood. His constitution, naturally tender, by the course observed, became hardy; and at twelve years of age he was health personified. The free permission at all times given him, to rove over these Alpine ridges, like a goat on the Savoy steeps, had the effect to form in him a spirit of adventurous daring, which broke out in as many mad exploits in search of fun and frolick, as were performed by the twelve Paladins, or the Knights of the Round Table, in quest of imprisoned princesses and naughty enchanters. A rare wag indeed was Gilbert Greaves for one of his years, but he was so respectful to his elders, notwithstanding he had played them tricks deserving a lash, and so mild to his inferiors, that he was much beloved by the country people, whose greatest censure was couched in the cognomen or familiar appellation of "Wild Gil Greaves." Even when he had played the trick which still lives in the remembrance of the people of the West Bank, viz. that of carting Simon Porridge's six youngest children to the centre of a spacious mud-puddle, and precipitating them, on the principles of a tumbler's somerset, into the bo-

som thereof, good old Mr. Simon pleaded strenuously and effectually for an indefinite suspension of the punishment proposed by the Colonel to be inflicted on his unruly offspring. And afterwards, when Gilbert took upon him to imagine that Aunt Montaug's locks wanted clipping, and actually, as far as relates to the skull, made a Moslem of her as she took her siesta, the housekeeper had come forward with so many pithy reasons why he should be forgiven "this once," that he was forgiven, though with many a warning to desist from these mad exploits.

The parents of Gilbert Greaves loved him with intense affection; but though loved, he was not spoiled by indulgence. He had not a dozen lackeys to wait upon him, and anticipate his childish wants and wishes; but when his fancy prompted a wish for the simplest toy, the condition precedent to the donation was the performance of some trifling labour, intended to put him in possession of the valuable information, that he was not to live the life of a drone, nor reckon with Zanga, that men were "born for his use, and lived but to oblige him." There was no necessity for his labouring, yet he was made to labour, not indeed like a common menial, but to a degree which made him acquainted with the

sweet repose of a night following a day of moderate toil.

When Master Gil had arrived at the age supposed proper for entrance on an academic course, there were a multitude of cabinet meetings held at the West Bank, with a view to settle the question, whether a public or private education was to be preferred, whereat assisted the principal characters of eminence in the neighbourhood, and the proæ and cons follow. The Colonel was of opinion that the human mind produces the most valuable fruits when left untrammelled by forms, and the systematic rules of academic education. He observed, that the greater part of the eminent men of his acquaintance received a private education (we ourselves were never within the walls of a college.) 'Squire Jacks thought with the Colonel—so did Mr. Bridlegoose; but the Rev'd Mr. Haggis, who had graduated with distinguished honour at Brazen-Nose, or some other hard-featured seminary, thought otherwise, and said so.

The Reverend Adonijah Haggis was accounted one of the most eminent scholars, as well as philosophers, of the day, and deemed qualified to decide on most matters above the comprehension of plain folks. He had been much honoured by the literati, on account of

a dissertation upon a most puzzling proposition in natural history, as to the classification of the fly which drags a bottle after it. Whenever there was a subject started which it was supposed would require much research, elicit much useless and idle learning, and obtain a frivolous and ridiculous result, the thing was submitted to the Reverend, and Paracelsus Bombasticus was driven from the course. To be brief, envious folks said that the catalogue of his works might be safely compared with that of the anticipated reforms of Martinus Scriblerus. A friend of ours, who lives in the metropolis, assures us by letter, that they have many with them who walk precisely in the Reverend gentleman's steps, and begs that we will not flatter ourselves that we have found an original.

Mr. Haggis came out for the public education, and much was said on both sides of the question. But the point in dispute at length was settled by the interposition of Mrs. Greaves, who observed, that since it did not appear of much importance whether the education of Gilbert was public or private, with all due submission to her lord and master, she ventured to say, that their son should stay at home and be taught the things needful for him to know from the lips of a competent

instructor ; or, to use the fashionable phrase, a tutor. They could afford, she said, to hire an erudite teacher, and while the culture of the mind was followed up, they could see that the welfare of the corporeal part was duly promoted. And as for the awkwardness and sheepishness contracted, as it was said, in a private education, why a winter's residence in London, and a summer's tour through France, would banish the like of that to the acquirement of assurance enough to satisfy even a barrister with a patent of precedence.

When the determination had been taken that the education of our hero should be private, it became necessary to designate the man of the rod. Various persons were mentioned as worthy to have the charge of the youngling, but some insurmountable objection was raised to all of them, and the choice, at length, fell on the reverend Zebulon Zachary, a learned and pious man, from one of the eastern states, possessing little of the pedagogic character of the people from whom he sprung, at least, as they are represented in sundry works of unsuspected veracity. To his sage guidance, and counselled wisdom, the heir of the West Bank was committed, with divers salutary injunc-

tions to "train up a child in the way he should go"—not to "spare the rod and spoil the child," and many other wise saws, duly repeated on such occasions, and never remembered afterwards.

It should have been mentioned before, that one of the inducements to the arrangement with Mr. Zachary, was his religious tenets and high church principles. The Colonel and his wife were both communicants of the established church, and Mr. Zachary was a regularly admitted deacon of that body, and had had the honour to hold forth before the governor and council at the King's Chapel, according to the solemn and praiseworthy usage of the province of Massachusetts Bay, which decrees a sermon on the annual election day. During the Colonel's residence in America, he had attended the exercises of Mr. Haggis, but that gentleman had lately thought fit to throw down the polemic gauntlet, with a broad declaration of his disbelief in the fundamental principles of the creed of the church. Several orthodox writers, of great spunk, answered him, to his manifest discomfiture, and there was a fine hark-away and hey-tantivy after the seceder. He came out a flaming Socinian, too, and anon, the champion of most

unscriptural doctrines, and aimed of stout blows at the Standing Order. There was a distracting schism in the church; and excommunication, with bell, book, and candle, was talked of. Never was there a bitterer dispute since that of Origen and Celsus. On most points they agreed, indeed, but Terra del Fuego was not more in the way of mariners doubling Cape Horn, than the "Two Natures" (we beg pardon if our speech be thought light) was in the way of a reconciliation. The quarrel (to use the firemens' phrase) was at last *got under*. Mr. Haggis left the West Bank to settle in Trebleglebe, and it was moved, seconded, carried by vote, and promptly met by the nominee's acceptance of the post, that Mr. Zeb. Zachary, a graduate of Cambridge, should officiate in the church vacated by the heretical Haggis, and, as we said, superintend the education of Master Gil.

About the time that Mr. Haggis left his desk and clerical functions to another, it came to pass that Mr. Bridlegoose was ousted from his chair of office. He had, as was thought, under the influence of a beaker of Schiedam, for a trifling offence, laid his hand heavily on the widow Tasker's son Sim, and the village was in a notable up-

roar about it. The lad's back was carefully anointed with some substance of a proper nature, to keep the wounds in high preservation, and invitations were sent to the mothers of all the children under the sway of the dominie, requesting them to come and view the effects of the flagellation. The courage of Mr. Bridlegoose evaporated, or withered, under the wrath of some twenty tender mothers, grandmothers, and maiden aunts, and he decamped one foggy morning, carrying with him his clothing and library, in two large packages, appended to the padlouns of his saddle. Some years after he was found teaching a school in the Bay of Fundy.

Colonel Greaves was a kind and bountiful man to the poor, and his charitable attention to their wants was the popular gossip at all the christenings, accouchings, and other tumultuary assemblies of the village. When he saw that in consequence of the retreat of Mr. Bridlegoose, the children of the poor were like to be ill provided with knowledge, he sounded the Reverend Mr. Zachary on the thought of admitting a few of the more truantly disposed poor boys to a charity form, and the good parson professed an entire willingness to co-

operate in the beneficial project. So it was arranged that an old out-house should be fitted up as a *receptaculum*, and Moke Dy-moke, (a near relation of the champion of England,) Topsy Wagg, and Duow Van Loon, (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter) were regularly matriculated. But these "foundation scholars" were carefully reminded of the difference subsisting between them and Master Gill. The reverend was informed that the principal burden of his care was the heir of the West Bank, and that those who came in on charity were only to pick the bones of the metaphysical feast. Mr. Zachary was so true to his trust, that even his own son Nick, or Nicol, was very frequently permitted to return home, undisburthened of a well conned lesson in the preterpluperfects. Master Gil throve amazingly under his tutor's direction. The lad became a keen sportsman, too, and the master, when informed of his exploits at long-shot, was heard to boast that he had 'taught the young idea how to shoot' in more than one sense. This was among the reverend's acknowledged puns.

There was one lad who received the benefits of Mr. Zachary's instructions, to whom we propose to devote a page. Sometime in the year 1759, a gentleman by the name of

Mansfield, rented a small, but neat house not far from the Greaves mansion, of its proprietor, the widow Deborah Mc Gillicuddy, whose husband had been frozen to death in the great bear hunt in '58, since which, in a fit of very natural grief and despondency, she had gone to reside in a more populous part of the country, in order, as she observed, to drown all remembrance of the unhappy catastrophe. It was currently reported at the time that the widow Deborah had been not less successful in driving disagreeable retrospections from her mind than in filling it with a succession of pleasing and consolatory images. This may be all village scandal, and further, it came from no veracious quarter, but Counsellor Sparrow assures us that some few years ago he held a brief in a notable case of ejectment tried before Judge Cowthebar, which turned on the question whether a certain Murphey Mc Gillicuddy, claiming *inter alia* Bind Mc Gillicuddy was born within the pale. *Curia advisare vult*. he thinks, and cites Longwind, *in notis*.

Captain Mansfield, as we should have said if our propensity to digression had not carried us off like a skittle after a ninepin, had a son, who was at once admitted to a full share of the benefits to be derived from Mr. Za-

chary's dulcet harangues on verbs, participles, questions of "who built the ark?" "Whereabout by the Caspian lay Ararat?" and other important branches of school learning. (The acquisition of a piece of Scripture history being in those days considered a fair sett-off to the omission of the most important duties the Sacred Book inculcates.) But Alick, his mother said, was of tender health, and was therefore not permitted to shoulder his satchel when the weather was cold, or warm, wet, or dusty, which, except in some parts of Louisiana, answers to nearly all the descriptions of weather known. Hence Alick Mansfield, though a boy of parts, profited little by the lessons at the Greaves school-house. Captain Mansfield, one of the most submissive husbands living; in other words, a hen-pecked gentleman, made it a point never to call that a duck which Madam pronounced a widgeon, and so gave at once into the arrangement, which made his son a most ~~Gre-~~regular catechumen at the sabbath morning examination, and an incorrigible loiterer from the lingual lectures of the Reverend preceptor and pastor. The reverend caterer for the mental appetite and spiritual nourishment, of all things disliked vacant benches and pews, and therefore held the Mansfield family in

light estimation, considering them as walking in heathenish darkness, visiting them never unless on Junketting and Christmas days, therein following the example of many of his clerical brethren, whose concern for the spiritual welfare of their curé is said to be most apparent, when the happiness of the corporeal part is about to be promoted.

Colonel Greaves and Captain Mansfield were on the strictest terms of friendship, and lived in a continual interchange of kind offices. The Captain had a daughter, a lovely child, the inseparable companion of Julia Greaves, though not so old as Master Gil, and Colonel Greaves was as fond of her as of his own daughter. Miss Peggy Pool, or as she was usually called, (with reference to the place of her birth) Aunt Montaug, the housekeeper at the Greaves' mansion, prophesied, that in due process of time Gilbert Greaves and Patty Mansfield would become one flesh. (*ne bene* the amalgamation to take place in a typical and figurative sense.) Mrs. Heppy Kegg and Mrs. Debby Dunn, both ladies eminently gifted with discernment and the faculty of foreseeing, joined in opinion with the housekeeper, and reported themselves privy to a sealed contract to the effect of the prophecy.

There was a daily and very friendly intercourse kept up between the two families, until the commencement of that strife which separated dear friends, tore asunder fond hearts, whipped the social affections out of doors, and repeopled the tenement with the stern and half unnatural virtues of the Roman character.

Thus for many years went on affairs at the West Bank. The Colonel improved rapidly in the science of husbandry, was the author of many valuable communications to the horticultural societies of the period, and wrote a much-admired essay upon the arcana of agricultural chemistry. Mr. Zachary prospered in his gospel labours, and brought many of the doubting brethren to put away the tenets of Arianism, and set down in the worship of the 'very' God. In most respects there was little change at the West Bank. Now-and-then a house was built—a couple married—an impounding of breachy cattle. Thereupon a replevy, and the circumstance of a law-suit—a tattle, and the process of 'hunting it up,' and 'hooting it down.' Gilbert Greaves grew up a handsome, well-proportioned, mischief-loving lad, and his sister a young lady, fair, and tall of course, with a profusion of sunny locks, falling over a neck of surpassing whiteness, a

pair of piercing black eyes, and dimples in either cheek, astonishingly proper to the supposed main business of a young lady's life. She was, indeed, (credit our own eyes which were wont to look with some little judgment as well as kindness on female beauty,) a lovely girl. And she was mistress of all the accomplishments which, nathless the reprov- ing tongues of phlegmatic and heavy moral- ists, find favour in the eyes of the lords of the creation—(meaning the male sex, who are more frequently lords *de jure* than *de facto*)— could play on the harp and piano, and warble the very song with which Carolan ap Johnes, the last of the Welsh bards, closed his musical career, as the cutthroats of Edward the First led him to death. A 'feather in a whirlwind' moved with scarce more celerity than Julia Greaves in the dance. Nor does the catalogue of her charms end here, although those to be specially noted, may not be thought by our fair readers deserving of honourable mention. Julia Greaves had been made acquainted, at an early age, with the economy of the kitch- en, and the science of practical cookery ; and was taught those arts which conduce to the well-ordering of the home of conjugal life, and declining years—knew that a capon, to be well roasted, should be kept constantly turning ;

that an omelet was a compound of flour and eggs, and various other things, not as is supposed for the first time, made apparent by Dr. Kitchener.

But this fair creature died before her prime. When her parents were about to reap the reward of their long and affectionate care and watchfulness, in her loveliness and virtues, she sickened, and before she was seventeen, was not in the land of the living. This was but the first gathered ear in the full harvest of sorrows. One year after, Mrs. Greaves, sorrowing for her loss, was laid in the churchyard, by the side of her daughter ; and in the year 1769, Colonel Greaves found himself a widower, and his stock of human comforts reduced to an only surviving child, in the person of our hero, now in his sixteenth year.

CHAPTER III.

What if he rouse the slumbering neighbourhood
With whoop and halloo, at the darksome midnight;
'Tis but the brisk, quick-witted, generous boy
Dancing to manhood somewhat prematurely.
My mother was a shrewd and cunning matron,
So voiced of report, and oft she said,
"Your wild and rattling boys do either make
"Good men, and brave, and virtuous, or they come
"To die by hangman's cord." Let's hope that Simmie
Will prove the better bird. *Frolic and Festivity.*

OUR readers may suppose, if they will, that Gilbert Greaves, or Wild Gil. Greaves, to give him the appropriate and visited cognomen, continued in charge of the Reverend Zebulon Zachary until the year 1772. To show how he spent his time, out of school, let the chronicle of broken heads be opened, and the frequently visited lips of every pretty girl in the country around, bear witness that he was possessed of at least two qualities of martial promise, dexterity and fearlessness. But notwithstanding, in feats of hunting, he beat the Chamois hunter of the Alps, or the terrible Wildgrave, known in German traditionary lore, and scoured the game clean from that part of the country; he was the universal favourite of young and old, whether they had

tasted of his largess, or suffered by his pranks. In all cases, no matter what the provocation, Wild Gil. Greaves went scot free from blame or anger. Nobody thought of asking recompense for a joke of his enacting. How could they take offence against one who, at a season of general festivity, would forego every amusement to carry a mess of nourishing food a dozen miles, to a sick or indigent family? who would dismount, when bound to a galliard, and seat some decrepit old man on his horse, himself leading him gently the while? "It was true, that in a bit of a tid-re-i, he had smoked the widow Jenkins out of house and home, by stopping the orifices of the chimney, but who had supported the widow Jenkins through the Hard winter, and whose bread did she eat now? Who did the like by old David Harriman, when he and his thriftless family lay ill with the fever?" "It was true," Mrs. Jenny Pope further said, "that she herself had been terribly frightened by groans, and a shout, much resembling Wild Gil.'s, issuing from out a beeve's hide hanging on Mr. Stall-feeder's fence, and the wound in her elbow was the effect of a stumble in her flight; but who had cut up her firewood for her, and milked Crumpled-horn, when Peleg was laid up with the rheumaticks? If the lad was fu

of roguish tricks, he had the best heart in the world."

If Gilbert Greaves was beloved by the elder part of the people, it is to be supposed that the younger, with whom there existed additional motives and incentives to friendship, were more than warm in his praise. He was unequalled in all gymnastic exercises, and hence he acquired that respect as well as command, which superiority in such always confers, among rural youth, on its possessor. He was, farther, a skilful hunter, and his dexterity in the science of shooting was the source of much envy. Here his taste came in contact with the fears or prudence of Aunt Montaug, (who, by the death of Mrs. Greaves, had succeeded to the "home department," and the self-importance usually attached to it.) "He would break his neck, she was certain, one of these days, climbing over those terrible mountains. She wished that the Evil One would carry off Stoffel Tasker, and Bob Pope, and all the rest on'em, that prevailed on master Gil. to go out on the mountains so much. Presently he would get served as Ralph Mandible of Sagharbour did, who fired off his Queen Anne at a *cutcudedee*, and the overcharged gun kicked up her heels at him, and maimed him for life. She thought to have

married Ralph, but grew fearful after this, that the disposition to kick might resemble the 'dog's madness,' and be transferred from the gun to its owner. She wished master Gil. would leave off hunting. Half the time his victuals were cold before he eat them." She generally concluded her tirade by asserting that there was nothing gained by hunting, since the "powder and ball, and the keeping Grizzel, Josh, and the rest of the hounds, cost more than all the deer and other game were worth."

We have not learned that the remonstrances and pithy reasons of the housekeeper were attended to on the part of our hero.

Let it not be understood that Gilbert Greaves was neglectful of the lessons of his tutor. The hours devoted to rural amusement, and the pleasures of the chase, were not more than were strictly necessary to the relaxation of the mind. He had already arrived at a degree of knowledge which promised no farther benefit from the lessons of Mr. Zachary, though respect and affection for the good old man kept him in punctual attendance on his lectures. The master used to confess his inability to lead his pupil any farther in the walks of literature and science. He had, Mr. Zachary observed, a mind which

yielded in precocity only to Pope ; in originality, depth, and splendour of conception, only to Newton ; and in richness of fancy to *Laureate Skelton* only. Parallels were afforded in other qualities and attributes, but which our narrow acquaintance with authors and books does not enable us to understand, and which we therefore cannot insert in our plain and veritable narrative. We are aware that the reverend gentleman made too high an estimate of our hero's talents. A large share of the misjudging tact displayed on this occasion must, however, be placed to the account of the affection he felt for his charge, which fell little short of parental.

Here we must breathe our main story, to mention the parochial loss sustained in the disappearance of Nick Zachary, son of the reverend, who, about this time, ran away with the skipper of a coasting sloop to New-York, and entering on board a king's brig, was off on a cruise before it was known at the West Bank whether he was dead or living. His father received a letter from him, wherein he begged forgiveness, stated his early predilection for the sea, and his preference of the tarry jacket to the wig and band which awaited him, but for timely and effectual flight ; and concluded with assuring his sire that he in-

tended composing Latin elegiacs, as the second Pliny did on the Icarian sea, whereby he hoped to gain honour and profit.

Our readers, especially the youthful part of them, will require a piece of information very much at their service, and that is, whether Mr. Gilbert Greaves had ever felt the joys, sorrows, pains, anxieties, and heart-burnings of love. They will understand that he had now arrived at the age of nineteen, and I doubt not that many good youths of both sexes will frankly confess the aptitude of our natures to love and be loved, long before that period. If to be free from folly, both when asleep and awake, to talk like other folks, to shun unfrequented woods, write no sonnets to the moon or seven stars; in short, to be as untouched as Valentine was when, according to Launce's relation, he chid Sir Proteus for going ungartered—if to be thus, betokened the absence of love for a particular object, Gilbert Greaves was whole as a rock. We have frequently observed a man under the dominion of love, to enact most indubitable deeds of folly; and since our hero, in all things conducted like a reasonable and reflecting young man, we are warranted in thinking him heartfree and unscathed of that sentiment.

There were numberless snares laid by the belles of the West Bank for the heir of the Greaves estate. Independent of a handsome exterior, and pleasing manners, circumstances never left out of view by the fair sex, he was the undisputed heir to a large fortune,—just the kind of match which your provident mother clutches for her darling daughters. Hence he was eagerly courted by every parent who had a daughter to bestow; brother who would be rid of a sister quartered upon him with annuity, besides stepmothers, aunts on the wane, &c., who had each some motive for offering the ‘dear creature’ to his acceptance. Nor were the misses themselves a whit more coy and distant than became maidens who would be of repute for modesty. Every Sabbath favourable to display, (for at country churches a fair Sunday calls forth the *posse comitatus*) Misses Ruth and Abigail Furnival would be at church, dressed like the ladies of the metropolis, with ruffs as high as were those of Queen Bess and her maids of honour, stays lacing their bad forms into a shape which, Dick Dockyard said, resembled “a capsized beef kid,” and having their heads dressed in a manner which said Dockyard pronounced to be a “full size pattern of a pitch mop.” Deacon Furnival’s pew fronted that of

Colonel Greaves, and the Misses Furnival had room in their breasts for no devotion save that which enshrined an earthly image. The deacon and his wife laid their heads together for the first time in their lives, lest want of concert should mar the hopeful design. Mrs. Furnival became truly kind, and so careful of Gilbert's health, that she prescribed for its additional security, the immediate abridgement of his walks to the ring-fence of the Greaves estate, and the 'Furnival swamp pasture.' The deacon also became very neighbourly, and when Gilbert had given Carfacaracatad-dera the surfeits, came out with a courteous offer of Slyboots, until his own horse should be upon all fours again. Sim Tasker, who had long endeavoured to subject Ruth to the matrimonial curb, was bidden look out elsewhere.

• Various were the stratagems invented by other candidates for holy orders. Mira Camp, the veriest coquette that ever carried a fan to peep over, adopted the fanciful method invented by the Bride of Lochinvar of "looking up with a tear, and looking down with a sigh;" and so far did she carry the desperate humour of clothing herself with sorrow, as with a garment, that the malicious whispered that the cause

of her sorrow, though irremediable, was not unremovable, and this they said was all of our hero.

It was allowed by all that he was young ; but the advantages of "marrying young ; settling down one's self early in life ; to form one's children to one's wish ; the disadvantages of a late marriage ; of having, as the lady admirably remarked, to ' scratch for a brood of chickens when your claws were grown feeble,' were all feelingly and disinterestedly painted to the young landholder by Mrs. Howitzer, who had a family of pretty daughters, much better provided with expectancies, than chattels in possession. But the innuendoes and arguments of the mothers, and courtships of the daughters, were all thrown away upon an idle undertaking. Friendly, sociable, and familiar as he was, he had not forgotten that the blood of ' Grey of Groby' was in his veins, though contaminated by its unlicensed admixture with that of a west country clothier. Wild Gil. Greaves romped with every girl, save one, from the North Peak to Claverack, preferring, as is frequently the case with us, when we have arrived at manhood, and acquired a stock of wit, those whose eyes were the brightest, and lips the rosiest,

Patty Mansfield, alone, escaped his caresses, and was treated by him in a way which those who knew the high estimation in which he held her, interpreted into a tacit censure on all that submitted to his toyings. 'He never kisses Patty Mansfield,' was a remark predicated on his actual forbearance. He felt for her the affection of a brother. Not so the fair girl herself. Her deep blushes when he spoke to her; the smile that came to her lip when he entered the room, and deserted her cheek when he left it, and a thousand other signs, which fond woman gives of her love and devotedness, all proved that a sentiment far different from friendship, had taken possession of her too susceptible heart. . We are happy, however, to inform our readers, that she did not dissolve, like Niobe, into tears; leap, like Sappho, from the Leucadian, or any other promontory; nor cut any romantic caper, whatever, but married a worthy man, made a most affectionate wife, and bare and brought up a family of children, remarkable for their good and amiable qualities. We know we are outraging every rule of clap-trap, in making her survive the misfortune of unrequited love. We propose this for a compromise—*videlicet*—whenever this book

See much

chances to fall in the hands of either gentleman or lady, master or miss, who, in our place, would have doomed her to expiry, they have our permission to kill her to their liking.

We have now brought Gilbert Greaves to the year of the commencement of hostilities with Great Britain, and here we leave him to fatten on the good things of the West Bank, into a condition to take part in difficulties which we mean to draw down speedily on our country, taking this threat of our intention as dated in the year 1775. In the meantime, our readers are invited to accompany us, while we offer a few remarks, assuming historical data therefor, on the state of our country at the outset of that surprising revolution which delivered us from foreign thralldom, and gave us a name among the nations of the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

“————— from the dull
“ Shaping out oracles to rule the world.”

Munfred.

It is not our intention to offer, at this time, an elaborate essay on the wrongs we received as colonists; we commit their recital to the historian. But we conceive that a few observations on the primary causes of the event to which our tale refers, will not be without interest to the patriotic reader. Those who read merely to be informed of the progress of a love affair, may, therefore, skip to the middle of the chapter.

From the publication of the report made in 1731, by the Board of Trade and Regulations, in which the attention of the Ministry of Britain was called to the increase in wealth and power of her North American colonies, the displeasure of the mother-country was manifested by acts of oppression, not less remarkable for severity

and hastiness of conception, than for the indecision which led to their as hasty relinquishment or suppression. It may be safely affirmed that there never was a cabinet more stongly marked with imbecility and impotency, than that which sat in the high places of British power and trust, from the dismissal of the elder Pitt, to the peace of Paris in '83.

It is, or ought to be, a maxim in politics, that a long and apparent preparation for an act of national violence, is unwise. If the British ministry intended the subjugation of the colonies, no measure, however severe, should have been suppressed, and every threat should have been simultaneously enforced by action. For ten or more years, the American people beheld the alternative held up to them, and when Britain determined to pursue coercive measures, she found the colonists prepared with arguments to prove their injustice; adequate language to depict their evil consequences, and with arms in their hands to defend the liberties thus menaced.

The American people, at the commencement of the revolution, were mostly husbandmen, dwelling on small farms. We had few towns of any magnitude—our popula-

tion of three millions was spread over a million of square miles. The cultivator of the farm was generally the proprietor thereof—of a tract of land, where, with nerves strung by toil, and soul rendered patient, yet firm, by fatigue, he nursed his sons to the labour and contentment of an agricultural life, and his daughters to the homely and housewifely virtues of their mother. Seldom possessed of great wealth, he had, nevertheless, the amount of property which enables a man to use with truth the term, 'my own fireside,' and rightly to appreciate the comforts of a situation above actual want. His bread was procured by toil, but not the degrading toil which the sickening limbs of the European peasant enact beneath the whip of the task-master, and the mandate of an arbitrary lord. He was free to rise up, lie down—to labour or to rest, as he chose; and to defend these rights, at the call of his country, he threw away the peaceful implements of husbandry, and took up the trade of war.

We have said that the first intimation of the designs of the British ministry to check the growth of the colonies, and blast their prosperity, was given soon after the Report of the Board of Trade, in 1731. The valour

and resolution displayed in the different expeditions into the Acadian, and other French possessions, by the Americans, especially the Virginia line, were so conspicuous, that the rulers of Britain thought it necessary to adopt measures which should delay, if not prevent, our approach to a dangerous degree of strength and grandeur. These very measures accelerated the event they were intended to retard. For we believe it is admitted by all, that independence was never thought of before September, 1775. Though, judging our countrymen by the common standard of humanity, we should eventually have sundered the cord which bound us to the destinies of a nation separated from us by a vast ocean, even if the rights of dominion had been restricted to the nomination of a parish clerk; yet we conceive that we hazard nothing in saying that fifty, perhaps a hundred years, would have found us obedient to the properly administered authority of the House of Brunswick. The advantages to be obtained from a participation in the lucrative trade enjoyed by British subjects, had neither restriction, monopoly, or privilege been tacked to it—the protection from foreign enemies, which we derived from the arms of the all-conquering parent, were too manifold and apparent to

permit a rebellion by which all these would be lost, and nothing gained. While protected in the enjoyment of our civil and religious liberty, our shores defended from invasion, and the ports of either country open to the ships and traffic of the other, the good sense of the people would have seen and admitted that our happiness could hardly be further augmented, and that our safety was susceptible of no additional entrenchment. We should have continued provinces of the British empire for at least half a century to come.

The state of New-York did not take that interest in the contest which was evinced by Massachusetts, and several of her other sisters, until a period subsequent to the declaration of independence. Let this remark create no strife between us and our friends. There lives not the man who feels a more deeply rooted affection for a particular spot, than we do for this noble state. It is useless, however, to attempt to disguise the fact, that though the scene of the most savage butcheries, the theatre of a system of warfare outraging every rule supposed to govern nations in the conduct of their belligerent relations, very many of her most opulent citizens espoused the royal cause, and advocated the policy of the ministry, combatting, by word and deed, the resistance made to their mad measures.

Throughout the colonies, the people were much in the habit of holding popular meetings, and discussing the grievances of which they complained, passing upon them in language not always the most smooth and courtly. By means of a wise dissemination of the resolutions passed at these assemblies, the sense of the nation came to be sooner known, and to them, in a great measure, may be ascribed the uncommon unanimity which marked the earlier period of our revolution. These meetings were more generally attended by the middling order, or yeomanry, the higher class lacking not this mode to give publicity to their sentiments. Here sets of Resolves were passed, not the less dangerous to the royal cause because emanating from plebeian breasts.

Early in the revolution, indications of the existence of this factious and disloyal spirit (as the servants of the king were pleased to call it) were observed in the vicinity of the Greaves' estate, but the determined style which Colonel Greaves used in support of the royal cause, prevented his tenantry and retainers from going the length of open opposition, to the endangering of their property and personal security. Keeping no measures with the popular feeling, the Colonel declared the people rebels, and expressed his willingness to

assist in checking their clamours, with arguments better suited to the circumstances of the time than expostulations. Foreseeing that the existing contention must necessarily end in bloodshed, he exerted himself to make proselytes to the tory creed, and bound them to his interest by present largess, and promised rewards. Money was supplied to the avaricious—sequestered estates were promised to the land speculator, and honours and office to the ambitious. All were to be gratified by a boon of price.

When intelligence of the affair at Lexington reached the West Bank, the population of the place divided into parties, and the shout of the whig leaders “to your tents, O Israel!” was responded by something more than a moiety thereof. Many of the opulent families enlisted under the royal banner, and these had their *following*, or dependants; but the middling class were thoroughgoing whigs, ready to strike a blow at the first bidding of any one who should think such necessary to the cause of resistance. Among those who were foremost and loudest in their anathemas on the faithless and arbitrary rulers of Britain, and in their endeavours to organize an opposition, was the Reverend Mr. Zachary. Captain Mansfield was also a decided whig,

and the friendship which had long subsisted between him and Colonel Greaves, was terminated by the disclosure the former made of his principles and feelings. The tories, though in the minority, appeared to have the ascendancy, for, as yet, the whigs were unorganized, and knowing the necessity of union to a consummation of their purpose, the risk that attended a desultory insurrection, held back the evidence of numbers, until they counted the chances of support. Hereupon the tories took heart, and resolved to proceed methodically to other measures for the further discomfiture of their opponents.

The first of these projected schemes for the furthering of the royal cause, had for its object the removal of Mr. Zachary. The venerable old man could neither be bought nor intimidated, and he proclaimed, from the very pulpit, sentiments which shocked the loyal hearts of his tory auditors. So it was resolved, at a meeting of the true and faithful subjects of his majesty, king George III, held at the "Seven Stars," that the reverend Zebulon Zachary, being a clergyman of the church of England, and as such, as well as by diocesan orders, bound to pray for his said majesty, the head of the true church, and having neglected so to do, otherwise than by

irreverently naming his sovereign in a petition to the Throne of Grace for the restoration of sundry civil rights, alledged to be withheld, and for God's vengeance on all evil doers, (meaning his said majesty)—And Further, having added to the Litany, "from Lord North, Lord Grenville, Bute, and the devil, O Lord deliver us!" Be it resolved, that the said Zebulon Zachary be dismissed from the ministry of the church of St. Peter le Poor, in the town of ———, and also be requested to desist from his parochial duties in said town, altogether. It should have been mentioned that the object of the meeting was stated-preparatorily by an eminent young attorney, in a speech of a comfortable duration; and that the tory journals of the day inserted a brilliant account of the debate, with the usual quantity of "tickle me under the ribs."

When the Sabbath following the sentence of expulsion arrived, the friends of the pastor came at an early hour, with arms in their hands, to escort him to the church. . But he could not be prevailed upon to take a measure which must end in altercation, if not bloodshed. "Let us kneel where we are," said he, "for the Holy One hath said, wherever contrite hearts assemble in worship, there will he be, and accept the offering. In

the rudest building, equally with the decorated chapel, will he hear our prayers, if we offer them with the proper spirit." The service was performed with all the devotional fervour which the good man felt in his heart; and though there were many tories present, the prayers offered in the censured tone of reproach to all evil doers, and the Litany, with its interpolated sentence, were suffered to pass without present animadversion.

But when the service was ended, and the tap-room of the Seven Stars had received the politicians, who, seven times in a week, met to debate on the times, and settle consequent schemes of thrift, many maintained the propriety of closing the mouth, as well as church, of the treasonable incumbent. Here Colonel Greaves interposed. "He had already," he said, "given in to measures, which, steady as he was in loyalty to his sovereign, he thought were too violent. Lenity and forbearance had frequently been found of signal service in checking the progress of a rebellion. He thought that Mr. Zachary should be readmitted to his desk." After a debate, wherein many of the arguments smelt of Nantz, it was determined that the doors of the church should be re-opened to Mr. Zachary, and he be informed of the permission given him to resume

his clerical functions. An intimation was, however, to be tacked on, like a codicil to a will, that the Reverend gentleman was expected to abstain, in future, from all disloyal reflections, and say a few words by way of apology for past indiscretions.

Here arose a difficulty. Mr. Zachary would do no such thing. He would apologise for nothing uttered by him, nor would he promise, as required, to confine his further exhortations and admonitions to mere spiritual matters; nor desist from adding to the prayers ordered by the assembly of divines at Westminster, those petitions which asked of the Almighty to hold the cause of the colonies in the hollow of his hand. It was, upon the whole, deemed most proper to allow the reverend gentleman, for the present, to use his tongue as he pleased, and let the hangman's cord, or headsman's axe, adjust the matter at another day. So Mr. Zachary continued both service and lecture, and those who disliked his political principles, had the option of sleeping off the Lord's day, or listening to the mere reading the prayers, and repeating the creed, which were undertaken by Mr. Saul Larribee, a *stickit* minister, to use a Scotchism. But Mr. Larribee, in the very outset, shot wide of his mark; for supposing

his hearers as essentially imbued with slavish principles as himself, he read them, with much prefatory recommendation, a piece of down-right blasphemy, composed by a clerical stickler for the doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, in some of the last regnant days of James the Second. But the doctrines of the reverend canon of All-Saints were too base and slavish to meet the approbation of even a tory audience, notwithstanding their supposed applicability to the present times and disputes, and profit was extracted therefrom to the popular cause. Several, whose purses indeed were light, but whose arms were well nerved, and hearts in the right place, came to the right-about, and joined the whigs, and but for the timely burning of the canon's "Word to all rebellious subjects," and the closing of Mr. Saul Larribee's mouth, the prayers for the king might have been succeeded by the burning of his effigy.

By this "letting the cat out of the bag," the whigs gained several stanch partisans. Timothy Littlejohn, a respectable pedler of small-wares; Walter Smirk, who was afterwards killed at Red Bank, and Richard Padds, who served half the cavalry officers in the army with brave apparel for their

chargers, and took in payment the old currency, at a fifth off, were plucked from the tories as a brand from the burning. There was another convert, but we forbear to give his name, because he is yet in the land of the living. He served as Colonel in the Legbail volunteers, at the battle of Brandywine, and performed feats worthy of a Lapland reindeer.

About this time Colonel Greaves was called to the city. When the populace of New-York; in the autumn of '65, committed their outrage on Major James' house, besides other acts of violence, Lieutenant Governor Colden summoned Colonel Greaves to aid in suppressing the tumults, and restoring order. Colonel Greaves was a man of known courage, but hot-headed, and the first, and probably the worst advice he ever gave in his quality of counsellor to the inquisition appointed to inspect and control the colonies, was that no conciliatory offers should be made the rebels, as he was pleased to designate the Americans.

His advice on this occasion was unhappily followed; and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that when the first levy of continentals for the royal service took place, the name of Cuthbert Greaves of the West

Bank, in the province of New-York, son of Sir Mark Tudor Greaves, of Llankboddhie-Hall, Guernever, Breconshire, found its way to the authentic Court Gazette as Lieutenant-Colonel of a second regiment of loyal Americans, to be commanded by Colonel Michael Connolly, of Pennsylvania. Government, calculating on the loyalty of Colonel Greaves, had thus raised Connolly over the head of his acknowledged superior; but Connolly must be secured, and he brooked no superior.

The second regiment was fully officered at once, but wanted nineteen-twentieths and better of its complement of privates, and those enlisted resembled Falstaff's corps on his recruiting expedition to Litchfield. It was to take upon him the duties incidental to his new appointment, that Colonel Greaves now left the West Bank, carrying with him a number of active young men, as recruits. Wild Gil. was left for the present, charged with the double duty of attending to the financial concerns of the Greaves' estate, and preventing the Reverend Zebulon Zachary, and other advocates for resistance, from farther sowing sedition among the good and well-affected people of the West Bank.

Little, at the period now in review, cared Gilbert Greaves for king, lords, commons, or

colonies. A pack of hounds in chase of a buck ; a pair of bays harnessed to a sleigh, on a frozen meet ; the summit of the Kaatskill on a clear morning, and a bevy of rosy-lipped damsels on a junketing night, were circumstances of far more importance in the eyes of our hero. Visions of the tented-field, and dreams of martial honours, as yet, troubled him not. But there is frequently some vigorous passion latent only because occasion is wanted to draw it forth. No sooner was Colonel Greaves at his post, and his letters had announced the probability of a speedy call for the services of his son, than the zeal which he had hitherto evinced for rural sports, took a direction towards the anticipated service. The Black Prince was well oiled, and laid up like a yellow admiral ; and Stoffel Tasker, and his brother Sim, had the range of the mountains in fee simple. The bays were committed to the hostler, with orders to let them want for nothing, and every thing else on the estate was cared for which could chance to be marred by the absence of the proprietor.

Every person in the Greaves' mansion was now on the wing in the service of our hero. The hostler was bid see if deacon Furnival would take the cash for Slyboots

and order Padds to finish the housings of the new saddle at once. Even munt Montaug was not idle, though no specific duty was assigned her. But when Master Gil. set out, as our narrative will show, the labours of the good housekeeper were brought to light in a prodigious quantity of sweetened cakes, impressed with odd and grotesque figures; pies which might have served the purpose of the Trojan horse, besides other things of gastromanik moment.

The situation of Gilbert Greaves, now that he had put on armour in the royal cause, was by no means pleasant. When a rattling youth, driving around the country with whoop and halloo, apparently unapprehensive of any political difficulty likely to mar his present sports, he was the favorite of whig and tory. But now, when, as Kennet has it, that he was about to "write man by the best periphrasis," the case was different. He had now high objects in view, and had health, strength, and resolution to hew a way through any impediment. The tories viewed him with exultation, the whigs with apprehension.

"That young man," said deacon Furnival to Mr. Zachary, as they were seated one afternoon in the parlour of the former, "will

be a thorn in our side. I never saw a young man so changed. He has given up all his sports, and seems intent only on the figure he shall make in the royal army, which I hear he will shortly join."

"I fear him much, I confess," answered the parson. "He has superior talents, and beneath his levity and wildness, has the greatest fund of discretion I ever saw a youth of his years possess."

"You ought to counsel him to better things than to join the Britons. From you he would bear reproof," said the deacon.

"He might listen to me, were it merely to demonstrate his respect," answered the parson. "I will never be the man to counsel him to oppose his father; but before he leaves the West Bank, I will lay before him a relation of the wrongs which his wretched country has received from her unnatural parent, and ask him if it be wisdom or mercy to prepare fetters for unborn generations, perhaps his own."

Further discourse was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of the party to be counselled, who said, as he entered—

"Are you certain, my good tutor, for politics do not disallow of that title, that fetters are ever talked of elsewhere than by whig firesides?"

Are they not a Rawhead and Bloody-bones, got up for the purpose of terror? Mr. Zachary—deacon—Mrs. Furnival, how do you do? and Miss Ruth Furnival, and here is Patty Mansfield, upon my soul. Patty, my dear sister, I have not seen or heard of your father and brother for some days.”

“My father and brother left here a month ago for Boston,” answered the young lady.

“Did they! How privately we move about these troublesome times. We take starless nights for our rambles, after the fashion of unearthly beings, and walk as though we were on a pavement of eggs. Alick Mansfield gone, and never bid me farewell! I should have thought our past friendship demanded that much, though our fathers do not pronounce Shibboleth alike.”

“Mr. Greaves cannot with propriety say much on this score,” said she. “He has not himself been visible for an equal space of time.”

“Perhaps, Miss Mansfield, I have neglected my friends, though my own affairs have been essentially promoted by my temporary seclusion. From late accounts, I think your father and brother are in hot water before this time. In which army are they serving?”

“With the American, of course, sir,” an-

answered she, proudly. "Mr. Greaves cannot suppose that my father would join the enemies of his country?"

"Mr. Greaves cannot suppose so," said Mr. Zachary.

"And why not, sir, said Gilbert. "As good men as captain Morgan Mansfield, and his son Alick, have entered the royal service, no disparagement to either. Mr. Zachary, as I entered, without evesdropping, I heard you intimate a wish to converse with me. Now is the time. Forbear to reproach my father's conduct, and revile my mother's memory, and on any other subject, my good sir, let your speech be as free as your thought. I owe you yet for fourteen years discharge of a painful trust."

"That debt is paid, Gilbert," said the parson, "and more than paid. In what I am going to say, let me be understood to recommend entire obedience to your father. But you are about, my son, to enter the service of a foreign master, who is, at this moment, in treaty for German mercenaries—yes, transporting them to the colonies to aid in subduing us to an acquiescence in his merciless and arbitrary requisitions. Will that manly spirit of yours lend its aid to achieve so black a conquest?"

“Are you certain, sir,” asked Gilbert, “that the object of these expeditions is to enslave us, or to reconquer dominion which faction and ambition would rend from its rightful possessor.”

“They have endeavoured to fasten on us most wrongful impositions,” said the pastor; “they have treated our envoys and our petitions with contumely and scorn. Are these the symptoms of a disposition merely to be repossessed of their own?”

“Let the colonists try further negociation,” said Gilbert, “and see if they cannot get a better guarantee to their liberties from the generosity of their sovereign, by humble intreaty, than they can conquer from his armies with their swords.”

“Do you recollect, my young friend, the sentence in Pliny the younger’s panegyric upon Trajan, which, at fourteen, drew so angry a criticism from your loyal heart? ‘The very gifts of our princes, like those of cajoling tyrants, have been mere hooks covered over with gaudy baits, snares lined with some specious trepan, till seizing and entangling the good-natured prey, they draw in whatever was so credulous as to fasten on them.’ Even so do I estimate the gifts which monarchs confer gratuitously upon their sub-

jects. The Guelds have never kept a better faith."

"I know but little of the merits of the dispute, my reverend sir," said Gilbert, "for I blush to say that my moments have hitherto been spent in a manner unworthy of my father's son. But if Slyboots keep his wonted step, I will speedily know more, and wipe away the disgrace of having lived a drone and a sluggard, that is, as to any valuable purpose. But I am told by one, whose authority, with me, outweighs any thing terrestrial, that the colonies have drawn down upon them the vengeance of the mother-country, by mad measures, based upon imaginary injuries, the whole got up as a pretext for independence."

"So say those, Gilbert, who would palliate or excuse British tyranny, and distract and divide the colonies," said the pastor. "We have borne many injuries. Gilbert Greaves, answer me honestly. Has the mother-country a right to tax the colonies, they having no representatives in the body authorising the measure?"

"You appeal to my honesty," said the young man, "and to disprove the general opinion that tories have none, I answer, that, as far as I am capable of judging of the principles of justice and sound right, the mother-

country commits wrong, when she adopts the measure of taxation, unconnected with representation. My father, however, argued that they had, and I believe that my father has taken as accurate a survey of the revolution, both in its causes and consequences, as my venerable friend."

"Thy father, my son," returned the pastor, "is a man of sense and honour, but he is ambitious, and a soldier, and such frequently joy to see a rebellion, merely because it breaks the listlessness and inactivity of repose. His birth, friends, and character, are such that he may promise to himself most important rewards if the colonies should be conquered."

"How if they are not conquered?"

"He falls."

"Ah, and he will fall bravely, and not alone," said Gilbert, rising. "There will be a catcomb sacrificed to his manes, my good sir. But we are getting warm, much to the disgrace of our respective friends. I shall leave, soon, for the city, to join the British army. You shake your head, my good friend—let this content you. I will watch narrowly, and if I perceive the slightest indication of a disposition on the part of the royal commanders to oppress the colonies, I will be all you desire in their defence. But I will not

rush blindfolded into a rebellion, because Sam. Adams and John Hancock once said to a 'crowded house at the old Fanueil,' that despotism was stalking into the land in the shape of well-loaded chests of Campoy and Singlo, and begged their hearers, for God's sake, to wear breeches and doublets of linsey-woolsey to arrest its further march. We will quit this topic for the present. Ruth, my dear girl, how fares nimble Sim. Tasker in his suit? You blush—symptom that he urges it briskly. Well, Sim. is a worthy fellow, but never mortal handled a musket less to the annoyance of game. Can't take a woodcock upon spring for his life. Nay, for the matter of it, he is only fit to squib tame turkies. Patty, my sweet sister, keep that little heart of yours for a gay red-coat, or, if Mr. Zachary will have it so, a gallant continental in bluff and blue. Mr. Zachary, I will hear your discourse on the morrow, and once more repeat the creed in the hearing of him who first taught my infant lips to lisp it. Deacon, I was near forgetting to thank you, in addition to the hundred, for the inestimable Slyboots.

"You like him, Mr. Greaves?" said the deacon.

"Like him! why he made no more of Charles Hedges' five-barred gate than David

Dobb did of saying boo to a goose—scarce stretching himself to the feat. I expect to take Washington to the Provost, the first campaign. He has the real Roanoke rack. It will be a light task to play fast-and-loose with those far-famed horsemen, the Virginia bloods. Good-bye, friends, and do sprinkle a little of the Lethe upon the last forty minutes.”

The lively young man left the deacon’s parlour with a quick step, and the party sat for a few minutes, without comment or remark on the conversation which had passed. Patty Mansfield arose and left the room, to indulge in her long-suppressed passion of tears.

“It would matter little whether it were red, or buff-and-blue, so ———, what am I saying. Would I if—if I were asked, marry one who is about to fight against the country in whose defence my father and brother are arrayed. No, my father would spurn me from him. I will forget he lives.”

But it was a more difficult task than the fair Patty thought it, and not accomplished until time and repeated changes of scene were made to aid the counsels of friendly advisers, who spoke of hopeless love, and alarmed the modesty of the gentle maid, by representing public censure as following an attachment unsolicited on the part of the male.

Mr. Zachary and the deacon spent an hour in political discussion, and then separated. They both lamented that the brilliant talents of Gilbert Greaves should be enlisted in the royal cause ; but an effort to detain him, they said, would fail of effect.

“ He will see the error of his ways,” said the deacon, “ and come over to the right side yet.”

So thought Mr. Zachary, but he said nothing, for he had observed the pale cheek, heaving bosom, and ill-repressed tear of the fond girl, who had left them, and the good divine lamented her hopeless passion.

Mr. Zachary had been a man of many sorrows, had loved, and had lost the object of his love. ‘ But those he loveth, he chasteneth,’ said he, and with a full confidence in this consolatory text, he became contented, and even cheerful, save when sorrow sought his ear, and then he sympathized with the mourner.

CHAPTER V.

Though calm his brow, he wears beneath the cowl
A soul that scarce with Christian patience yields
To the meek canon which disarmeth sons
Of holy church : I pity him his vow—
He should have grasped the war reins of a steed—
Have drawn a glittering sword from mailed thigh—
Flung forth a cry of battle to the winds,
And led the slaves of Castile to the holds
Whence issued forth Pelagius.

The Avenger.

THE day ensuing the interview we have carefully traced in the preceding chapter, was the Sabbath, and Gilbert Greaves stood pledged to attendance on the service of the church. He had, till lately, been noted for punctuality in this part of a professing Christian's duty, and his absence for three successive Sabbaths had afforded scope for much lamentation, and many a homily.

The building in which the Reverend Mr. Zachary performed the duties of the sacred office, was originally intended for the 'county house,' and still had the honour, on the circuit days, to hold Judge Maryport, and the crowd of litigants and others, who usually get themselves compelled to attend the courts. The parish school was held there also, and the mu-

nicipal business of the town transacted therein. These various uses, and some of them of a nature not calculated to ensure neatness and order, had taken every thing like the appearance of decoration from the interior of the building, as time and false economy had shorn the exterior of even the semblance of decency.

The people, as is usual in country towns, assembled at an early hour in front of the church, where abundant recognitions and greetings were interchanged, according to the custom of the place. There are some few subjects, which even good Christians may debate in the hour preceding the morning service, without censure ; such as the health of families, secession of members from other churches, quantity of rain since the last Sabbath, degree of heat, prospect of crops, and weekly bills of mortality. These are discussed with a solemn tone and downcast eye, no gesture being allowed, nor nod, nor smile of encouragement permitted—both questions and answers being brief and pertinent. Much grave rebuke usually passes on those who have recently committed the crime of apostacy—in fact, though little is done to outrage the external ceremonies of Christian worship, there is

less to evince attention to the meek and charitable precepts of its Divine Founder.

But the number of those who confine their discourse literally to matters of life and death, is small, compared with that of the profane and irreligious, who, gathered in groups, venture on themes of other moment, and frequently devote to ribaldry and obscene conversation, or to business, or pleasure, an hour that should be spent in preparation for the most solemn duty of life. Here would be seen a knot of village politicians busily solving some apparent enigma in the last week's News-letter—filling up blanks with names and designations, or sketching plans for the organization of armies, while their conversation, the quick-eared would perceive, was well larded with the names of men, popular or disliked of the speakers, holding public stations, possessed of wealth and influence, and reckoned of importance in the expected appeal to arms. There, in a place better fitted for the employment of the optical faculty, you might have seen a band of roaring, rustic blades, watching the steps of the rural beauties, as they alighted from their blue-pillioned fillies, and by audible mention of some village anecdote, contriving to obtain from the fair subject of the whisper, a roguish glance, intima-

ting perfect acquaintance with the subject matter, and amounting to acknowledgment that the story was something better than allegory or fable. And frequently, when some little hoyden, who would acquire high reputation for sprightliness and agility, in dismounting, chanced to alight somewhat awry, and betray a well-turned ancle, there was abundance of whispering, giggling, and other left-handed condolment among the lads, and thereupon the poor lass who had withdrawn the necessary curtain, was lost in as much confusion as was Thompson's Musidora, when caught bathing by her lover. Much as we have described it, at country churches, the hour preceding the morning service usually passes, and precisely so did it pass at the church of St. Peter le Poor, on the Sabbath morning of our narrative.

In country towns where the people scout the idea of a post-meridian dinner-bell, the morning service usually commences at ten. Wanting five minutes of that time, Mr. Zachary, with the regularity of a patent time-keeper, invariably set his right foot on the ground-sel, and with the same precision, waiting the five minutes, began the morning prayer with one of the sentences of scripture appointed to be read in the churches. Making an equation of the

time intimated on the many dial-plates pulled out on the occasion, (it is the only way to know the hour among discordant time-keepers,) it was now found near the minute for Mr. Zachary's appearance. He was therefore momentarily expected, and the sagacious elders began to express fears of some disaster likely to prevent his attendance. One thought the delay was occasioned by the affliction he must necessarily feel at the news that Betty Hill and Mr. Obadiáh had joined the reverend Dr. Copperdlungs' church, at Brimstone corner. Another recollected that Mr. Zachary had complained the day before, of something growing on his eye-lid resembling a wen; and forgetting that wens seldom make quick marches, he boldly attributed the present delay to the great ravage of the malady. The hour of service passed—conjectures thickened, the wen grew astonishingly, and Betty Hill's secession was magnified into a complete annihilation of the church of England.

The audience were on the point of deputing some of their number to inquire into the cause of the delay, when a sloop, having with difficulty mastered her passage through the lower Highlands, and given two or three points of her sheets to the wind, was seen flying-light, as the marine phrase goes, and with all sail

set, steering for the Shinglesplitter's, or principal landing place of the village. She was soon made out by those learned in signals, and acquainted with the river craft, to be a Tarrytown hay-dropper, called the Swift Peter, commanded by Skipper Dutch, from the metropolis. The principal circumstance at present noticed, was that she wore the rebel, or States' flag, half-topmast, and the British lion in that sprawling posture of recumbency which shows the back to the earth, and the feet to the heavens. In ordinary times, the appearance of distress, or intimation of mishap on board a vessel, is sure to command sympathy, and awaken prompt inquiry as to the nature, cause, and consequence thereof; in the present instance, when the fate of the colonies was to be decided perhaps in a single battle, and that to be fought between armies, by late and certain advices, known to be within a rood of each other, and when a bloody engagement must be the least possible consequence of their rencounter, it may be supposed that conjecture gave some bloody affair as the cause of the present disheartening signal. Nevertheless, there were some who denied that the signal at all referred to any battle, fought or to be fought, but merely expressed the sor-

row of the Tarrytown folks at the failure of the crop of Timothy and Redtop.

Sim. Tasker mounted Mr. Harsin's colt, cautioned, however, to let neither spur nor whip touch the flank of 'Baby Dodge,' and set off for the Shinglesplitter's Landing to get the news.

In the meantime, and during the absence of the news-gatherer, the suspense of the crowd became intolerably great, nor was it materially allayed by the arrival of the pastor, and his consequent occupation of the sacred desk. Informed by one of the deacons, that the usual audience could hardly be collected within doors until their curiosity should be allayed, Mr. Zachary consented to defer the service until the people should be in possession of the coveted intelligence. But, it must be said, that there was not an individual in the crowd, whether male or female, youthful or aged, who awaited the tidings with greater anxiety than the pastor himself.

When the Swift Peter had anchored, and the sails were furled, the States' flag was run aloft to the topmast head, and the Lion, now repossessed of his rightful posture, to a convenient space beneath it. This less equivocal signal operated to the re-assurance of the whigs, and prepared them to hear with little palpitation, and

hard breathing, the tidings which now came, specially anticipated by all who had ears, from the loud-mouthed relation of Sim. Tasker to a lad of his own years, who was weeping the death of his father, which the newsman had just communicated, at the same time comforting him with a promise to ‘make the d—d Tories smart for it.’ Dick Dennison, the lad made fatherless, appeared to joy little in the promise of his friend Sim., but continued to vent his grief in the boisterous manner which marks a spirit little accustomed to sorrow, and less to control its feelings.

When Sim. Tasker had brought his colt to a comfortable hallooing distance, he reined up, threw his right leg over the saddle, and though the coltie showed no disposition to accommodate the orator, by assuming a posture of quiet, in that position commenced doling out his intelligence in something like the following brief and disconnected summary, if our readers will allow us so to designate the relation of our friend Sim.

“I said so—I said so.—So Baby.—They’ve got it, them red-coats—gad, they’ve got it which and tother.—Stand still, Baby, and be cursed to you—I never see a restlesser dog. Bunker’s Hill may be’s taken—I won’t answer for that, but a thousand of the dogs are

safe under the sod, or dead as the devil above it. O, G—d, how the Yankee boys whipt 'em."

"Do you know this for a certainty?" asked old Gardner Glass, an apostate from the whig party.

"Ay, sir; still, Baby. Pete Pepperell is on board the sloop, and he talked with a Mr. Leonard who was in the action. It's a certainty, grandf'ther Glass, that more than a thousand of your friends are as dead as Deb Slipshod's beer. Not above three hundred Yankees bit the sod—but Warren is killed."

"This is some Yankee lie, I'll warrant," said the sceptical Glass.

"Why, sir," said Sim, drawing from his bosom a printed circular, "here's the book that has all about it,"

Many ran to clutch the precious document, and noisy Sim. Tasker was compelled to desist from further recital, while Squire Scott, at the solicitation of the crowd, read the printed report of the battle.

As Squire Scott was a warm whig, his voice on a transaction so worthy of publication as a royal defeat, became portentously stentorian, and sufficiently clear to win from the female part of the audience, who had awaited the tidings within doors, many symptoms of the im-

patience wherewith they greet partially withheld intelligence. But when deacon Haskell entered the church and whispered Mr. Zachary, who dropped with uplifted hands in a silent hymn of thanksgiving, the passion of curiosity became insupportable ; especially with those who had friends and relatives serving in the conflicting armies. Of such, some turned pale, or fell to weeping. Others were flushed cheeks ; arose and leaned over their pews, or gave other intimation of the possession of a soul above the exhibition of grief for private afflictions, and alive alone to the interests of their country. It was worth a hundred perusals of the history of patriotic examples, to have a single glance at the intense feeling of devotedness to country which shone in the faces of that audience of American women.

Patty Mansfield arose, and opening the pew door, glided noiselessly down the main aisle, if we may give that beseeeming term to the rough passage in the West Bank tabernacle, and listened with breathless anxiety to the reader, who, it should be remarked, forgot the snuffing, whining tone in which he pronounced sentence on petty subjects of the penitentiary and city prison law, or passed judgment on delinquents under the £20 act,

and read off-hand, and with accents clear and manly.

We all recollect how erroneous was the first edition which went abroad of that battle, and have even now to lament that so many errors remain unaltered or unexpunged ; and so many glaring inconsistencies unreconciled. No doubt the report, as read by the Squire, was crowded with these errors, and we forbear to give it.

He narrated the principal events of that proud but bloody day, which bids fair to live in the remembrance of men till the latest hour of time ; and which first taught Britons how dearly bought would be our subjugation. When he came to the list of killed and wounded, while running over the returns, he paused, as we usually do with a bulletin expected to contain some item of dreaded intelligence.—“ Killed, Major General Joseph Warren——and——and——and Captain Morgan Mansfield, a brave and meritorious officer.” The reader, who had so inconsiderately named the last victim of oppression, was interrupted further publicity of the bulletin, by a loud scream of agony from Patty Mansfield. “ Oh God ! they have killed my dear—dear father !” and she fell to the ground in a swoon.

From all parts of the house, women ran to

assist their favourite ; and what with loosing boddices, bathing her temples with water, and the use of other approved recipes, she was brought to life, and the vital current returned to her discoloured cheek. When she opened her eyes, she found herself supported in the arms of the venerable pastor, and Gilbert Greaves at her side. “ I cannot bear the sight of those who murdered my father,” said she, with a shudder of horror at the latter.

“ My dear love,” said the pastor, “ this is Mr. Greaves, who had no share in the death of your father. See, my love, he weeps, and we all weep your loss. Sorrow not. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Your brother yet lives, and you must cheer up for his sake. You will meet your lost parent in the land of departed spirits.”

These kind and consolatory expressions were lost on her to whom they were addressed, for she had again relapsed into insensibility.

A loud noise which issued from the crowd at the door, drew the pastor, and other male spectators of the lady's fainting-fit, to the scene of commotion.

When they reached the lawn, which lay before the church, they found the whigs and tories on the verge of a general set-to. The

uncommon beauty of the day, the report of great news abroad, and withall, an irrepressible affection for the good pastor, who had, at some period or other of his ministry, been a benefactor of every man in the parish, had contributed to assemble an unusually large audience on this day, and what was to be most regretted, in about equal numbers of the respective parties. Equally poised, the combat bade fair to be as bloody as pugilistic valour could make it, but the reverend pacificator hoped to find argument and expostulation effectual to the prevention of blows.

He was prevented the exercise of his kind intention, however, by the impudence of a proverbially impudent tory, who remarked, that if Warren was killed, there was one rascally whig less; whereupon Stoffel Tasker, a young man always foremost in broils, and prompt to any quarrel, gave the calumniator a blow worthy a pupil of Molyneaux, and had raised his fist to bestow a similar compliment on one who had spoken harshly of the deceased captain Mansfield, when Gilbert Greaves rushed to the scene of commotion, and fronted, foot to foot, the whig Goliath. The crowd made ample ring, and as Milton says—

“ From each hand with speed retir’d
“ Where erat was thickest.”

Amateurs in the science of *milling* jumped on stock and stone, or crowded the fences, expecting to see many well-urged hits, scientific pushes in the midriff, &c.—the more peaceably inclined tugged hard at the skirts of the champions to separate them ; but all were disappointed when the fiery heir of the West Bank, keeping an oblique eye on his adversary, addressed the agitated crowd in a strain fitting to allay their angry passions.

“ My friends, in God’s name, why disturb this holy day with our party feuds ! Shame should light on every brow that does not frown upon this vile brawl. Whatever be the unhappy quarrel which arms brother against brother, let this day be spent as beseems professing Christians. Separate, I beseech you. You will break the heart of our good pastor.”

“ My heart is already broken,” said the good old pastor, while the tears coursed a cheek furrowed by more than seventy winters. “ My friends, will ye attend the service, or shall the doors of our poor house of worship be closed, and if closed this day, closed for ever.”

The meek and sorrowful tone in which Mr. Zachary spoke these words, had the immediate effect to restore order. Divers of the influential men of both parties pressed forward

to beg an immediate commencement of the service. The daughter of the fallen Mansfield was carried to the house of a friend, and the spectators of the reprobated brawl, entered the church to listen to the voice of prayer and adoration.

At the time of the revolution, the reverend clergy of the colonies were, with the exception of a part of the Episcopal ministers of the eastern states, the most of them whigs, and, as is usual, fearless in expressing their opinions. Neither time, place, or circumstances, were found to deter them from opening the flood-gates of their eloquence in discomfiture of the opponents of their particular party, or to the procurement of new auxiliaries and proselytes. What they supposed should be said, that said they, not in private, but in the porch of the temple—not to a mere centurion, but to Festus himself. The immunity from personal violence, and any thing like manual reproof which the surplice and the habit of gray confer on their legal wearer, has been said by some to be the cause of that hardness in reproof, and cheap contempt of danger which marks the clerical character. In some measure this may be true, but it could hardly be said of the American clergy, at the period of the revo-

lution, when their clerical duties were frequently neglected for those to be performed in a perilous sortie, or other post of danger. Brilliant exploits in the field of battle were not uncommon among them. We could furnish a fair duodecim of their memorable deeds. "Shall we not pray before we engage?" said a general officer to a young candidate for orders, (then a chaplain in the continental army.) "No, Sir," emphatically answered the brave young man, "we will fight first, Sir, and then we will pray"—and he rode in the front to the attack of the royal lines, and preserved a calm demeanour throughout the action. This little anecdote we have from one who knew him for forty years, the contented possessor of a sixty pound cure in the Eastern diocess of the Union.

The service which precedes the sermon was duly read, when Mr. Zachary rose to address the audience. Though occasionally much too sententious, and always too fond of classic quotations, and allegorical allusions, there were times when his zeal for the service of his Maker, and in a scarce less degree, his love of country, would hurry him on to flights of eloquence, and bursts of enthusiasm, worthy the classic Hooker, or inspired Bossuet. But to call forth a display of the peculiar talent, ther-

must be some inspiring cause or some particular object to be gained; fair weather, an attentive congregation, an interesting subject, and present a person of note.

On this morning, when he had risen from his seat, he rested his head for a space on the threadbare cushion. When the mute petition for strength was made, he raised his head, and wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, spoke to the following purport :

“ The words of our text are—

“ *He is the minister of God unto thee for good.*”

“ Thus saith the apostle Paul, Romans xiii. 6. Of whom speaketh he, but of the rulers of the land? They are set over the people to rule in righteousness; to be a terror, not to good works, but to evil: *for this cause pay ye tribute also.* Masters may be appointed unto you, and ye are to obey them, so long as they continue to rule in righteousness, and compass the end of government. But when power is used to the furthering of evil; when the hand that should be stretched out to protect, grasps a scourge to hush the murmur of the oppressed, who but a slave or pensioned hireling will not say with the Psalmist, “ Destroy thou them, O God! let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions.”

“ Brethren, we know it is said by St. Paul, *Let every soul be subject to higher powers.* Upon these words of the apostle, the wicked enemies of our country and our liberties, greatly boast. But well saith the learned Chrysostom, ‘ He tells us not what these higher powers are, nor who they are.’ I will tell you, my brethren. These higher powers are the law, which came from God ; either orally delivered, or that which reason, the immediate gift of God, founds upon the necessities of men. To this law, emanating from Divine wisdom, and therefore a high power indeed, subjection and obedience are commanded throughout Divine writ. Let every soul be subject to the law ; and let those who trample upon it, those who say, ye have no law but our will, be driven out from among you. Mark them with execration, beat them with stripes, and proclaim their shame.

“ My brethren, this is a day of victory, and it is a day of mourning. There has been a battle fought, as the Lord liveth a bloody battle ; and the victory abides with us. Many of our foes have fallen by the sword of the Lord and of Gideon ; but we mourn some dear and valiant friends. And yet shall we mourn over the brave who died gloriously, or over the timid who live weakly ? Surely death is preferable

to a life of bondage. Who shall weep over the soldier who dies in the glorious cause of defending the liberties of his country in the hour of her greatest need? Be comforted, ye whose friends and relatives have fallen. Theirs was a path all should strive to walk, and theirs a death all should covet. Let none weep—no tear be shed, and this watery weakness of mine is not because some have died with weapons in hand, but that many live whose swords rust neglectful of their country's danger.

My beloved brethren, when the Captain of the armies of David saw that the battle was against him, he cried to his army, 'Let us be of good courage, and play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God.' And they gathered courage, and conquered. Let our youth have heart for the battle—let not their fathers forget to warm them with tales of what men have done in other ages for the cause of freedom, and fear not the issue, for remember, *The Lord is great in Zion, and he is high above all people.* For myself, ye both see and know that I am an old man, bowed down with age and infirmity, and unable to go forth to battle. I can only pray Almighty God, that he would raise up defenders to our soil, and

instil into them that holy love of liberty which glowed in the breasts of our ancestors, and the ancestors of those who now oppress us.

May the Just Ruler nerve the arms of our countrymen for the extermination of our tyrants. And may His be the praise and the glory now and for ever.—Amen.”

There was a general silence for some minutes after Mr. Zachary had closed his discourse, and the audience remained in an attitude of deep and serious attention. The Tories left the church with a thoughtful look—the Whigs with much enthusiasm in their manner.

The effects of the patriotic sermon were immediately seen in the zeal and animation which marked the movements of one party, and the depression and luke-warmness which clung to the efforts of the other. So powerfully did the voice of truth operate upon the popular feeling, that mothers who had hitherto hardly trusted their sons on a hunting excursion, now readily parted with them for a stipulated twelve months' service in the continental army. Stoffel Tasker and his brother Sim. were off at the asking. The West Bank furnished at this time twelve able recruits, besides Nymphas Paddlefoot, a half-

idiot boy, who ran away from his master on recruiting sergeant Cowpen's promise to give him the warehousing of all the gingerbread captured during the campaign, and to place the ammunition chest at his service during the birding season.

We think proper to close this chapter of our story with the announcement to our readers of orders received at the Greaves mansion for Gilbert to join, by an appointed mode of conveyance, the king's forces at the city.

CHAPTER VI.

In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met ;
Blue, gleaming o'er the social board,
Flash'd to the torches many a sword.

The Lord of the Isles.

THERE is nothing which more fully puzzles writers, whose imagination is not very vivid, and who, like ourselves, are tied down to facts, than how to describe and give the due effect to a parting scene, under circumstances which admit of no aid from the sobs and hysterics of love-sick maidens, and the pathetic lamentations of heart-struck swains. It was with an eye to the perplexity which this very parting scene occasions your unimaginative authors, that we have all along represented our hero entirely heart-whole, and free from the delicious anxiety and enchanting anguish of loving with a full return ; or your tragical sword-and-dagger misery of loving with no return at all. It would in no wise have derogated from the good character we were anxious to establish for our hero, if we had made him a worshipper of the cupids which dwelt in the glossy ringlets of Miss Locket, or the well starched stomacher of Miss Pelorine.—

But in such case, there must have been a pathetic parting scene ; and knowing our inability to satisfy our readers in that particular, we were careful to steer the plot of our story wide of this dangerous reef.

Our attachment to rural joys and the scenes of childhood, are perhaps the strongest, and certainly the longest-lived feelings of any which exist in the human bosom. Other attachments may be weakened, or altogether destroyed. We may forget the soft bosom which pillowed our head in the hour of distress, and the friend who interposed his breast to a weapon poised at our own. We may be wicked enough to forget these ; but our recollections of the spot where we passed our early years, where we plied the trout and robbed the bird's nest, are seldom effaced by time or distance, or removed by the transfer of our sympathies to another spot ; nor are they chilled, as our other feelings frequently are, by the frowns of fortune. It was probably the influence of this feeling, which carried our hero, on the morning of the day preceding his departure, to the scene of many happy moments—the joy-inspiring Kaatskill. The jaunt had another motive, namely, that of contesting the palm of shooting with his old associates, who, having late-

ly been in practice, were disposed to doubt his present possession of that profitable faculty. It must be observed, that none of the company appeared to enjoy the amusement more highly than the hounds; who testified their joy by whining, fawning, leaping, and the other methods by which the canine race signify approval and satisfaction.

With every salute of the black Prince, the birds, taught fear by woful experience, might be seen winging their way in a very irregular and mazy course from the vicinity of the shooters to a more distant and safer part of the mountain, cheered in their flight by the whippoorwill-like notes of Duow Van Loon, and the thorough, bass music of the hounds. Occasionally, a hawk, probably made daring by having seen service, reconnoitered to point-blank distance, and then dashed off, sometimes bearing about him the leaden compliments which the Black Prince invariably addressed at his posteriors. A large eagle hovering on the round-top, and listening to the echo of their pieces, was frequently saluted with the only consequence to be expected from the salutation, a somewhat nearer approach of his majesty of the air for the inspection of his assailants. But the sporting excursion of Gilbert was materially curtail-

ed of its fair proportion by the waving of a small-flag on the school-house spire, the concerted signal to announce the arrival at the Shinglesplitter's Landing of the sloop *Catch-me-if-you-can*, to load for the city. On board of this packet, whereof was master Sammy Tarbox, a rank tory skipper, the principal personage of this story was to take passage. He now retraced his steps to the Greaves' mansion, with a heavier feeling than light-hearted youth usually possess when approaching the vehicle which is intended to convey them to a city abounding in scenes of gaiety and pleasure. But Gilbert Greaves it must be recollected was a hunter of the hills, and alive to the joys of a sportsman. It is not surprising, therefore, that his anticipated absence for years from a scene among the most joy-inspiring of any on the face of the earth, should awaken feelings which were not regret, but much like it, and which would have been agony but for the interference of pride. We must not forget to mention that he made a short and very pathetic farewell address to the spirits and invisible intelligencies of the Dunderhead and Round-Top, which instead of begging a blessing, ended by bestowing one. We hope our readers will not oblige us to procure and pub-

lish this valedictory. Counsellor Sparrow informs me that a part of it was extant as late as the last war, in a great speech made in our national Congress, by a learned gentleman from one of the middle states, in opposition to the puny advocates for 'Free ships and free goods.' He remembers no part of the said speech, save the appropriation by the orator in his exordium of the celebrated line—

“ We hold this truth,” &c.

The parting with his neighbours and acquaintance of the fairy land well through with; a copious libation tossed off to Hendrick Hudson and the crew of the Half-moon; the Black Prince oiled and laid up in ordinary, and an adequate settlement made on those dogs and horses which were not to be the companions of his wars, there only remained his aged friends and youthful associates on whom the cheerful duties of friendship, preparatory to the temporary, perhaps the final farewell, remained to be performed. These were assembled to the number of a hundred, at the Greaves' mansion, on the evening preceding the day which was to take him to the city. The fete, if an assemblage of persons of all ranks, ages, and occupations, though

not of sexes, may be so called, was given by the express order of the Colonel, we must confess not from motives of benevolence and hospitality, but from a hope that the brimming flagons of good October, and rundlets of ripe Nantz and Jamaica, to be offered on the occasion, would drown every sentiment of disloyalty in the bosoms of the cheery guests, and under the influence of these potent pleaders, that a corps of youthful, high-blooded recruits might be induced to accompany his son to the city. Much has been done by 'management and metheglin' in other ages than that which times our story. Revolutions have been planned in the interim of the chorusses, 'One glass more!' and 'Taste this older!' The sons of Brutus settled the restoration of the Tarquins over ripe Falernian.

But though we have ascribed almost irresistible consequences to the eloquence of these able diplomatists, we have laid our account to record in this chapter their failure to effect any considerable diversion in favour of the Guelph. Much liquor was quaffed to the heir of the West Bank, and every beaker of the creature was alive with 'prosperity to the good Colonel.' But though many were mellow, and several of them undoubted tories,

there was none found for a considerable space of time so hardy as to name the 'King' as a toast. All seemed waiting in a kind of silent trepidation, a word or expression which should clearly mark a partisan, well aware that a disclosure of the political opinions of the meanest individual in the room, would introduce a discussion not the most pacific. The silence was at length broken by Jacob Coulter, an old farmer, who had lived time out of mind on the slope of Tibb's Hill, an eminence on the East side of the Hudson. He was a hardy agriculturist, this Mr. Coulter, but of such materials were formed those armies which secured our independence—men who are, in all countries, the backbone of national strength. He had been, for his great practical knowledge of the various branches of husbandry, a favourite with Colonel Greaves; and greater deference had been paid to his counsel than to that of any other of the neighbouring lecturers in that noble and primitive science. But when difficulties broke out between Great Britain and her colonies, and the Colonel became that warm partisan which we have shown him to be, Mr. Jacob Coulter withdrew altogether from the West Bank, and in the accidental interviews which afterward took place be-

tween them, was careful to inform the loyal Colonel, by the formal and constrained tone of his greetings, that respect and esteem were articles too valuable to be lavished on tories, and that he was not to contemplate a further interchange of civilities and friendly offices. The Colonel could not be insensible to the merit of a man, whose patriotism had caused him to give up, without a single tear, three sons, sole survivors of a family of ten, to fight the battles of their country. But the endeavours of the Colonel to draw him back to his old habits of social humour and friendship, were without effect. Did Colonel Greaves inquire if wheat should be sowed upon a dry fallow, he was referred to a book of husbandry, which wore the imposing imprimatur of a London bookseller, and was dedicated, 'by special permission, to George, by the Grace of God, &c. &c. &c.' Would he be advised what particular form should be given to a ploughshare, he was answered that 'Barzillai Grindstone, the tory ploughwright, at the Shinglesplitter's Landing, had a model from old England,' Did he ask when sheep should be sheared, while turning on his heel, the old farmer replied by asking, 'When did they shear them on the Downs?' And each answer was accompanied by a contemptuous

shrug. Such was the man, who, seated in the Greaves' mansion on the night of the before-mentioned merry-making, broke the silence which had sealed the lips of the company, by acting the grave interlocutor with his young host.

"Well, Wild Gill, we hear that you are bound to York, to join the reg'lars."

"I am going to the city, Mr. Coulter, and perhaps to join the regulars," answered Gilbert. "Can I serve you?"

"No man can serve two masters, Mr. Greaves.—You cannot serve the king and serve me."

"You are pleasant upon me, Mr. Coulter," said Gilbert—"I did not mean to say, that I would enlist under you, but that I would carry messages to your city friends, buy your pipes and tobacco, Mrs. Coulter's stock of Souchong, and do other errands for you."

"Thank ye, Gil, thank ye," returned the veteran ploughman to the courteous offer. "I'll send one message. Go to Sam. Bryce, that used to keep a shop in Gold-street, and keeps it now in fact, but he 'ficiates in a fire engine. Tell him that I hear he keeps Roger and Bob at home: shame on him, when his country needs them. If they're idle for want of kootremints, bid him, from me, part

with shop weights, scale-beam, and the good will of the stand, to get them."

"If he's unable, Mr. Coulter, to buy them of himself," said Gilbert, "the royal treasury of Great Britain will furnish him with the stuff to make full suits of regimentals, and accoutrements will be thrown in gratis."

"Sam Bryce is not the man to mount red," muttered Mr. Lynchpin, with his usual gruff accent, from the lower end of the table.

"That he is not, neighbour Lynchpin," returned Coulter. "Gilbert Greaves does not know him as well as we do. We shall hear Sammy play my father's old tune, The Rising of the North Country, yet."

"May be so," said the host. "Come, let's push about the jorum—friends, fill your glasses for a toast to the brim: May peace and a perfect reconciliation be ours speedily."

"The warmest whig in the land may safely drink that toast," said Coulter; and the toast was drank with warm approval. The countenances of many brightened up; but Coulter, whose politics were moulded after the sour faced presbyterianism of old times, appeared dissatisfied with himself for the temporary approbation he had bestowed on the sentiment. Resuming his usual rigidity of feature, he addressed the following query to the young lord of the mansion.

“ Which do you think has the stoutest nerve in the day of battle ? He who raises his arm for his country, or he who leagues with tyrants to oppress her ? Answer me that wild Gill.”

“ He who raises his arm for his country in a just and necessary quarrel, has a cause the most approved of heaven,” answered Greaves.

“ You have answered right, lad,” said Coulter. “ And why is it, that believing this, you join the oppressors of that country, and wish to scatter desolation over her beautiful fields, and sow war, famine, and pestilence throughout the land. Gilbert Greaves, I’ll give you a word of advice ; the first which the old linsy-woolsey farmer of Tibbs Hill has given your lordly house for years—listen. See that you are well paid for your services ; for mind me, gold is the only thing that will kiver the disgrace of sich a deed as you are about to do.”

“ I see,” said Gilbert, “ that I am entirely misunderstood by my friends. I do not take up my sword against my country, but against certain of her citizens, who persuade the peaceable and well disposed to reject his majesty’s most gracious offers of pardon, and continually stimulate to fresh acts of rebellion.”

“ ’Tis not so, Mr. Greaves, ’tis not so,” cried Coulter. “ What says the writer in Timothy’s ?

‘The ministers make us offers of pardon,’ says he. ‘We are upon our own soil, and merely wish to breathe the air and tread the earth, without a tax upon the enjoyment of the natural faculties we use in the two privileges. They should beg our pardon upon bended knees; and we should not be too hasty in according it, my countrymen.’ Home-spun cloth is right, lad.”

“I wish to have peace restored; fair, honourable peace,” answered the young man. “If Great Britain will not guarantee our liberties, I, for one, will lend a hand to compell her to do it. But I do say that there can be no adjustment of our unhappy differences, while Paddy Henry, and other demagogues, are permitted to rove with their pockets stuffed with seditious handbills, holding forth to the weak and silly.”

“Weak and silly! Well done! That’s you and me, Gust, and all that ban’t come of the Welsh,” said Stoffel Tasker, in an under tone to a young man beside him. “I’ll step home, and get a coat that isn’t so tight over the arms. We shall make out a row afore the night’s gone.”

“I will join the continental army myself,” said Gilbert, raising his head from a thoughtful posture, “it”—

“Ay, maybe you think so, sir,” said Coulter; “but your father is a British officer, and you a youth, and have no will of your own. You have hardly bargained for your independence yet, I reckon.”

“I heard my father say that he himself would espouse the cause of the colonies if he discovered in the British a disposition to enslave us.”

“He that hath not already discovered that, in my thinking, will never have a pair of eyes to tell him of the fact, though he lived to the age of Methuselah. If you are wanting other proof, perhaps you’ll have it some day in stripes upon your own carcass, grandson of an Earl though you be, Sir.”

“Perhaps so, but I will see with no man’s eyes but my own. I will learn from their evidence that the British are tyrants.”

“What, man, doubt yet?” said Coulter. “Look at Bunker’s Hill—look at Lexington. Blood flows in torrents; the blood of my kindred, though maybe not of yours. But I lose my time when talking of these things to the son of that stubborn old tory, Cuthbert Greaves.”

“Sir, I will permit no man to speak lightly of my father,” said Greaves, sternly. “If my father be in error, he will see it and re-

tract. You will then, sir, however the bitter enemy of a man, who was and is still your friend, allow that he acted from principle."

"Ay, I'll do it when 'tis needed," said the unconquered Coulter. "But we shall have many freezings and thawings of our neighbour Hudson before that time. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Mr. Greaves. Your father and I were friends so long as he was the friend of his country; but I cut from his friendship when I saw him buckle on a sword for the king. Did I not think that the mistaken loyalty of his son, will be but the light-hearted folly of a month, I should not be here."

"Here we stop, and are friends for all that has passed, I hope," said Greaves. "What say the gentlemen to the health of our most gracious sovereign, George the Third? Fill your glasses."

"Stand by me, Gust.—We'll throw our glasses at his head," whispered the ripe Tasker.

"Not too fast, Stoff," answered Gustavus Tillet. "Wait a few minutes, and we shall be able to make a common cause of it."

"He is not my sovereign—nor mine—nor mine," cried fifty voices at once.

"Well, he is mine," said Gilbert, straining his voice so as to be heard above the clamours

of the noisy auditory, "he is my king, and you will drink the toast in compliment to me, surely."

"No, no, no," cried the company, apparently with one accord; for those whose opinions and feelings would have prompted an acquiescence in the sentiment, were stealing away unperceived by the master of the mansion. "We will never compliment away our liberties—we cannot drink the toast."

"I will drink it alone," cried Gilbert, rising from his chair much inflamed, and inspired with the valour of loyalty. "George the Third, our gracious monarch—long life to him, and victory over all his enemies"—and Gilbert Greaves saw the bottom of the capacious glass. "The glass shall never be profaned to a meaner use," said he, and he threw it on the floor. The crash of the glass brought every man in the room on his legs—They remained as mute, however, as a dinner party, while the parson is blessing the meat.

"Gentlemen," said Gilbert, "you are not assembled in this mansion merely to partake of the good cheer provided by its proprietor, but also to ascertain who will accompany his son to New-York, and there be enrolled in a regiment of fine young loyalists, one half of

whom are Delanceys." At the same moment, by a previously concerted arrangement, a band stationed in the piazza, struck up the old catch of the Recruiting Sergeant.

Fifty pounds upon the drum,
For those who list volunteers and come;
Shirts and clothing—present pay,
Over the hills and far away.

A more outrageous tumult cannot be conceived than that which arose on the closing of this metrical invitation to the field of battle. Numberless glasses, decanters, and other brittle missiles were aimed at the host, but none seriously injured him.

"Kill him"—"tar and feather him," and various threatening exclamations were now heard to issue from the crowd.

"Now's the time, Gust," spoke the wily Tasker. "Spring for the tar barrel. It's at the corner of Tea Lane, and the 'Sopus lads with it. Wheel it up in old Gardner Glass's hand-cart. As you go along, strike three stiff blows upon Ap. Shenkins' coach-house. There is no moonlight to-night, and Moke Dymoke has promised, upon that signal, to make some of the Colonel's four-wheel cart."

While the mischief was brewing fast at

the foot of the table, Greaves stood at the head, irresolute whether to dismiss the company, or to attempt to make up the brawl. A servant entering hastily, said—

“A lad in the hall wishes to see you, sir.”

“Cannot he wait?”

“No, sir, he must see you this minute.”

“I’ll be back in a moment, gentlemen,” said the host, going.

“In the hall Greaves found a lad, his face closely muffled, and holding his head down, apparently with a wish to disguise his face and person. He approached Gilbert hastily, and said, with a trembling voice—

“Your life is in danger, sir,”

“My life in danger! What do you mean, my lad—who threatens it?”

“I say again, sir, that your life is in danger, and who are they that threaten it but your political enemies?”

“Who are you, my lad?”

“That’s neither here nor there, sir. There are forty or more men just come from Esopus, and wait but Stoffel Tasker’s beck to burn your father’s mansion to ashes. They are now preparing for yourself a most cruel punishment. I saw them rolling a lighted barrel down the street, and overheard them ordering a lad ‘to run for the feathers’.”

“Is it so, indeed—I’ll shed blood enough to quench the flame, my friendly lad.”

“Sir, sir, the coach-house is in flames,” cried Duow Van Loon, running in, breathless.

“Never mind that, Duow,” said Greaves, in cool and determined accents. “Run up the back stairs for my sword and pistols—arm yourself, and give black Jack a sword. Leave me, my lad, and fly for your life. Stop, take this.”

“I need no money, sir,” said the lad, pushing back the proffered hand with a purse. “But do not fight. Your foes are ten to your one, nay, for the matter of it, forty. Your tory friends have left you in the lurch. I met them going out the back gate, as I came in, and heard one of them say, ‘rats always leave a sinking ship’.”

It was as the youth had said. On the re-entrance of Gilbert into the banquetting-room, he found it occupied by about twenty of the elderly whigs.

“I am sorry, gentlemen,” said he, “that my hospitality has met so poor a return. One of my father’s buildings is in flames, and I am to be tarred and feathered, I learn. Be so good as to leave the house, that I may barricade it for resistance to death.”

“You chose a poor method whereby to

make experiments on the virtue of the people, Gilbert Greaves," said the hardy old Coulter, "and you half deserve their greatest vengeance—but no harm shall be done to you or yours, if I can help it."

Coulter hereupon left the room with several of his friends, to attempt to appease the mob. Wild Gil., in the meantime, stood, with the domestics, sword in hand around him, awaiting the result. Before the farmer had returned, a loud knocking was heard on the entry or hall door. The person who gave the disturbance, when addressed with the usual query, 'who is there?' answered—

"One to whom these doors were never barred. Open quickly."

"It is the voice of Mr. Zachary," said Gilbert, and accordingly bolts being drawn aside, the worthy rector of Saint Peter le Poor entered.

"Misguided son of a misguided father," said he, "did you think to shake the constancy of this people in the cause of freedom, by potent libations? But I have no time for reproach, nor even for advice. You must fly, Gilbert, or endure an operation worse than scourging with thongs."

"And leave my father's mansion to be ravaged by a band of Goths?"

“Of a surety,” answered he. “What couldst thou and thy six retainers do to prevent it? There are a hundred men at the north gate, and they were ere now quietly building a fire in the centre of the hall, but that Coulter and Lynchpin hold them in conversation, with a tale of thy having taken to the hills like a roe. Fly, Gilbert.”

“I have conducted most absurdly,” said the young man.

“So thou hast, but let that pass. Captain Tarbox drops down to the next landing place with his sloop, and will take you on board. Come down the west road—I will be at the corner of Dottrel’s lot to bid thee good bye.”

“Duow, saddle Slyboots in an instant, and lead him to the grape arbour gate. My papers”—

“Mind them not,” whispered Coulter, who had entered unperceived. “I have begged off the building, and have sent the rioters the wrong way for yourself. Go—but stay—tell your father what a whig has done for him; and see Sam. Bryce, and give him this letter.”

“I will, and may God reward you, sir, for what you have done this night.”

“He will reward me, Gilbert Greaves,” said the old man, passing his hand over his eyes, “with a sight of the salvation of my

country ; and then I will say as old Eli said, ‘ Lord, let me depart in peace.’ Gilbert Greaves, if you should meet with three tall, dark-eyed lads, the eldest not twenty, and the youngest just turned of sixteen, fighting side by side—the youngest in the middle, towards whom the other two, from time to time, turn an anxious eye, you will know them to be my sons—the sons of my dear, lost Anna. They have orders to bear them bravely in fight, and they were always obedient children. If they turn cowards, do not spare them—but perhaps there may come a time when you may save them from the destroyer, and neither I nor they be dishonoured.”

The little auditory burst into tears at the pathetic petition of the old man. Coulter seemed ashamed of his tears: and saying to Gilbert that himself, Lynchpin, and another, were to stand guard in the Greaves’ mansion that night, told him that the rioters might return, and bade him go at once. Mounting his horse, our hero speedily found himself at Dottrel’s corner, and saw his venerable friend, the pastor, was waiting for him.

“ Tarbox will be at the landing before you get there,” said the parson. “ There is one thing I would speak to you of, and I tremble

at your answer. Do you know the lad that came to you this evening with the warning?"

"I do not," said Gilbert, "and he took especial care that I should not; for his face was veiled with the caution of an eastern bride, and I have a suspicion that he spoke with a feigned accent—do you know him?"

"I think I do," answered he. "I believe it was Patty Mansfield."

"Why there, and in that dress, Mr. Zachary?"

"For that which has broken thousands of hearts, razed hundreds of cities, and lost millions of souls—love, all powerful love. She perilled her life to serve you."

"Does she love me?" asked the young man, thoughtfully.

"She does I fear, greatly fear; for I think that you cannot return her love."

"Not as a woman of her merit and sensibility would require," answered Greaves.

"I pity her," said Mr. Zachary.

"So do I; and, alas, that is the only sentiment I can bestow upon her at present. I esteem her; but do not feel for her that love which she deserves should be felt by her choice."

"I will tell her so in the kindest way," said the pastor. "Gilbert, we part not as I could

have wished, and thou art espousing an unrighteous cause ; but thou art in the hands of thy Creator, and to his care I commend thee. May he yet make thee, Gilbert, an instrument to snatch freedom from the embers of the fair cities marked out for the torch of the invader."

"Amen, if such be his will," was the response ; and clapping spurs to the flank of his horse, Gilbert Greaves abandoned his father's fair mansion and fertile acres, to the usurped stewardship of Jacob Coulter, the whig farmer of Tibbs Hill.

CHAPTER VII.

She doth prefer the town, and he the country.
The vicious masquerade, and noisy rout,
And balls and gala fetes to her give pleasure.
He loves the brisk and manly chase, and finds
More lively joy in healthy rural sports,
And hence they live apart. Can you not read
The preference which he gives his mountain crags,
In that contemptuous glance with which he eyes
Our glittering city pageant?

Prince Maximilian.

A VERY few minutes carried Gilbert Greaves and his companion Slyboots, without harm or mischance, on board the Catch-me-if-you-can, Captain Tarbox. A fine wind sprung up at the north, and before the day-star made his appearance, they had passed the Highlands, and were crossing the sea, once so famous, as some people will have it, for its whale fishery: to wit, the Tappan.

When Gilbert Greaves saw the city of New-York, it was on a fair morning in the latter end of July, and the shores of the Hudson were as beautiful as Spring and Summer blended, could make them. For many miles along the banks of this noble stream, which

waisted on her broad bosom the rich products of the upper country to the metropolitan market, you beheld a succession of magnificent and picturesque scenes, worthy of being delineated by a less homely pen than mine. On your right, lay lofty and rugged hills, whose summits were generally shaded by dwarf oaks, while farther down their brows, and near their base, the soil gave birth to children of the same family, who, from a more liberal allowance of nourishment, grew to a lively height. Here and there you saw bare spots, which reminded you of those heads from which Age has torn the natural covering of hair, and no aid has been had from the perukier—but bald-headed hills are wonders nowhere but in Chili. The rains, too, had swept bodies of sand upon the low lands, forming gullies of great width and depth. Those carpets of green wherewith the patient assiduity of our husbandmen has clothed the brows of half the hills in the great state of New-York, were at that day seldom seen by the voyagers on the Hudson. The ‘bottom lands’ were first taken up by the agriculturists—the ‘high and rolling,’ not until the increase of numbers made economy necessary, and by the certain consequence of our statutes of devises and distributions, inheritors

(when they were numerous) of paternal farms, found their shares too small for their maintenance, sold out and bought again. Thus the slender means of many brought into request those tracts, which situated in rugged districts, were held at a price commensurate with the difficulties to be encountered in clearing them. Besides, our state was first settled by Dutchmen, who remembered with natural and laudable kindness, the peculiar feature of their native country—her low grounds defended by strong embankments, and abounding far more in clay and bog than ‘gneiss or granite.’ Hence upon their first arrival at our continent, they seized, with most phlegmatic eagerness, upon every spot which claimed the least affinity to a morass or quagmire, or afforded reasonable hope of its being uninhabitable without the precaution of diking. But let this pass—the Dutch have whim-whams like other folks. To return to our hero.

As the vessel which bore ‘Cæsar and his fortunes,’ glided down the current of the river, new scenes gradually disclosed themselves, of a nature to divert his mind from the slight melancholy which he felt at quitting the scenes of his childhood. Afar, just seen in the verge of the horizon, (a morning horizon, which the mist from the vallies some-

times circumscribes to five or six miles, narrowing the enfeebled capacity of our vision,) the rays of the rising sun brightening its eastern declivity, he beheld the much-talked-of Wehawken, which overlooks the city, and much of the surrounding country. The Rose of Yarrow was never more be-poetised than this dignified and worthy hill has been. A brisk editor of one of our metropolitan diurnals, assures us that he could reckon thirty-five poets and poetesses who have arranged song, couplet, or quartrain in its praise. All of which, he observed, had gone down the 'mill-tail of oblivion', except that beginning, "Wehawken, in thy mountain scenery." Our dislike of amplification determines us to arrest the march of our pen before it proceeds to a farther description of Wehawken.

Along the left bank of the river, and we must be understood to refer to that part of it which lays below Kingsbridge, there were a few scattered plantations which do not merit a particular description. York Island, though so much altered as to be hardly the same with that governed by Wilhelmus Van Klieft, was even, at the remote day of our narrative, for some ten miles above the city, tolerably well settled on its west coast. Into every little nook and eddy of the river had nestled one

of those quiet, industrious, and peaceable Dutch families, long since deprived of the first and third qualities by their union with their restless and turbulent neighbours of the east. From this district the praiseworthy customs of our thrifty Dutch ancestors have been banished, to the substitution of the light and fripperish manners of an age and a people which delight us with boasts of refined vice in the present tense, and make us miserable with tales of awkward virtue in the past.

Though the hand of Improvement has visibly impaired the *natural* beauties of the spot we are describing, it must be conceded that the effect on the whole is heightened by the erection of those splendid 'out of town' edifices which mark our city opulence ; the talent of our men for acquiring wealth, and the taste of our women for spending it. At least all would think the effect heightened, who prefer Palladio to Wilson, and experience more pleasure in viewing rich columns and lofty domes, than in listening to the songs of thrushes and larks. Our readers, especially those resident in the metropolis, are aware that a visit at this day to the scene of these recollections amply gratifies the connoisseur in architecture, while the admirers of feathered songsters may imagine a more enlivening strain than

they at present give, in their music of a May morning, in the year '76. Notwithstanding the dreadful din of the British Cyclops, forging chains for the colonies, these merry grigs were early and late at their concerts, apparently unapprehensive of any disturbance from the belligerents. Indeed, so little were they in fear at this time, of 'villainous saltpetre digged from the bowels of the earth,' that they continued to sing their roundelays under the very noses of the parties militant.

If in the country adjacent to New-York, we are to record great changes in the appearance of natural objects, great improvements and beneficial and beautifying alterations, it is in the city that the greatest mutation is visible. New-York is indeed mightily altered since the day of the revolution, and is allowed, by all competent judges, to be greatly improved in appearance, and bettered in manners, as well as extended in dimensions. It is hardly to be recognised as the same city by one who knew it at the commencement of the American revolution, and has been absent the period of its growth from childhood to adulancy. If a man who left it forty years ago, were now to be landed at the Albany basin, or dropped into the Bowling-Green, the 'Fields,' Hudson Park, Broome-street, etc. he would be in as much of a quandary as the Paddy

who was clean shaved in his sleep, and waked with a mirror before him, scarcely knowing what to make of the 'new man.' The astonishment of the royal-father-in-law of Aladdin, at the splendid palace raised by the 'Slaves of the Lamp,' could hardly surpass that which would be felt by one, after a long absence, brought suddenly to measure the unparalleled growth of our city.

In the year 1770, the principal part of our city population dwelt below Warren-street. A line run by Warren-street to James' street, thence intersecting Chatham-street, near the Rotunda, to the East river, comprehends a space which, some years after the peace of '83, held nearly all our citizens. Nor are we chasing our tails when we say that within these limits there were some very fine grazing pastures. A large space near the Battery, which includes, besides the grounds within the railing, that part of Pearl-street adjoining State-street, in fact, of all the streets which abut upon the Battery, Marketfield-street, and the lower part of Greenwich-street, as far up as Beaver-lane, was totally untenanted, save by herds and flocks ; a dozen or more acres abandoned to the dealers in 'milk-ho !' and the growers of your fine four-year old mutton. The present site of Greenwich and Washington-streets was a navigable river,

deep enough to have drowned all the Jews at present located thereabouts. There was also a creek, or stream, where Broad-street now stands, which came up very near to the site of the new custom-house. Equally great have been the improvements farther north. Canal-street, which is in the southern part of the city, was then a noble sheet, a fine expanse of water 'out of town,' abounding in water-wagtails, and famous for the experiments which were daily made in marine architecture, by hundreds of little, dirty, yellow-haired boys, assembled on its margin, in the interregnum of school hours, to enjoy the pastime of sailing chip-boats, pettiaugers, and galiots of all shapes, constructions, 'rigs,' and models. This sheet of water, which the unequalled industry and enterprise of our citizens have converted into good dry land, and tenanted by a population of some thousands, extended over that whole space, whose limits the judicious eye may assign without the aid of our pen, and the more easily, as the perceptible rise of land on every side, shows the ancient boundary of the waters. This pond, as well as its feeder, the Collect, has been filled up, laid out into streets, and a large part of it built upon. And so have been the lands on its margin. Where Brom. Schnivelnose's cottage stood, resembling, from

its loneliness, a solitary stack of hay on the Hoboken salt meadows, there are now fine brick mansions, inhabited by the fashionables, and the site is denominated, in the language of the *Quotidiennes*, before May-day, ‘only a five minutes walk from the city-hall.’ When you measure off two good miles from the stately Areopagus, you are said to reside in the ‘upper part of the city.’

All the high ground from Broadway, where it is intersected by Canal-street, to Corlear’s Hook; from the northwest angle of the Park to Art-street, and down to the point where Division-street and the Bowery meet, was then laid out as lands in the vicinity of cities usually are, in vegetable gardens, cow-pens, orchards, and grazing fields. Here the caterer for the vegetable market did his best; that his boasting cries of ‘fine large turnips,’ ‘fine early marrowfats,’ ‘beets two to a peck,’ &c. should be literally true; and that the articles parted from first hands, should do credit to the lady purveyors, who kept stalls in the gutters of the Old Fly. Fine herds of stately beeves, which would have done credit to the Miami Bottoms, were seen grazing on these then suburban domains; and to crown the landscape, you were presented at every step with that picture of rustic life,

Dolly a milking the cows,
And Hodge looking over the stile.

Farther on, perhaps you saw a square verdant field, the property of some opulent man, who held it as sacred as Dodona's Grove; and laid a most abominable penalty on all the four-legged interlopers that dared to test the strength of his fences; frequently exacting a horn—sometimes charging at the head of Jowler, Towler, and Ringwood; but oftener arresting them *vi et armis*, to answer the breach *contra pacem*, and marching them to the pound overt to answer for their misdeeds. These suburban landholders are usually very zealous for the integrity of their possessions; and are ultra Duke Williams in their territorial regulations and 'codes of forest laws.' Thus, bits of board were frequently seen nailed to the trees by the road side, whereon might be read the monitory notice, 'Trespassers on these lands will be prosecuted.' But these edicts were something like the statutory regulations for the taking of oysters in Massachusetts, which are only in force in dogdays. So the threat to prosecute, operated only from the time of early fruit to the Fallgathering; and the truant boy was readily forgiven the penalty, whose lapse from obedience did not happen materially after the season of egging. Bless me, where are we! Our readers may fear, that

having got among eggs, we may fall to removing the callow kernel from its shell, for the sake of introducing novel dramatis personæ. No such thing. We are about to resume the history of the life and adventures of Gilbert Greaves, and we promise, for the next page or two, to course him like his shadow.

We left Gilbert Greaves pursuing his adventures in quest of riches and glory, with as much speed as light winds with an adverse tide would allow. The city was, at this time, in the hands of the Americans, and as we have all along represented, and shall continue to represent our hero a tory, it is needless for us to say that his fortunes lay not with them. The Catch-me-if-you-can was therefore continued in her course past the city, towards the unlading port of her voyage. The British fleet lay moored or at anchor near Staten Island, displaying, with singular parade, the pomp and circumstance of British naval array. A forest of masts, with scarcely waving pendants at their royal-mast-heads, and the royal ensign at their mizen peaks, the yards and topmast rigging black with the sailors aloft on the customary duties of the morning, together with triple tiers of infernal engines, are objects which, to my mind, are akin to the sublime. The mind of our country lad was smitten at once with the scene, and set

him wishing that he had been bred to the seafaring life. But when he thought of the miseries endured by Falconer's mariners, Robinson Crusoe, 'The four Russian Sailors,' to say nothing of Captain James Riley, who became an 'atony' from sufferings by shipwreck, his passion cooled down by the mixture of the true, the romantic, the marvellous, and the incredible, exhibited in those fables, and settled again into the preference he had always felt for the land service.

As the sloop drifted past the fleet, the ears of her crew were saluted by the shrill voice of the boatswain's call, the creaking of the yards in the slings, the rattling of the rigging through the blocks, and all that volume of discordant sounds which rushes on the spectator of the eight o'clock movements on board a man of war. Our hero set himself at work to frame Trinculos and Stephanios of the boatswain and his obedient thralls. They were hailed too; but the answer captain Tarbox gave to the questions put him from the noble three-decker Plantagenet, gave entire satisfaction to the questioners, and they were permitted to continue their course to leeward of the fleet, with strong injunctions, however, to send all their 'pigs, butter and vegetables, on board the Rear Admiral.' The morning, we have said, was fair and still; though so warm as to excite some on-

vy in the breast of Gilbert at the British officers, who were reposing under awnings spread over the quarter decks of their ships. The sound of martial music broke on their ears, and in an especial manner, on those of Wild Gil. whose genuine enthusiasm kept time with the fife and drum that were beating the morning reveille. A part of the British troops had already disembarked, and were seen on the high grounds which lie above the Hospital, parading in their gallant uniforms, and manœuvring briskly, as all soldiers should do, who would keep the scurvy at bay. Occasionally you would notice a column of dust which rose from the earth as some high-spirited charger, carrying one of the staff, capered from one part of the parade ground to another. At some short distance, spectators, not participators, stood the newly embodied royal militia of Staten Island, men of extra pluck, acquiring by inspection the rough outline of military duty, preparatory to their entrance upon active service. These loyal islanders were armed singly with muskets, save Jethro Jenkins, who carried a blunderbuss; and a dozen or more, who bore baskets of poultry for the immediate supply of the British officers. A proper corporate addition for this warlike body of men, might have been the Royal purveyors; but I recollect that they

were visited by the wits of the time, with the appellation of the 'First Henroosts.'

As the Catch-me-if-you-can approached the shore to land her passenger, among a small collection of persons who had assembled at the ordinary point of debarkation, Greaves saw, easily distinguished by his towering size, his beloved father. He was soon on shore, and in the arms of his affectionate parent, who, after the first burst of joy had subsided, introduced his son to Governor Tryon, Major Hasselquist of the Guards, and two or three officers of inferior grade. These, with the ease and grace which characterize military men in general, and British officers in particular, welcomed him to the field—a field which they were sure would prove a field of glory to him; and withal, politely congratulated themselves on the personal acquisition they should make, if they were so fortunate as to obtain the friendship of the son of General Greaves. (N. B. The Colonel had been made a Brigadier.) They doubted not, they said, that his education had been fitting to inspire him with the sentiments of loyalty and valour, which had glowed in the breasts of his ancestors for many an hundred years. We are not able to record the answer made to this brilliant compliment, because, as the story-book says, 'Then we came away.'

Our hero now underwent the usual course of admonitory lectures, and was advised of the line of conduct he was expected to adopt. He was bid mix familiarly with the officers of rank and character ; but to remember, that though he was not to be stinted in his expenses, nor expected to deliver in, like a haberdasher's clerk, a daily transcript of " Cash Dr. to sundry expenses—so much to the apple-woman, crier of baked pears and boiled corn ; to the laundress—item six pence to Laurens Lathercheeks for trimming my beard." He was not to throw away his money in idle sports nor licentious games. " The army, my son," said the Brigadier, " has properly been called a school of vice, and it will require your utmost resolution to withstand the daily solicitations which will be made you to the commission of actions, which, among civil men are called crimes, among military, peccadilloes. But you are a Greaves, and the warriors of that family never forgot, in the heart of a city taken by storm, that licentious soldiers are the worst of beings." Many of the other commands urged upon the youthful soldier may be found in the Attorney's Pocket-Book, under the head ' Apprentices' Indentures,' to which the reader is referred for as sound specimens of advice as can be found in the Village Preacher. And he was farther bid

remember, in an especial manner, the purposes in aid of which he had been called to the city.—“ To subdue the rebellious colonies to the sway of a kind and indulgent master ; to give to them temporary acts of Parliament, and crown grants of privileges, instead of their present undefined charters ; and extirpate, root and branch, the leaders and prime instigators, and abettors of the rebellion.” These were the avowed purposes of the British in their days of victory, and their concealed intentions when defeat drove them to negotiation. A youth of twenty, flushed with an eager desire for military glory, saw no objections, we suppose, to a scheme sanctioned by older and wiser heads ; and if he saw any error in this sanguinary scheme of subjugation and rule, we are not authorized to report a public expression of his disapprobation, at this time.

Before the day had expired, Gilbert was honoured with a personal interview with the Commander-in-Chief, who presented him with a lieutenant's commission.

“ And we hope, Mr. Greaves, said his excellency, “ that an opportunity will be afforded you, in a day or two, of trying your mettle in battle. We talk of sending Grant and De Heister, with a few regiments, to look at the passes of the Jamaica hills.

I hope that this day week will place Washington and our brave fellows at swords-point, when, as Macduff says—you are Shakspeare-learned, I take it, Mr. Greaves—

If he escape, then heaven forgive him too.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis curious to see how men are gifted,
And in what divers ways their gifts appear.
Some have their faculties at instant beck—
Quick on emergency their wits approach
The dubious dilemma, and lay hold
Instant upon the horn that points their fortunes.
Such were the founders of the ancient empires;
The conquerors of the long lapsed ages—
The spirits that commanded destiny.

Battle of Ascalon.

THE morning which was to witness the first achievement in the martial line, of our friend, Gilbert Greaves, came, and found the British in the bustle of preparation incidental to an army, expecting shortly to measure weapons with a foe. We pause to observe, that the impression made on the minds of the royal commanders by the result of the skirmish at Lexington and Concord, and the affair at Breed's (popularly Bunker's) Hill, disposed them, for a month or two, to use a caution, vigilance, and circumspection, which, unfortunately for them, were thrown aside with the present occasion, and not resumed in the after campaigns. Commanders of armies frequently fall into the error of young merchants; that is, while in receipt of

small gains, they suit their adventures and their expenses to their capital and their resources ; but with the first determinedly successful voyage, they throw aside all their prudence and caution, and rush heedlessly into speculation.

The British troops destined for the invasion of the middle provinces, landed, as our readers probably know, on Long Island, between the little towns of New-Utrecht and Gravesend, on the morning of the 22^d of August, 1776. There is a flat, sandy beach, which runs nearly the whole length of Gravesend Bay from Nyack Point, which may be properly accounted the termination of the Gewanus Road to a short space past the spot where our respectable landlady, Mrs. Chancel-laire, accommodates our city fashionables with lodgings and a bath in the sultry months. Upon this beach, and about half way from our honest old friend Cortelyou's, to the aforesaid Mrs. Chancellaire's, the royal army landed. (We are thus particular, because, in our opinion, it is of more importance to note minute circumstances, the sole authority for which is a generation of men who will soon disappear ; than to present only the prominent outline of events which form the basis of our national history, and can never be forgotten or even obscured.) Their march was then taken up to Flatbush,

along the level of the town of New-Utrecht. No opposition had been made at their landing; the American General deeming it preferable to fight them in the passes of the thickly-wooded range of hills, commonly called the Green Mountain, which, commencing on the east side of the Narrows, runs away to the northeast for the whole length of the Island. The hand of industry has partially smoothed the brows of these rugged hills, but they yet retain a few features of the aspect they wore on the day of the Flatbush rout.

Through this range of hills there were three passes, to wit, the Gewanus, the Brooklyn, and the Bedford roads, all narrow, difficult, and easily defended by a few hundred men against many thousands. By one of these passes it was believed the British would attempt to reach the rear of the Americans, who were in possession of all the important posts in this chain of hills, and prepared to make any attempt to dispossess them of their strong holds, as productive of bloody consequences to the royal army, as had been their well-remembered attack on the provincial lines at Breed's Hill. The Britons were not disposed to count the muzzles of Miles's riflemen, advantageously posted in the aforesaid pass—even the militia might annoy them from entrenchments. “There was no knowing what the eastender

might do." Jake Wykoph told them—"They had practised upon loons, and isle-o'shoals, and heath-hens, till they had got to be deadly hands with bb's and slugs. If they didn't run at first fire, 'twas quite likely they would fight like bull-dogs."

Some new route was therefore to be found, or some new method thought of, whereby the present disposition of the American general might be rendered inutile for the purpose aimed at, and he be compelled to meet the veterans of Britain, and their German auxiliaries, on a field better adapted to procure for them the advantages which superior discipline usually gains for its possessors. But there was no drawing the foe from his fastnesses. This was to be a defensive war. It was reserved for Gilbert Greaves, a youth but a few hours corsletted, to apprise the commander-in-chief of a sure, though unnoticed path to the field of victory.

There was at the day of our story, a road leading from the village of Flatbush, around the easterly end of the range of hills we have noticed, to the town of Jamaica. By this road it was practicable to advance with a body of troops, and take possession of the high and rocky grounds over which the road passed. It was practicable only because that from some unaccountable oversight, the taking

possession of these highly defensible, and in every point of view, important heights, had been altogether overlooked or neglected. Fatal error! But we were inexperienced in the art of war. It occurred to the principal personage of this veritable and veracious story, that a road might be found in this direction, which should enable the royal army to gain the rear of the American troops entrenched in the passes. Hard fighting, and much blood must result from a storming of the rebel lines among the hills, and then doubtful were the success. But by the Jamaica road the royal army might perhaps be conducted to an efficient and comparatively bloodless triumph. Greaves strolled out from the camp, with a determination to learn from some authentic source if there existed no other impediment to a stolen march by this route, than what his eye, from a small eminence, could trace in its unimpeded view of the road as far as Stollenwerck's Hill.

He found at the distance of a couple of miles from the British camp, a labourer employed in removing some few culinary valuables from the reach of his marauding neighbours of the ocean island. At the appearance of a red-coat, a number of ragged and dirty children scampered off from the shady side of the hedge where their father was working,

to the more efficient protection of their dam within doors, who, thrusting her head out of the broadside of the house, at a place cut for a window, vociferated the names of 'Nat,' and 'Tim,' and 'Becky,' with lungs worthy of Stentor's times, whereupon the children redoubled both their cries and their speed, and were served as the messenger-dove was served at the ark, i. e. hauled in at the window. The father, who remained at his mattock, speedily prepared answers to the interrogatories put him by his visiter, being first assured that if he answered correctly and fully, a corporal's guard should be stationed at his gateway to defend Nat, Tim, Becky, their parents, and the beasts, clean and unclean, against the infuriate passions, which are apt to run riot in armies constituted and situated as were those of Britain. Hereupon the man became very communicative, and chattered like a magpie, making many irrelevant disclosures, and railing in good, set terms, at revolutionary doings. It was with some difficulty that he could be restrained from making our hero the bearer of a present of onions and parsley to the commander-in-chief.

Gilbert, having ascertained that there were few impediments to a march by this road, returned towards the camp. On a small eminence, without the ground occupied by Briga-

dier Leslie's Highlanders, there were a few general officers standing, engaged in earnest conversation; their pocket telescopes, from time to time, applied in observation on the surrounding country. As he must of necessity pass near this squad of favourite servants of the King, and this was an era when the simplest actions were liable to severe misconstruction and punishment, and hence his present stroll might be ill received, he thought proper to assume the cheerful step and bold brow, and to take, as folks say, a shorter cut; a by-path leading under the very noses of the select council. As he passed them, cap in hand, General Arleston said, very mildly,

“Good morning to you, my young lieutenant.”

“Good morning to your Excellency,” answered the honoured officer, wheeling short with a graceful bow, though with a complete suffusion of cheek.

“Where have you been, sir?” asked the General.

“Taking a short walk, your Excellency,” replied Gilbert.

“Have you any acquaintance with the country?”

“None, your Excellency,” answered the young lieutenant, “save what is derived from this morning's excursion of a couple of miles.”

“Has he not been tattling, sir, do you think?” whispered Lord Piercy.

“Hush, my lord, for heaven’s sake be still. Don’t you remember the old Welsh Knight, Sir Mark Greaves, who kicked the Earl of Nettlebed, in Watier’s club-room, and shot him afterwards on the old duelling ground, for saying that the goats of Savoy were nimbler than those of Wales? This youth is Sir Mark’s grandson; prompt enough for quarrel I’ll warrant you; and his father is the most popular loyalist in the province. Lieutenant Greaves, have you made any remarks on the road you have been travelling?”

“Your Excellency means the question as a reprimand upon me for straying so far from camp?”

“No, I do not,” said the General. “Answer without hesitation, Mr. Greaves, and if you have made any discoveries, communicate them freely.”

“Then I will say, sir,” said Gilbert, “that this road seems made for the purpose of enabling your Excellency, by to-morrow’s dawn, to place the half of your army in the rear of the rebels.”

“How would you accomplish this manœuvre, my dear fellow?” asked the General.

“The night, your Excellency, bids fair to be a dark one. I would march a strong di-

vision silently along this road, and get around the rebels entrenched upon the Bedford road."

"The road from Jamaica leads where, say?"

"To Brooklyn, sir; intersecting the Bedford road upon the north verge of the hills."

"Have they not entrenched upon this road, also?"

"No, sir," answered Gilbert. "They have altogether neglected to take possession of the heights which command the road."

"My dear Greaves," said the General, "how have you learned these particulars? From a certain source think you?"

"I believe I have, sir," replied Gilbert. "I had them from a peasant who lives about two miles from this. He is too timid, as well as simple, to lie to a red-coat."

"Captain Yardsley," said the Commander in Chief, "take a dozen dragoons with you, and bring in the peasant Lieutenant Greaves speaks of."

Captain Yardsley departed upon the assigned duty, and speedily returned, bringing with him John Flanders, the labourer with whom Gilbert had been communing. Having received a renewal from the General of the promise made by our hero, Mr. John Flanders made a statement to the effect of that upon which Greaves had formed his op'

nion of the practicability of the measure he had recommended. And thereupon he was dismissed with a liberal present to the caresses of dame Flanders, and the guardianship of the techy Nat, Tim, and Becky.

“And now, my dear fellow,” said the General, “we are about to lay hands upon your hint. This, of course, is *inter nous*. I have made you my extra aid, that you may participate, in an especial manner, in the glory or infamy of the night. To horse in a moment, and carry my commands to my subordinates.” Bowing low to the Commander in Chief, Gilbert mounted his faithful Slyboots, commissioned to direct the movements of General de Heister’s Hessians upon the Flatbush hills, and to order General Grant, with the left wing, to make a feint of advancing along the Gewanus road. The object of the British General was to keep the attention of the Americans engaged, while he should silently prosecute his scheme of taking them in flank and in rear. Such were the movements of the royal army, preparatory to the march of their main body on the Jamaica, or New-Lots road.

When the darkness had become sufficiently palpable to veil the doings of men, the right wing, consisting of the flower of the British army, commenced their march on the pro-

posed route. Then the left wing and centre, whose ostensible object was the possession of the passes upon the Gewanus and Bedford roads, but whose real object was, as we have said, to engage the attention of the Americans there entrenched, acted also upon their several businesses. Our hero was directed, with a small party of dragoons, to keep a quartér of a mile in advance of the eastern division or right wing, and with the usual orders, to use care and circumspection. At the head of this small detachment, he had the good fortune to come suddenly upon a patrol of American officers, who had wandered out of their way, and took them all prisoners. An unfortunate circumstance, which prevented the transmission, in season, to the Americans, of the necessary intelligence of the approach of the Britons. The Americans, who might have been better prepared, or moved off altogether had they known of this march, were, by the occupation of the high grounds in their rear, hemmed in by two powerful bodies of veteran troops, as superior in numbers as in discipline.

When the British were well in possession of the heights, and the escape of the Americans from signal discomfiture was deemed a thing belonging to the age of miracles only, a special messenger was despatched to recall Licu-

tenant Greaves to the presence of the Commander in Chief. He obeyed with his usual alacrity, and presently stood before his general.

“My brave fellow,” said Arleston, “you deserve much for your assistance in placing the rebels in the vocative—a colonelship at least; but we have none to give you—a captainship for the present must express our gratitude. A captain you are, sir, and are permitted to retire. We are brief with you, but we are compelled to be so, for we go to attack the rebels in an hour.”

An hour spent in preparation for combat, passes with the speed of a courser. As soon as returning daylight enabled the royal army to observe the nature of the grounds over which they were to contend for victory, they began their march towards the American lines, now engaged with the Hessians. When the Americans were informed of the approach of the enemy upon their rear, they began to retreat to their camp.

“The rebels, sir,” said Gilbert, “if they can reach the hill upon our right, may, by a brisk movement to the left, avoid the morass which now perplexes them.”

“Do you think so, my free-spoken lad?” said the General. “Take Affleck’s then, and drive them into the morass, or drown them in the ford.

Our hero put himself at the head of his detachment, and went immediately upon the duty assigned him. When he had gained a small eminence in front, he ordered his men to strike the priming from their muskets, and march on the enemy with screwed bayonets. The attack was violent, but the undaunted Americans stood their ground without flinching. Throughout the revolution, it may be safely affirmed, there was not a more resolute struggle for victory, than that made by a part of the continental troops upon this day; and with equal truth it may be said, that any other revolutionary battle-field may be challenged to produce instances of as great cowardice. Greaves, at the head of his veteran troops, displayed the most determined bravery; but he did not succeed in driving his valiant opponents from their fastness, until a strong reinforcement had been ordered to his support. The Americans retreated slowly, and being also reinforced, took possession of a still stronger ground, and made preparations to defend it with a resolution worthy of their cause. But superior numbers pressing hard upon them, and many of their countrymen in other parts of the field, yielding with scarce a show of resistance, the brave regiment of Smallwood, broken, dispirited, thinned out by the sword of the foe, and hopeless of suc-

couf, was at length compelled to quit their well defended hill, and retreat into the morass on their rear. These hardy freemen, literally adopting the cry of 'liberty or death,' chose to die rather than surrender. Their ultimate resolve was worthy of their previous conduct.

While the British troops under Gilbert Greaves were following, sword in hand, the overpowered Americans, he noticed on the edge of the morass, two youths with drawn swords, standing in a defensive posture over a lad, apparently not sixteen, who had fallen from wounds or fatigue. Around them, on every side, lay scattered the dead and the dying—

The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head,
The war horse masterless——

But none save the fallen lad, had friends to watch their swoon, or close their dying eyes. The novelty of the thing, and the feeling called up by this display of affection—affection shown too at a moment when every one else seemed to think of self only, drew Greaves a moment from the pursuit of the dispersed foe. He went towards the hillock to which they had conveyed their charge. They were kneeling beside the wounded soldier, and weeping passionately over him. One held his hand,

while the other wiped the drops from his brow. As Greaves drew near them, they sprung upon their feet, and brandished their swords in a menacing manner at the royal captain.

“My brave young men,” said Gilbert soothingly, “surrender, and secure efficient protection for the youth you are guarding with so much care.”

“Efficient protection! What is British protection worth?” said the elder of the lads, sneeringly. “I have this day with my own eyes, seen five as true hearts as ever breathed, surrender on promise of quarter; and they had five thrusts of the bayonet in their breasts before I could count ten. There was British faith for you! Besides, the last words of our father were, ‘my sons, never give up your swords; and stand by each other to the last.’ And God deal with us as we remember the injunction.”

“Who is your father?” asked Gilbert.

“It were waste of time to tell you,” said the youth. “His name is graven on the sword I hold in my hand.”

“I ask from no idle motive,” said Gilbert. “I would save you. Answer me quick, young man, before men come up who may be less inclined than I to parley with you.”

“I know you, sir” answered the youth

“and you know my father. If you ever saw Jacob Coulter, who lives on the east side of the Hudson, you know our father. He nursed us upon his knees to fight, as he said, for our country, when she needed us—ay, and to die for her; if by such act of devotion her liberties should be saved. And one of us, at least, has obeyed our father’s command. William is dead at my feet. Yes,” and he burst into a loud passion of tears—“William is gone—he is dead!”

“Surrender, you that remain,” said Gilbert, “surrender, I beseech you. I know your father, indeed. He is my best friend. I will answer for your safety with my life, if you will but throw down your arms before yonder troop come up.”

“Yes, but by God, I will never surrender; I will bear this sword while I have nerve to grasp it,” said the soldier. “If I reach over the mill-pond, I will revenge my brother’s death. Charles, do you make for the marsh, and I, being unwounded, and a stronger and more expert swordsman, will cover your retreat.”

“Remember, young man, said Gilbert, anxiously, “that when the tide rises, the ford will be impassable.”

“We are going to try it, sir, before we pronounce it so,” answered the resolute lad.

Gilbert made no effort to stay the retreat of the adventurous youths, but stood breathlessly watching their progress through the morass. They had effected a passage over the most difficult part of the syrtis, when the wounded youth, fatigued and exhausted, sunk down at the feet of his unwounded brother. It would have been easy for the latter to have gained the other bank, and effected his escape. But no, he would not desert his charge. He continued to support him in his arms, by great exertion raising him out of the water, which now came rapidly upon them, until at length the stream rose so high that they were set to swimming. Their further struggles, especially those of the wounded soldier, were few. They presently sunk into the bog, and were drowned under the very eye of the hero of our tale. They exemplified, in their refusal of quarter, their bravery and their resolution, the power of paternal precepts to form the youthful mind to correct ideas of patriotism and virtue. Their father had brought love of country to be the most powerful passion of his bosom. He had taught his children to feel as he felt, and they now came forward and proved their devotion to their mother land, by a willing sacrifice of their lives in her aid.

During the engagement in which Greaves, a soldier of three days, led a detachment of

the royal army to victory, various other skirmishes, assaults, and storming of detached posts, had taken place in other parts of the field, in every instance of which, British discipline triumphed. Our readers know that the battle of Flatbush ended with great loss to the Americans, particularly in the brave regiment of Smallwood.

It was with great difficulty that the British troops were restrained from attacking the Americans in their entrenchments at Brooklyn Heights. But experience had demonstrated how great was the risk incurred in this species of warfare, by those who were deliberately to expose their persons to the fire of cool, and well-practised marksmen, protected by strong works, and inspirited by a recent victory in similar circumstances. Instead, therefore, of attempting the works, as expected and hoped by the Americans, the British General gave demonstrations of proceeding by siege. The subsequent evacuation by the Americans of the Island; their providential escape from utter destruction; the occupation by the British of the abandoned works—are well known to our readers; and we pass to the day which beheld the Americans in their breastworks at Kip's Bay, and their opponents preparing, under cover of their ships of war, to attempt the conquest of York Island from its brave, though undisciplined defenders.

CHAPTER IX.

I'm strong in the opinion that our fates
Are seal'd in heaven ere we on earth appear,
I stood beside king Richard, and I saw
A hundred hostile spears upraised against him,
But not one found his breastplate's loosen'd joint :
Hard blows from battle-axes fell about him,
Yet bore he still on high a crest ungraz'd.
It must be so—our days are number'd ere
They are begun.

Battle of Ascalon.

THE British commander having prepared every thing for a descent on York Island—his troops in high spirits, from their recent easy victory, and every heart beating high for another trial in the field, it was appointed to Gilbert Greaves, now in high reputation in the British camp, to lead the detachment who were to mount the breastworks at Kip's Bay, and clear the shore for the safe landing of the royal army, who having embarked at the head of Newtown bay, and proceeding by the Sound, entered the East river through Hurlgate, were now preparing, in great numbers, to attempt the conquest of New-York island. Sixty sol-

diers of the Queen's Rangers, were given him for the perilous undertaking. With this small body of men he advanced up to the ample breastworks which defended the Americans posted within them. If it were not matter of history, that the American troops behaved, on this occasion, in the most dastardly manner; betraying more pusillanimity than at almost any other period of the revolution, we should not dare to dilate on this disgraceful occurrence, even in a work professedly of fiction.

At the first appearance of this forlorn hope, the American troops fled, though double in number to the assaulting corps. Now, that the grounds at Kipp's Bay are highly defensible, is a fact well known to the generality of our readers. The bay is narrow, and, we should think, could be fully commanded by men posted upon the hills or cliffs which rise on each side of it, and on the eminences which lay back of it. If we try the question of its tenability by the result of the engagement, we shall suppose that the several positions of our troops were altogether untenable; for, as we have said, the Americans fled without making a show of resistance. Greaves led his men into the deserted breastwork, and after a momentary pause, prepared to follow up his advantage by an attack on the second

line of entrenchments. With that bold and daring spirit which had been his in boyhood, and which now began to display itself more fully in a coveting of every post of danger, he put himself at the head of his little body of veterans, and threw himself upon an enemy of more than ten times his physical strength. Again the Americans fled, when the attention of our hero, and of all with him, was arrested by a scene of an uncommon nature, which took place in the front of the disbanded foe.

There was an officer of a tall and commanding form, riding a dark gray charger, and wearing the uniform of a general officer, whom the cowardly behaviour of his troops seemed to afflict with pangs more exquisitely painful than those of martyrdom. He menaced, harangued, apparently used every method to engage his men to make a stand against the handful of Britons who were driving them, but in vain; the brigades who had been ordered to reinforce the corps first stationed at this point, imitated the base example set them, and disbanded—were rallied, and disbanded a second time. When he discovered that his threats and arguments were likely to produce no favourable effect, his intuitive mind seemed to sketch a rapid, but correct view of the consequences which must inevitably result from the dastardly conduct of his troops.

should their enemies think fit to use the advantages which their possession of Kipp's bay offered. He saw the garrison of New-York cut off from the possibility of re-joining the force at Kingsbridge, and completely at the mercy of the foe. He became almost frantic, and clapping spurs to his horse, he rode up within fair musket shot of the Britons, and reined up his horse with his head to his enemies. The noble charger alone seemed to know the danger, and not to understand the necessity for the sacrifice, cutting numberless curvets and caprioles, like a steed of mettle.

"That is a hero, a very hero, captain Greaves," said sergeant Blundel. "He covets death from our hands, sir. If I were he, I would deal damnation to a few of those cowards before I threw myself upon the swords of my enemies. Shall we take him off, sir?"

"I do not know the cause of my present kindness towards him, my brave Blundel," answered Gilbert, "unless it is because he shows such courage and contempt of life. Something whispers me to give another command. Withhold your fire, and march up and take him prisoner. Dispirited by the conduct of his troops, and disheartened by the repeated defeats the rebels have sustained since our landing, perhaps he wishes to fall into our hands."

But heaven had ordained that the only act of rashness ever committed by the individual who thus hazarded his life, should not procure to him the fate usually allotted to such suicidal intents. At the moment that the Britons were on the step, two officers, from their dress and bearing, appearing to be aids, rode up at full speed, and compelled the officer to retire. As he wheeled, a private in the royal ranks, a Virginian tory, exclaimed with an oath, that it was General Washington, the rebel commander-in-chief.

"There, now," exclaimed Blundel, "we have let the prize escape. I'll be d—d if I didn't feel in my bones that it was the Magnus Apollo of the States. He would have been worth a hundred thousand guineas to us. Arleston would give all the Flatbush prisoners for him, and half the Hessian platterfaces to boot. But we can pin him yet. Shall we fire, sir."

"Yes," said Gilbert, "and quickly—the whole platoon. Make ready—present—fire."

Sixty men of the hitherto unerring rangers, deliberately discharged their muskets at this single object. Not a ball grazed him.

"He must be a thing of air," said cornet Startin. "I levelled my old Nevermiss with the deliberation and precision of a South Downs snipe-shooter, and you see, boys, w"

haven't even ruffled a feather. Sixty balls upon one object, as I am a sinner. This won't do, Rangers, we shall lose our credit."

Gilbert did not hear the repinings of the snipe-shooting cornet, for the noble conduct and dignified deportment of the American hero had sunk deep into his mind.

"*What grace was seated on his brow!*"—I never before saw so dignified a man," murmured he, mentally, as he made a momentary pause with his detachment, for a body of troops who were marching to his support; and with another glance at the gray charger and its rider, he fell back into the column, and became again a subordinate to Lord Piercy.

It is foreign to the plan of our story, to enlarge on the error of the British General, in permitting Putnam and his force to escape from the city, when they were so completely in his power. We doubt not that we shall be thought tedious in many of the preceding details; and we haste to carry our readers to scenes of a more pacific nature. They are at liberty, therefore, to contemplate the British army in possession of the deserted fortifications, and occupying the capital of the western continent. The city had been the haven towards which the young and pleasure-loving had looked, as a theatre for the procurement of the gratifications coveted by military men.

It was with boisterous demonstrations of joy, therefore, that the royal army were ordered to garrison the ancient city of the Manahattoes.

It is a difficult task to portray the feelings of Gilbert Greaves, when he beheld himself, for the first time, in the capital of our state. They may however be imagined by any person, who, at the age of twenty-one, has been transplanted from a country village, of inelegant appearance and rustic habits, to a city of wealth, splendour, and fashion—who has left hill and dale, to look at ‘street and steeple.’ He will undoubtedly recollect, that his impressions, at the moment when the assemblage of metropolitan beauties and novelties first met his eye, were as pleasant as they were fleeting; and that he set down to the credit of a city life, many joys which were struck out before the expiration of the ‘honeymoon.’ ‘All is not gold that glitters; nor all happy that seem so—nor all wealthy who drive a coach and pair’—were observations made by a very great man.

Why our hero should have lived so long within a hundred miles of the metropolis, and not have improved one of the many opportunities which daily presented of visiting it, can only be accounted for, by supposing him too happy and contented in his rural pleasures, to

dream of enjoyment in any other shape. The maxim which censures the folly of being wise where ignorance is bliss, might have had weight with him, in fixing this disinclination to travel. Once more, we give it as our opinion, that there are many objects in the world more deserving of pity, than the silly folks who neglect to make a city their place of residence, and are contented with the coarse gratifications purchased by a life of labour and exertion. In the city, fashion frequently, we may say pretty generally, requires the sacrifice of those habits of life which most conduce to domestic comfort, equally with the course of living which most promotes health, and the acquirement of happy corporeal affections. Yet thousands affect to prefer the city, as did the wife in the old play; an extract from which heads a preceding chapter. The fact is, that few have a just relish for the pleasures of a country life. Such has in theory many admirers—in practice, very few—for the visit we annually make to our country seats for a very few weeks, is prompted by fashion, and not by love of rural life. There are few who do not regard it as a state of honourable exile, and chastise, for the whole succeeding winter, the praiseworthy part of their feelings, for their share in the arrangement.

When our hero was well in the metropolis.

it became necessary for him to look out a hotel, of a character suitable to the views of an aspiring youth. The British officers were prompt to offer theirs to the young rustic. One recommended Mrs. Diven's for the excellence of the cookery; another, James St. Julien's, for the superior flavour of the wines; while a third, calling to his face a proper degree of gravity, thought that Mrs. Mehitable Givens' was to be preferred, on account of the regularity of the hours kept, and the superior qualifications of the domestics. But Colonel Greaves, though his wit was not of that kind which says on every occasion, 'I apprehend you,' thought that the eye of a father might not be altogether out of its element, when employed in tracing the progress of a youth of twenty-one, on his first entrance into a city, at this time, licentious and depraved to a proverb. He thanked the gentlemen generally, and bowing very low to the eulogist of Mrs. Mehitable Givens and her fair domestics, he acquainted them, that his son, for the present, would be accommodated with lodgings at the George, (a superb hotel, kept by Mrs. Deborah Baker, whose taste in both eatables and drinkables, was thought scarcely inferior to that of Vitellius of gormandizing memory.) Thereto Gilbert Greaves was introduced, and forthwith inducted into a spare

chair at her table, the second from the lady president ; and might have had the first but for its *chance* occupation by her little, pouting grand-daughter, Clarissa Halket, a sly baggage of sixteen turned, possessed of a most becoming waywardness, and much disposed, as she confessed, to get in a pet with beef overdone, sauce undersweetened, and dull fellows from the country. The witty lady had been quite spoiled by the kindness, or rather, blind fondness, of her grandmother, and the attentions of the gentlemen of the house. But though a very hair-brained young lady, Miss Clara Halket was had in great respect for her modesty, and her remarkable tenderness of disposition. She enlivened the dinner table, by giving the new lodger the history of Tarrytown, and the outline of her own education and course of life, until she came to the city.

The ensuing two or three days, which was to afford a short relaxation to the royal troops, passed, at least the sunny part of them, in promenades of the officers, and the usual pastimes to the privates, of men not on active duty. These pastimes were such as usually afflict a garrisoned city, which, though there may be some slight variation in the phrase, is still nothing, more or less, than a place given up to be plundered. The British troops

met with unbounded hospitality from the citizens, and they repaid it, in many instances, with acts of the blackest ingratitude. Many of the wealthy tory families remained in the city, or had resorted to it after its reduction ; and these took all possible pains to manifest their unshaken loyalty to their king, and their gratitude to those who had crossed the western ocean, to check the rebellious propensities of his trans-marine subjects. Unfortunately, their polite and friendly attentions did not always meet a suitable return ; and many were the thorns planted in unsuspecting and confiding breasts, by these gallant visitors of the loyal New-York citizens. The attentions of the citizens to their martial friends, grew, however, gradually less cordial. It was folly to give feasts which were doomed to become orgies ; and the worst species of infatuation to introduce into families, men who considered the ruining of an artless woman an honourable achievement—a brilliant trophy.

The licentious behaviour of the British and mercenaries, in the campaign of '76, was of infinite service to the republican cause. Whoever peruses the history of the campaign of 76-7, cannot fail to observe this. The licentiousness of the royal troops, in their winter cantonments, in the Jerseys, undoubtedly led to

the victories of Trenton and Princeton ; for in consequence of the popular excitement, the army received reinforcements, without which victory could not have been obtained.

The evening which was farther to unveil to Gilbert Greaves the practices of military life, and display, in a strong light, the vices of the camp, and the sinks of iniquity with which a city abounds, came ; and a supper, with the piquant Clara at his elbow, to amuse him with her lively repartee, was discussed in a brief space. Among other subjects introduced by the military men of the party, was that of the recent skirmish at Kipp's Bay. The circumstances respecting it, most talked of by them, were the extraordinary attempt of the American General to throw away his life, and his still more extraordinary escape from the fire of an entire platoon, at the distance of fifteen rods. Our hero was asked why he did not direct a discharge of musketry when the distance was not half so great, and the escape of the endangered party would have been nothing less than a miracle. His reply was an eulogium on the American General, and an assertion that the manliness and nobility of his person, and the virtues which shone conspicuous in the very features of his face, would have unnerved the arm of the as-

sassin, much more that of an honourable soldier. His military friends considered this avowal of his great respect for the rebel chief, as they were pleased to call him, a circumstance rather in the way of his future advancement, and asked decidedly, whether it did not, in some measure, jeopardise his personal safety. The matter underwent a long discussion, and drew, from sundry of his brother officers, ironical compliments upon his wisdom in changing sides, and his humanity in sparing the effusion of blood.

CHAPTER X.

Hast yet seen hell? Thou laugh'st—Upon my soul
I mock thee not; we have them here in plenty—
•Ripe, real hells; and not a single sin
In rank, below the hell our parson prates of,
That hath but devils and damned—and what are these
But dens of spirits black as Erebus—
Schools where the murderer, robber, thief, are nurs'd,
Taught, and despatched to prey upon mankind.

The Ordinary.

WHEN the supper was despatched, and the gay lodgers of the George were at liberty to enjoy their temporary furlough, it was proposed by some of the company, that they should stroll an hour or two over the pleasant parts of the city, in search of adventures; gathering incidents for future merriment, as well as recruits for the royal service; and providing his Majesty's camp with those necessary appendages of an army, female attendants. The question was not taken on this motion, for on the suggestion of Captain Carruthers, the gentlemen adjourned to Dusenbury's, who kept a gambling house in ——— street. Our hero accepted the invitation of his military friends, to accompany them, though aware that a visit to a house of this description, could not possibly hang a wreath

on the brow of a soldier. But the trite maxim 'among the Romans do as Romans do,' arrayed itself in opposition to the just reflections which he had made on the dreadful vice of gambling. He knew it to be the wish of his father, that he should frequent the society of officers of birth, rank, and merit; and many of the party for Dusenbury's, in addition to the reputed possession of these qualifications, stood high in the favour of the Commander in Chief, which certainly indicated merit; at least, so thought Gilbert.

He therefore joined the company who were bound to the before named temple of fortune, and in a few minutes found himself at the entrance of that celebrated establishment. The orderly of the party, repeated three times at the key-hole of the door, in an elevated tone of voice, 'sizes!' (the countersign) whereupon bolts were drawn aside, and they were admitted into a narrow entry, by a tallow-cheeked porter, who, turning by several crooked and curiously contrived passages, through doors adjusted in the panels, led them into a hall of tolerable dimensions. Here, leaving them to their own inclinations, he returned to his post with the speed and alacrity of one in receipt of large gains, and under the discipline of a quick-eyed master.

While our company of epauletted game-

sters stood in this hall, their ears were saluted on every side by the rattling of dice, and billiard balls, and the noisy disputes of the gamblers, above, beside, and below perhaps. Nor must we forget to mention, as a material circumstance, the frequent hurrying away of the ruined gamester. In the room on their right, they were playing at billiards; but the length of that game renders it less interesting to the gambler, than those games at which he sooner realizes the stake. In the opposite apartment, loud disputes, repeated volleys of oaths and imprecations, and shouts of laughter, announced deep play; and the sounds ‘capot,’ ‘carte blanche,’ ‘pique,’ ‘repique,’ ‘talon,’ &c. left them in no doubt that they were at piquet. There were also discordant voices on their right, in the room adjoining the billiard room; and ‘*L’ une pour l’ autre,*’ was pronounced in a tone which intimated the disappointed feeling of the gambler.

“They are at faro,” said Caruthers. “I go here.” He entered the faro room with an eager step, and was followed by his associates.

“Who’s banker?” said he. “Wiston. Who’s tailleur? What, the son of the archbishop? What will become of the hierarchy? And if the Primacy of England were heredi-

tary, what an almoner should my sovereign have! And Count Breadanwater, from Germany, is croupier I perceive. I'll be d——d if I play with you three in league. You will soon forage on the territory of my last penny. And yet, I have broken you myself—I will try to do it again. Who'll lend me a livret?—Will you, General Arleston?"

"Don't try them, Charlie," answered the General—"Canterbury, drunk as he is, will win your money. He is in great luck to-night?"

"Never mind his luck, sir," said Carruthers. "To ensure success, I'll gamble for charitable purposes, as Catholic mariners, to ensure prosperous voyages, vow candles to Madam, the Virgin, and other good folks. Here's a stake for the Orphan Fund; that is, the female orphan fund. Won, by the Dragon of Wantley. Here's for afflicted and destitute widows under twenty-eight. Mine, by the pagan deities. Madame Fortune, your much obliged and very humble servant. I have won fifty guineas in five minutes. Just the annual income from his estates, of my most honourable friend, the German Count.—Greaves, join us."

"I think not, sir," said Gilbert, as he turned in disgust from a scene at which every virtuous mind will revolt. At the same mo-

ment a Scotch officer, rather past the middle age, came up, and said, with a dignified bow—

“Captain Gilbert Greaves, I believe”

“My name is Greaves, sir,” answered the young man.

“I have the happiness to know your father, sir, and to know him for a friend. We served together in Germany, and were side by side at the battle of Stockach. And I am sufficiently friendly to him to observe with heartfelt pleasure, the little interest his son appears to take in these scenes. I fear we shall make a shabby campaign. We have forgotten Capua, captain Greaves, and are becoming as effeminate as a lady’s lap-dog.”

“I am a young soldier, sir,” said Gilbert, “but I can see, though I may not say, that frightful consequences will result from our present relaxed discipline, and deep dissipation.”

“There will, indeed, as you say, result frightful consequences,” said sir Maxwell Greacen, for so was the officer named. “You might with propriety have asked why I am seen in a place, the practices of which I so strongly condemn. I will answer as though the question were really asked. I come for the purpose of disentangling from the toils, the birds whose feathers are unplucked, in which genus I class the young eagle, whose eyry is the Kaatskill. I find it sometimes a hard and un-

grateful task. Let us go into a private room, and play at backgammon for a mug of cider. You laugh, my young captain, but I assure you I have become more than half a Yankee. I am, you must know, extremely fond of cider, preferring it to Champaign or Tokay, and yesterday, farther to strengthen the predilection I before felt for your eastern brethren, I saw a lovely young woman from Boston, whereupon I became a full-blooded Yankee, even to the adoption into my discourse of their provincialisms."

As Sir Maxwell closed his encomiastic speech, a sudden shade of regret or sorrow crossed his countenance, and he sighed deeply. Had our hero been acquainted with the early history of the baronet, he would have interpreted that sigh into the language of constancy and affection to an object long and sincerely deplored. Without any comment, he followed Sir Maxwell to Dusenbury's private room, where he found several genteel looking citizens playing at small games, (as games of little hazard are called.) Several young and lively lads, and two very pretty misses, were making a most unconscionable noise at "speculation." And two grave personages were playing chess, while a third, in the uniform of the foot, was giving the history of the game, and citing a host of disused or obsolete

authors to prove its antiquity. As our hero and the baronet sat down to their proposed amusement, the learned historian of the "royal game" came to them, and was introduced as Major Dunstable. The Major paid many compliments to Greaves on his behaviour at Flatbush.

"I think you will see hot service in a day or two, captain Greaves," said he—"Washington will cut out work enough for us, depend upon it. I'll tell you what, Greacen, I have been a soldier twenty-five years, and I have never seen abler dispositions, or better conceived movements than those of the rebel General. Depend upon it he is able as brave. If he should be well supported, and our army continue its dissipation, and our Generals their inattention, I should tremble for his majesty's trans-atlantic possessions."

"I have always said that we underrate his talents for war, but Arleston will not see it," said Sir Maxwell. "If the report be true that Washington intends moving up a division, and trying their mettle, you shall see that the force ordered out to meet the rebels will be about two companies of dragoons, headed by a captain of infantry. Possibly a hundred Mechlenburghers will be sent after, to act as a corps de reserve, and the commander will be ordered to build a block-house, eighty yards in front

of the American lines. The rascally victory at Flatbush has ruined our prospects. Because we gained a cheap and easy victory in that business, we are disposed to give neither talent to the rebel generals, nor valour to their troops. If the ministry send Burgoyne the route they proposed, and he is as wise as we are at present, his army will be made prisoners before they reach Crown Point."

"And there is news, too, I hear, of a great stirring in the Carolinas," said the Major. "The Hegers, the Horrys, the Rutledges, and other great families of those provinces, are all up and doing. I'll go, and hear what truth there is in these reports."

So saying, he left them on his tour of inquiry, and they were permitted to pursue their game without interruption.

Sir Maxwell played the game scientifically, if the expression can be used of a game completely under the dominion of chance; but several fortunate throws of his adversary prevented all escape from a gammon.

"That confounded march of yours to my cinque point ruined me," said he. "Here, waiter, let me have a mug of cider, first thrusting the heated poker into it."

While the waiter was obeying these orders, the baronet amused his young friend with remarks on the character of his brother officers.

“I sought your acquaintance, my young soldier,” said he, “for the special purpose of warning you against Arleston, and his echo, Charles Carruthers. They are without a single virtue, save courage. Social intercourse is to be cultivated, but not with men who are capable, for a temporary gratification, of striking a barbed arrow to the heart of their dearest friend. Dine with me the day after tomorrow. It shall go hard, but I will have a sirloin and a chop, with a pudding, and a bottle of Lynch’s choice Gordon and Duff. We will have Maccallummore, Seaforth, Percy, and other brave hearts, and perhaps a maiden or two may be wooed to grace the occasion with wit, smiles, and music. So you must spruce up, and be prompt to the hour.”

Farther conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Arleston from the faro-room, who said as he entered—

“I should have called on you just now, Captain Greaves, to aid in making peace, but I thought you had gone home.”

“What was the matter?” asked several at the same moment.

“Carruthers thought his money had been unfairly won, and taxed the archbishop with knavery. Dick Gurdon, who is not the man to baulk a friend in his humour for a quarrel, lugged out promptly, and was as promptly met

by Carruthers—hark, they are at it again, by G—d.”

The party rushed to the faro-room, and upon opening the door, were speedily informed by the best of their senses, that the doughty pair were indeed at a set-to. Clear-room had been made for the combatants, and the company were looking on with as much complacency as a Roman audience, in the days of Commodus, would have done on a pair of Dacian gladiators.

“Why do you not part them, sir?” asked Sir Maxwell of the General.

“Let them fight it out,” replied he.

“And let our vile brawls furnish the rebels with new subjects for raillery, and new arguments for resistance. Why, sir, we shall have this night’s scene served up in a pasquinade from the pen of Jack Trumbull, or Freneau, in less than a week. My grim portrait will become the wrapper to a Yankee ’lasses cake, and yours serve the butter merchants in the Lane. If you will not interfere I will.”

With this assurance he elbowed a passage for himself through the crowd, over whose heads he had been viewing the strife, beat down the guard of Dick Gordon, (nicknamed the Archbishop,) and disarmed Carruthers.

“For shame, gentlemen,” said he. “Is

this the way that gentlemen wearing the king's uniform, and eating his meat, are to farther his cause, and quell a rebellion that has spread over a million square miles of territory? If this dissipation continue, we shall conquer the colonies when the Devil renews his combat with Saint Michael, and not before. I pray to God that Washington may beat up our quarters, before to-morrow morning, with fifty full regiments. Nothing else can save us. Capt. Greaves this is no place for you—come with me.”

Our hero seldom needed a second request to do a correct action, and he joyfully followed his new friend from the gambling-house, determined not to re-enter it again. The Baronet, who estimated rightly the ill-effect which these quarrels and mad revels would have on both whigs and tories, now gave vent to his displeasure in a lamentation of some length, and declared his determination to throw up his command in a couple of months, unless the present commander-in-chief should be replaced by some general of greater merit and discretion.

“Even with Prince Ferdinand to command us, we should have our hands full,” said he; “Washington, sir, is a most consummate general. His resources, (and they are principally in his own mind,) seem to multiply with emergencies. He is one of those men whom

you may beat to-day, and to-morrow they take the position, and assume the bearing of victors. If your force be superior to his, he retreats under your eye, and you may as well attempt to harm an eagle in the mid-heavens as to harm a hair of his head. He has made several masterly movements already; and I assure you he is very well supported. I mention to you in confidence my belief that we shall never subdue the colonies but by kindness and lenity." Good night, sir. Remember, be punctual to three o'clock, 'P. M.—I never wait dinner."

And shaking heartily Gilbert's hand, he departed, leaving his companion to find out, by the aid of a good-humoured lad, who came up and proffered his services, the street wherein stood the mansion of the good Mrs. Baker. He found the good matronly lady, late as it was, sipping a dish of hyson, of which, at the pressing instance of Clarissa, he partook.

Mrs. Baker was born and bred in the country, and hence entertained a predilection for all who had commenced life under similar auspices. She was for ever expatiating on the beauties of the country; and Clara, who was precisely at the age when romance takes almost entire possession of a woman's mind, recollected that when she left Daleside, there were

birds singing in every tree, and flowers blooming on every hedge. So she was prepared to give overwhelming reasons for her preference of a country life; but before she had fairly gone through with them, the tea-drinking party were roused by a loud and reiterated cry of "fire!" issuing from a street not far distant.

"Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker. "A fire, and a gang of dissolute soldiers!—what shall we do?"

"I am scared," cried Clara, in the true spirit of seventeen.

"I will get my sword, madam," said Greaves, "and go down to assist in quelling tumults, if there should be any. You need not apprehend danger—the wind will carry the fire to a more distant quarter."

With a hasty step he walked down Cedar-street, towards the flames, which were now seen issuing through the rafters of a tall house in James'-street. When he arrived at the place where the devastating element was spreading into a dozen different channels, he found a large crowd collected, and using endeavours to arrest its farther progress, which our readers know were completely unsuccessful, or if of effect at all, were not so until more than a quarter part of the city had fallen a prey to the devouring flame; and there

appeared to be little concert in action among the advisers of methods to stay its progress, until a tall, raw-boned, stooping man, with a hoarse voice, looking over the shoulders of the knot of counsellors, demanded what they were talking about.

“About methods to stay the fire, Sam,” answered the chief spokesman of the group. “Ricketson says pull down the buildings; but no, says Lem. Lamb—says he,”—

“And you’ll stand there, talking and talking, but doing nothing till the fire gets master,” answered Sam. Bryce, with some asperity. “If ’twasn’t for these red-coated bug bears, I’d engage to stop it with the ‘Hand-in-hand’ and a few good buckets.”

“Do try, Sam, for God’s sake. Let’s let Bryce take the lead,” cried a hundred voices.

“If you will, sir,” said Gilbert, “you shall receive assistance rather than interruption from the troops.”

Sam Bryce cast a scornful look at the youthful officer, and with the utmost contempt, said,

“You give assistance. Ha, ha. You’d singe your curls, soil your linen, and mebbe burn those gilded trifles upon your shoulders, man of war.”

“Nevertheless to the endangering of all these trinkets, I’ll go as far as Sam Bryce, as he is called, dare go. Try me, sir.”

“I will. See, on the balustrade of yonder house stands two persons, and by their screams they should be women. We’ll save ’em, or we’ll die with ’em. Now boys, tear that house down, and that, and that. We’ll be with you, this redcoat and I in a twinkling.”

“Shall I follow you, daddy?” asked a lad who had stolen up to them unperceived.

“No, Dolph,” answered the father, “stay and help demolish this ere building.” They had not gone ten paces when the lad screamed after them with great vehemence, but the noise around prevented them from hearing upon what subject he was so loud and communicative. When they reached the front entrance of the house, to whose inmates they were hastening succour, and had opened the front or hall door, a burst of flame rushed upon them from the back part of the building, which was on fire, and which seemed to bar all access to the upper part of the building by that most ordinary path, the stair-case. Bryce hesitated, and as he hastily shut the door, exclaimed “that the poor souls were lost.”

“No, sir, let me open the door slowly,” said his companion. When this was done, they found that the current of air was less forcible than at first, and stepping in and closing the door after them, they were enabled to see by a fitful flash of flame, an unimpeded

passage to the stair-case. Gilbert Greaves sprung on the stairs, and without waiting for Bryce, made the best of his way toward that part of the building where they had seen the females, and whence loud screams were now heard to issue. When they had reached the top of the stairs, the fire was discovered burning, with uncommon moderation, the posts and timbers that served to support the passage to the chamber which the sufferers were supposed to inhabit.

“Ladies,” cried Bryce, with the loudest pitch of his voice, “hasten to the front passage.”

The door was bursted open at the moment, and a terrified and frantic female appeared on the edge of the burning beams. By the directions of Bryce she was brought to cross a beam more than half consumed by the flame.

“You are safe, thank God,” exclaimed Bryce, “where is the woman who was with you?”

“She lies in a fit, sir, in the farthest room.”

“Then she is lost,” said the director of the ‘Hand-in-hand.’

“Not so, sir,” said Gilbert, “or if lost, she will not be lost without an effort to save her. Take this sword; it encumbers and incommodes me.”

“Where are you going, mad boy?” said Bryce. “The beam is burnt to a cinder.”

And he shouted after Greaves, who had darted on the burning timber, and was now out of hearing, that the “rescuing of the fainting female was impracticable, and he a fool-hardy fellow to attempt it.”

When Gilbert Greaves reached the apartment in which the rescued lady had left her fitty companion, he found the object of his search lying, as has been before said, in a death-like swoon, and totally insensible to the dangers which surrounded her. A candle was burning in the chamber, and by its light he quickly made the observation that she was a very youthful, but very lovely girl, rather coarsely dressed, and apparently of low rank. But these were considerations which, in nowise, rendered him tardy in offering her his aid and support. Bearing his insensible burden in his arms, he retraced his steps through the intricate suit of chambers to the place where he had left Sam Bryce. The beams over which he had crossed had fallen, and Bryce, with laudable caution, had departed with the mistress of the mansion, who had been saved, as we have said. Greaves cast a sad look at the prostration of the only hope he had of escaping. He walked towards the front window, and looking out, beheld, to his

great joy, a company attended by flambeaux, and bearing ladders, walking with all the haste his situation required towards the burning building. Bryce was at their head. Greaves raised the window, and beckoned them forward, for the chamber whence he had borne his charge was now in flames, and the great heat of the building made his situation scarcely endurable. But the haste of Sam Bryce was proverbial. In a moment of time, our hero had the satisfaction of handing the fainting girl into the arms of this strong-limbed assistant, and of seeing her safely placed on the ground, when a moment found the agile youth unharmed by her side.

“You are a brave feller,” said Bryce. I did not think there was so brave a red-coat in the king’s army. Who’s this child, I wonder? She musn’t be Madam Dillon’s daughter, nor her kin neither, for she would not have showed such little concern for her, in either case.”

As he made this sensible observation, a flash from the burning house fell on the face of the young maiden, to whose discoloured cheek the vital current was now flowing. It was impossible, instantly, to discern the exact nature of the emotion which he discovered at the view of her features. He fell on his knees by her side, and taking her hand in his, whispered low, “Mary.” The answer returned by the

half-recovered girl, instantly informed the crowd of the kind of feeling which bound him to her, a more laudable kind than that which they had at first assigned.

“Is it you, father?” said she.

“Yes, my child,” answered he.

“Where am I, father?”

“Safe, my child. Ah, here’s the brave young officer that bore you through the flames when I abandoned you. I cannot speak my thanks, sir, at least not in the language that polished ears would expect; but I will endeavour not to forget the debt. Can you walk, my child?”

“Yes, father.”

“Well, walk slow.”

“I heard you called Samuel Bryce?” said Gilbert, in his ear. “Are you the Sam Bryce that used to keep a shop in Queen-street?”

“Ay, the same—but why ask?”

“I have a letter and a message for you.”

“From whom?”

“Jacob Coulter, the whig farmer of Tibb’s Hill. He bade me ask you why you kept Roger and Bob at home, shame on you, when the country called for them.”

“Roger and Bob are with Washington. Where’s the letter?”

“At my lodgings. Will you call and take it?”

“ No, I’ve too much respect for your safety. It would endanger you. I am a whig, a notorious one. If you are seen in my company you are lost. Hush, there goes a red-coat. I reckon he’s been listening. You smile, sir, as much as to say can this unlettered and ill-dressed man have power to work my ruin? I’ve more power with the common people, sir, than nineteen nicely powdered and shaved lawyers, who have their thoughts in rhyme, and you’ll see it. Throw the letter into the door (which shall be left ajar) of shop No. 32 Gold-street, any time to-morrow. What is your name ?”

“ Gilbert Greaves.”

“ I have heard of you ; you are said to be a brave young man. Good night.”

The good night was politely returned ; and Sam Bryce relapsing into one of his usual thoughtful fits, and drawing his daughter’s arm through his, turned down a street which hid his farther progress from view of our hero, who, without farther adventure, speedily found himself in his lodgings of the George. The fire was still burning, although its fury was confined principally to the eastern part of the city.

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Adolphus.—Will he meet him, think you?

Tibalt.—He hath no choice, for Count Lladislaus goes
In quality of friend. Though Weimar prove
A craven in the field, the Count will not.
Go, get thy bandages, there will be blood.

Prince Maximilian.

At an early hour the succeeding morning, and before Gilbert Greaves had fairly discussed his share of the contents of the breakfast-table, he received a visit from captain Carruthers. After a few hasty curses on his ill fortune, and railing in good set terms at the fickleness of the goddess who had cajoled him with a run of most extraordinary luck, and then left him a great and almost frantic loser, he began by indirect allusions to the dagger-scene of the preceding night, to explain the business which had induced the present early and importunate call. But hints and innuendoes were speedily exchanged for the less tiresome method of direct proposition.

“Gordon,” said he, after a prefatory hem or two, “has thought fit to call me

out for some charge I made, last night, which taxed his affronted honour with unfairness in shuffling the cards, or with some less equivocal malfeasance. We meet upon Brooklyn Heights, to-day at nine. I want a second. There are many who will attend me as such, but wishing to have the thing kept secret, and having little reliance upon their oaths of secrecy, I am anxious to have for my friend one who is said to be more than usually niggardly in his communications upon confidential subjects. Seaforth belongs to the suffering kirk, and I'll not ask him, and take his lecture upon the turpitude of duelling. Bob Campbell will blab—Macdonald never, but when in drink, which is once a-day, and lasts from sun-rise to bed-time. Now, captain Greaves, I am confident that you are free from these failings, and will make a safe depository of the secret. Will you act?"

• Greaves, in reply, urged his father's dislike to the practice of duelling; and said that even as *particeps criminis*, he should experience the deep resentment of his parent.

"Where's Frazer?" said he. "A lucky thought; take old Breyman, who has been concerned in as many duels as Julius Cæsar fought battles, or Donop, who's ditto in all things. These Germans, even while taking their collegiate course, make a merry matter

of cut and thrust. I have known the students at Halle turn out en masse, and pair off seven times in a week."

"Do you deny me, sir?" asked Carruthers.

"Not exactly deny you," replied Gilbert; "but I should not have regretted if you had reserved the honour for another than me."

Gilbert then proceeded to state other objections, which were as warmly combatted by Carruthers. It was evident that he must displease him, or incur the rebuke of his father and his own conscience. One idea presented itself, which induced Gilbert, without more ado, to give in to the proposed arrangement. It was this, that he might be the means of preventing bloodshed, and of effecting a reconciliation. He consented, therefore, and received the warm thanks of the royal captain for his promise to be at the foot of Whitehall-street at eight precisely, where a boat was to be in waiting to take them to the island.

At eight, the captains, principal and second, attended by the surgeon of the Royal George, embarked for the field of blood. They found Colonel Richard Gordon on the ground, with Wiston (he who held the faro-bank the preceding evening) as his second, and Doctor Adam Bell, to act if need should be in his surgical capacity.

After the usual recognitions and greetings had taken place, and a full display of the politeness and civility which is customarily shown by men met to take each other's life, the distance was measured off, and other preliminaries adjusted; and the parties were on the point of walking their respective five paces, when Greaves said, with some anxiety visible in his countenance—

“Cannot this quarrel be terminated without bloodshed? it originated in a trifling dispute; no doubt both parties were in blame; let it be settled on the field amicably, and return friends, in preference to shedding each other's blood.”

“That is finely sententious,” said Gordon, scornfully; if thou art afraid, Capt. Greaves, of the West Bank, turn thine eyes, man of the hills, view not the smoke of deadly weapons”—adding, in a voice affecting to whisper, but heard by all the company, “A coward, blast me! his checks look pale.”

Greaves restrained his indignation under this strange and unprovoked attack, and said, without any additional strength of voice,

“Captain Carruthers, are you as much opposed to reconciliation?”

Captain Charles Carruthers answered that he had no wish about it. “But since we came

out to fight," said he, "perhaps it is best that the object should not be left unaccomplished."

"Go on then, quickly," said Greaves.

At the bidding of our hero, the parties walked the distance ; and at the word given by the seconds, both fired. Neither shot took effect. The seconds interposed, and by their good offices a reconciliation was effected. The combatants shook hands, and were friends, as though nothing had happened.

"Would all affairs of the kind were as bloodlessly settled," said Doct. Bell. "Boys, with a belief gathered from several prognostics, that this affair would terminate not at all in the way of blood-letting, and with an opinion that an evening of riot should always follow a day of bruit, I ordered a dozen bottles of ripe Funchal into the wine cooler, and bade Lipps bring a *quant. suff.* of Champaign from Parlyvoo's. I request the attendance of the present company at my poor domicil, this evening, to assist in decanting the said precious beverages into some capacious vessels, which are to be drained to national purposes."

A nod of assent from the whole party, with the exception of Greaves, indicated the good temper with which the proposal was received. The gentleman forming the exception, said, but without any warmth.

“Thank you, Doctor. Perhaps I may join the gay bacchanal. The nature of the invitation, the cheer promised, and the quality of him who gives it, cannot but make the honoured eager to accept it. Colonel Gordon, you used unhandsome, ungentlemanly language to me but now. It must be settled on the spot. Apologize, sir.”

Surgeon Cartwright, of the Royal George, whispered Carruthers, “There’s a cool eye for you. Now for a steady heart and a hunter’s aim. ‘It’s all ower wi Dick,’ as our Liddesdale song says.”

“I apologize?” asked Gordon. “Never, sir, but I’ll say I was hasty.”

“Say you are sorry, sir,” said Gilbert, who was growing warm, as the elevation of his voice denoted; “nothing short of this public apology will answer.”

“I will not say I am sorry,” said his antagonist.

“Then fight me, sir,” said Gilbert.

“How do you rank?” asked Gordon.

“As captain of infantry. But a man of honour, and the son of a man who never did a mean action; who has the blood of an honourable family in his veins, with a corporal’s cap on his head, ranks higher than the son of a gipsy tinker with a marshal’s baton in his

hand, if he came to it by flattering the vices of a superior."

"Perhaps so," said Gordon; "you are come, I rather think, from the wrong side of the Greys. But are you not what is commonly called a tory?"

"I do not know the precise import of the word," said Gilbert. "If it mean a man attached to the mother country, and willing to shed his blood to effect the resumption of her sway, I am a tory."

"We are not in the habit of making nice distinctions, and measuring shades of difference in the colonial character," answered the insolent Briton. "The rebels are rebels, it is true, and therefore should be hung, drawn, and quartered. But damn me and all my progenitors, if they are not as brave and as tough as any that ever set up the standard of revolt, and burned gunpowder to support it. But the tories are neither fish nor flesh, as General Conway says, but we suffer them. We love the treason, but despise the traitors."

A thunderbolt levelled at his head, would scarcely have exceeded in effect this last confession of the gallant colonel. Greaves hid his face with both hands, but it was a momentary pang.

"You are a villain! a mean, contemptible villain!" said Gilbert. "Hesitate three mi-

minutes longer to accept one of these pistols, I shall add coward to the other comfortable epithets, and kick you in the bargain."

"He is your superior officer," whispered Caruthers.

But Gilbert Greaves was in the frame of mind which effectually silenced the voice of prudence. When, therefore, Gordon said "you shall have your wish," the agreement was speedily ratified by the other party with "name your distance."

"Ten—let me think. He belongs to the hills, a marksman, I'll bet. Fifteen paces.

" 'Hugh, hugh, who's afraid.' You wish to be out of sight of deadly weapons, to return to your taunt. Why, sir, you have certainly communed with Spectacles, the lawyer, who, on a similar occasion, nominated eight hundred paces as the distance, and proposed to bring the Round-top between him and his antagonist. Spectacles was a Chevalier Bayard in comparison with you."

"D—m you, sir, name the distance yourself."

"I will, and one that shall be liable neither to the imputation of cowardice, nor overheated resolution; ten yards."

The parties took their stand. The gentlemen did not attempt to interfere or to reconcile them. Our hero was known to possess

much courage, and in fact, without an apology, could not consistently wave an appeal to the method which military men more than others are compelled to resort to for the reparation of wounded honour. Here we expect to be heartily flogged by the critic, and moralist, and your phlegmatic 'Northernmen,' and as warmly supported by our friends in the Carolinas, Georgias, Louisiana, and so of the rest of our southern brethren.

The first fire in the arrangement made by Bell and Cartwright for their principals, fell to Gordon, whose ball grazed the heel of his opponent. If the shot had been intended for Achilles, who, if Homer speaks the truth, was invulnerable save in the heel, it would have been loudly applauded, but in the present instance it seemed the consequence of a very wild aim. The hand of Greaves, it may be conjectured, was more steady. His ball took effect, entering the right breast of Gordon, who instantly fell into the arms of his second. "Fly, Greaves, don't enter the city!" was the general voice.

But Gilbert, who was not of a make to fly from danger in any shape, formed a quick determination to re-enter the capital. In pursuance of this resolution, he re-crossed to the city with Carruthers, leaving Doctors Bell and Cartwright to assist the colonel, whose wound

they had immediately ascertained was not so serious as to threaten the vital principle with material inconvenience. When arrived at the head-quarters of authority and power, in defiance and disregard of the entreaties of Captain Carruthers, Wild Gil. communicated to the general the particulars of the day's occurrences, suppressing his own share therein, which in due season travelled from other lips. That distinguished personage warmly applauded the spirit of the relator, and said many fine things of his father and remoter ancestors, the kind of praise which soonest melts the heart of a Welshman. But the day had gone by when every base metal that bore the royal stamp passed as current coin with our hero. A single sentence was now as indelibly fixed on his mind, as on the madman's mind the mischance which has been the cause of his madness. *We love the treason, but despise the traitor.*

Sir Maxwell Greacen, although he disliked Greaves' accompanying Carruthers to the "sham fight," as the bloodless duel was called, was so well pleased with the spirit which had made it a real combat, that from thenceforth he became his special friend and champion. And the system of favoritism became for the day universal. It is well known how scrupulously the German officers preserve the

point of honour. Hence Gilbert became a very knight in gold spurs with Knyphausen, Breyman, Count Donop, and other officers of the auxiliaries. He was in their messes and councils, at their dinners and revels, occasionally girt with the sword which the count boasted of winning in personal encounter from a no less personage than the hero of Rosbach, and now drawn aside in close conference with the colonel to hear serious proposals in behalf of a gay margravine, who was sole heir to the huge castle of Ebrelanderglatz on the banks of the Rhine, and a domain of craggy mountain, worth about a butt of sour Rhenish per annum. But she was "von pret maid," the colonel assured him, "and the handsomest dancer in Munich."

Through the favour of Sir Maxwell he was introduced to a select company of young officers, who had preserved their moral character unsullied by participation in the vices of many of their brothers in arms. It is unnecessary to go into particulars, for our readers, at least that portion of them who have made our revolutionary history their study, know that some of the best blood in the United Kingdom embarked in the struggle, especially that vein of the body politic which boasts of having assassinated not a few of God's refractory "vicegerents," to wit, Scotland.—

The aspiring nobles of that ancient kingdom, though for ever warring against their rightful sovereigns, on the pretence of defect of blood, or for the most trifling encroachment on their baronial rights, were unanimous in their support of a tyranny which, exerted against themselves, would have set the 'Land of cakes' in a blaze. Still they were of high birth, and as the phrase goes, of distinguished worth, and became ornaments of a circle into which were gathered all the virtue which remained in the city.

Among the young men who composed this circle, there was one whose virtues, and talents, joined to a sweetness of disposition, and extraordinary tenderness to the soldiers under his command, had won great and merited approbation. Frederick Keith was the son of Major Keith, a wealthy tory, who had joined the British in the commencement of the difficulties between the two countries, and of whom more will be said, by way of private history, hereafter. Major Keith was now in London, on business connected with the cause he had espoused. Some said that his post at St. James' was that of confidential adviser on colonial affairs to the Court, an office for which his thorough knowledge of the colonies, their interests, jealousies, &c. well fitted him. But he had spoken in his latest

letter of his speedy return to America, because of the grief he endured at his separation from his children; one of whom was Frederick, and the other a daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen, and the reigning belle of the city. Frederick Keith, who knew the licentiousness of the camp, had avoided introducing any of his brother officers to his father's house, out of prudent concern for his sister's peace. An officer of high rank and standing, had indeed seen Miss Keith once, and his conduct had been such as to excite a thousand fearful apprehensions in the mind of her affectionate brother. When he saw her beauty and charms, he could not but remember that more than once, ladies as virtuous, as well-born, and as well protected, had fallen victims to the base designs of these universal lovers of the sex. He had determined to remove her to Boston, when he was ordered on a special mission to Philadelphia. To give her the full protection of a man of honour, he left her in charge of Sir Maxwell Greacen, with whom, while he remained in the city, she was safe. So high stood the reputation of the baronet for courage, and withall he was so much beloved, that any attempt to wound him through his fair charge, would have been promptly punished, though emanating from the fountain of power. But we must quit

this meagre episode for other topics, to which the subject must, for the present, give place.

In the preceding chapter we mentioned that Gilbert stood bound by his word to place the letter of Jacob Coulter to Sam Bryce, on the counter of the latter. When, therefore, he had recovered from the fatigue of his morning excursion to the duelling ground, he left his lodgings with the letter in his pocket ; and with fewer misdirections than strangers commonly receive in such perambulations, he at last found the object of his search. In a deep brick building, of one story, having a shop in front, or rather the front room used as a shop, with a large bow window, whereat were displayed sundry specimens of the merchandise in which he dealt, lived, as a ragged boy, playing pastry-cook in a dirt-puddle near by, informed him, Mr. Samuel Bryce ; by information given on the sign-board, grocer, whereto was added, “ Fish sold here, such as mackerel and cod.—Also, cash given for old junk and porter bottles.” The intelligence given on the sign-board was not well calculated to verify Mr. Bryce’s boast of his great personal influence. Nevertheless, thought Gilbert, as he gave a hearty rap on the door, the while retracing his early historical lessons, Massaniello was a fisherman, though we have no account of his dealing in old junk and porter bot-

bles, and Zohak was a blacksmith. Great things have been done by obscure men before now.

While Gilbert waited to learn the success of his application to the knocker, he saw a file of soldiers pass up the street, after pausing the matter of a minute near the door whereat he stood. He followed them with his eye for the distance of twenty rods, when the sounds of footsteps advancing down the interior of the house called off his attention. The door was opened cautiously, and softly, by Sam. Bryce himself, who said—

“Come in, sir. The door was not left ajar, as I promised, because I wanted to talk with you. Come in.”

Greaves followed him in silence to a small back-room, which adjoined the shop in the usual manner where both shop and sitting-room are on the same floor. Bryce handed him a chair, and said—

“Be seated, sir. You are in a hurry, I suppose, and I must be brief. Where is the letter from Coulter?”

It was handed him.

While he was breaking the seal of the letter, Gilbert saw his hand tremble, a mark of agitation he had not supposed him capable of betraying. Bryce observed the look of

surprise with which his tremour was regarded, and said, with an unaltered tone—

“ I see you are wondering what is the cause of my trembling. My daughter, she you saved last night, died in fits about an hour ago, and it grieves me some.”

“ ‘Grieves me some!’ My God, what an expression !” said Gilbert, aloud.

“ It is the expression, Mr. Greaves, of a father who dearly loved his child, but who is not certain that she is not greatly bettered by the translation of her immortal part from this world to, I hope, a better. Mary was a good girl, and a dutiful and affectionate child, and looked well to the shop and the babies. I had rather she should die than become the mother of slaves—the wife of one who is base enough to accept life from the hands of Old England-men. On the whole, I am glad. But what says Jacob? Why he has folded up his letter as Ma—hush—young women do their love-letters—corners tucked up and turned down nicely. “ *Tibb’s Hill, June —, ’76—Dear Tom Witt,* (no matter for the title—the king calls us his dear subjects, when he’s cutting our throats.) *I write you by young Mr. Greaves, who goes to see his friends. It’s a pity, but it can’t be helped.* (True, but it is difficult to reason away prejudice.) *Crops look prosperous.* (Glad to hear it ;) *all but buckwheat, which grows thinner*

every day. (God grant there may be none in the land in a year.) I hear it thrives with you, and that the Dutch cucumbers on Staten Island turn out a large crop. The more to be pickled. (Ah, old friend Coulter, you're pleasant.) Write me, Tom, all about the crops immediately, and what grounds are to be ploughed, and what laid down in grasses—so no more from yours, Matthew Mustard.—P. S. The young man that carries the letter you will assist if you can, for he is a good, though misled boy. The factory-man wants you should write him whether there is onion-seed to be had. M. M.—You think this a strange letter, sir, and a worthless, but you are mistaken. 'Tis 'nigmatical. Not a word but has meaning, and refers to the state of the country at this time. You see I trust you. But I must go and try to still those women. They are not possessed of much resolution, poor souls."

The sound of loud wailing was distinctly heard to proceed from the apartment to which Mr. Samuel Bryce bent his footsteps. When sufficient time had elapsed for him to reach the chamber of mourning, a loud and convulsive cry burst forth as from a number of persons assembled within it. It became gradually fainter, and in a few minutes was altogether inaudible. Mr. Bryce now returned, and though he had just witnessed the heart-rending

scene of a beloved daughter laid on her bier, and his agonized family weeping over her, he wore no visible symptom of sorrow or perturbation, unless the pressing, at times, his temples with his thumb and finger, and a frequent occupation of odd positions, were to be considered such. Drawing his chair up to his visitor, in the manner of one who wishes to make confidential communications, but in a tone of voice which banished the supposition, he commenced his application to the ear of Gilbert Greaves for a change of his political sentiments. But Sam. Bryce did not descant on the common and threadbare topics of colonial rights ; charters abrogated, repealed, or annulled, &c., &c., but touched a less ordinary key.

“ You are a young man,” said the veteran fish dealer of Gold-street, “ and may be haven’t weighed matters well. If America is conquered, what will be your reward do you think ? ”

This was a home question, which but a few weeks past would probably have been promptly answered, but now was heard without reply.

“ Your father will become a duke and you a marquis, perhaps ? No such thing, sir. When they have used you, they’ll do with you as men do with a sucked orange—throw you by in disgust. They love the treason, but they despise

the traitors. (Greaves arose, much agitated, and walked to the window.) Before the whigs have been chained a month the tories will be publicly whipped; ay, Delanceys, Skinners, and all. Believe me, the conquerors will use twice the lenity towards the brave defenders of our country than they will towards her traitorous sons. We who fight for our birthright may be ruined in our property, and be compelled to fly beyond the hills of the west, but we shall be recorded by the pens of the very victors as heroes, while you—but you are moved.”

“I have opened my mouth, and I cannot go back,” with difficulty ejaculated Gilbert.—Bryce took no notice of the scriptural apology, but proceeded.

“No, as I said before, instead of being put into vacant possessions, you will be driven from those you occupy of right. Is not this true?”

Bryce had risen from his chair during this discourse, and stood, tall and erect, his hand moving with a natural and commanding motion, and his eye lighted up with much fire. Gilbert forgot that he had thought him homely and awkward, nor saw that he was slovenly in dress and appearance. Eloquence, native,—untaught,—unstudied eloquence; the arguments of an illiterate man, who felt as he

talked, had done more to effect a change of opinion in the mind of Gilbert, than all the multitudinous declamation and reasoning which had hitherto been poured into his ears.

“What faith can you put in your allies?—they have never kept a promise. Masters of our country, will they keep those made to you? The Britons,” continued Bryce, who had resumed his chair, “bring to my mind what I read in a story book, of a soldier’s saying to his men, when he was going to fight his enemies—they called him Galgacus, I think.—‘Where they make a desart, they call it peace,’ said he. Before we be conquered three months, there will not be a roof standing to cover one.”

“Who shall deliver me from the jaws of this death?” demanded the partially awakened Gilbert.

“I,” said Sam. Bryce, “before twenty-four hours pass: quit the enemies of your country, and bind yourself in a league with her friends.”

“I will,” said Gilbert, springing to the floor, “and live and die, if God wills it, in the new communion.”

“Hush—what noise is that at the door? Go, Billy,” said Bryce to his son, who had just entered, “see what makes that noise.”

Billy Bryce hereupon left the room on the reconnoitering service, and speedily returned

with the information that some 'red men' wanted to know if he bought cracked bottles, and requested that he would be so good as to come into the shop and weigh them sixpence 'orth of dun-fish. "They are bloody men, father," said the observant fellow.

"How do you know that, Billy boy?" asked the father.

"Because, sir, they were all over red."

"Red, ha! were they? 'Tis come then. William, you know the passage from the cellar into Mr. Toderhurst's yard, and how you went to Mr. Buckett's on last Good Friday. Take this piece of paper, and go there now; don't stop by the way, son, or you'll lose poor father."

The boy slipped down the cellar-way with the speed of lightning.

Bryce was just rising, but whether to fly or to meet the foe, Gilbert could not determine, when the door was pushed open by the use of a hostile foot, and a corporal and his guard entered the apartment. Marching into the middle of the room, Corporal Ernest Moorhead announced, without apology or word of condolment, that he was commissioned to arrest Samuel Bryce, grocer, of — street, on a charge of treasonable practices and conspiracies; sending information to the rebels, circulating seditious handbills, etc. etc.

"I should accompany you with less regret," said the prisoner, "if you had allowed me time to bury my daughter who died just now."

"My grandmother, long since laid, God rest her soul, in Harrow church-yard," said the Corporal, sneeringly, "had a big book that said, 'Let the dead bury the dead.' You look to be a scripture-reading man by the length of your phiz—let the text comfort you."

"You have an impertinent tongue, sirrah," said Greaves, "keep it in better rule, or—"

"You will drub me, likely. I will promise not to move it for an hour, if the prisoner will march."

"Give me two hours more to prepare Peggy for the parting, and to bury my daughter," said Bryce.

"Not two minutes," said the Corporal.

"Not if I command it?" asked Greaves.

"I do not mean to be impertinent, sir; but I say not if you command it. There is my warrant—read it yourself."

"I see," said Gilbert, glancing his eye hastily over the paper, "that it commands your arrest, Mr. Bryce, and peremptorily commands that you be brought forthwith before Lieutenant-General Sir Huldart Oakes. You will have to obey, Mr. Bryce."

“I am glad that sorrow has so stupified my wife,” said Bryce, kindly; “this blow would else have overcome her. Now she will not know any thing about this affair till all is cleared up.—I am ready.”

Upon this the soldiers filed off to the door, and Bryce followed. When he had reached the door which communicated with the street, his heart failed him, and a passion of tears came over him—the more violent for having been so long suppressed.

“I have one request to make, sir,” said he to the Corporal, “and that is that I may be permitted to return and put a last kiss upon the cold lips of my dear child. Allow me this, and I will follow you even to the rack.”

The Corporal bade two soldiers attend the prisoner while he performed this last act of affection to his lifeless daughter.

And here we leave Mr. Samuel Bryce in charge of a corporal's guard on his way to the quarters of Sir Huldart Oakes, while we accompany Gilbert Greaves to the dinner table of his friend, the Baronet, whereto we must remember he was bidden upon the evening of the day before yesterday. But we must breathe our Pegasus a moment while we mention the halo which the late transactions at Dusenbury's hazard-table shed on their actors.

As the Baronet predicted, the scenes we have attempted to describe in a preceding chapter were wrought into rhyme by some rebel pen, and speedily made their appearance. We are tempted to give one of these specimens of rebel wit, but it is out of our power to give a correct idea of the caricatures which tapestried the walls of every whig barber's shop in the city. It is said that Mr. James Oliver, now or late of Nassau-street, near to Maiden-lane, tonsor, had, till lately, two or three aqua tintas, which he assured his friends were done on the occasion. But Counsellor Sparrow assures me that amateurs in the Fine Arts decide that they are illustrations of John Bull's capers in Bedlam, done at Paris in the First Consul's time. Whatever they were, they were pilfered by some of Mr. Oliver's customers. One of the pieces of poetry we offer to our readers.

BULLETIN—EXTRA.

There was a jovial time last night
At Dusenbury's faro ;
To paint the circumstances right,
I want the pen of Maro.
I then could mould each incident,
And work it up so pretty,
An epic might be framed anent,
Of what is now a ditty.

A veteran corps at Robert's met
To spend an hour in pleasure ;
And idly they at venture set
Their royal master's treasure.
Billiards, faro, brag, and whist,
High glee—much whistle-whetting ;
It may be sworn the army chest
Was shoaler for the betting.

And thereupon the winner grew
In trim to relish frolic ;
While look'd the loser rather blue,
And grinn'd like one with cholic.
The latter feeling rather hot,
Charg'd home with fraud the winner,
Who laid his mall upon the spot
Where people put their dinner.

And now the battle waxed warm,
And unsheath'd swords grew plenty ;
The Major's sides were kick'd by—storm,
And so, some say, far'd twenty.
But from inquiries duly made,
Of General Clinton's lackey,
We deem the weightiest blows were laid
On Colonel G. and Jackey.

CHAPTER XII.

He has left his father's castle,
And he's over the wide sea,
To the lowlands of Holland,
To fight for Germany.

Old Song.

AT the table of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to which we are about to carry our readers, there were usually assembled a dozen or more British officers, selected by the baronet from the ancient English and Scotch families with whom he had been acquainted for the best part of forty years, and to these were usually added two or three Tories of standing. The high birth, high military reputation, and conspicuous merit of Sir Maxwell, made his company to be sought by all who considered honour and virtue essential to the formation of high military reputation. Hence to be at his dinners, by his special request, was an honour eagerly coveted, since it was a passport to the favour and confidence of the whole community, civil

as well as military. Whomever Sir Maxwell Greacen thought proper to patronise, might safely be received into the bosom of a family, however regardful of its dignity and its morals.

The baronet was in fact a kind of character seldom met with in the camp, to wit, a man gifted with a sincere love of virtue, and a spirit of religious devotion; scorning pleasure, at least the sentiment falsely called so, and enjoying greater happiness in the contemplation of honest poverty brought off safe from its perils, or unsuspecting beauty rescued from the libertine, than in the flatteries of courts, and the smiles of monarchs. Nor had he the foibles which are generally found to belong to men of the honoured profession. When others were relating their 'escapes in the imminent deadly breach,' with an eloquence scarcely inferior to the Moor's, nothing, by way of sounding his own trumpet, was heard to proceed from Sir Maxwell's lips, though his silence in nowise impaired the effect of Rumour's hundred tongues, which represented him to have seen more service than any officer of his years in Britain. He had been present in thirty pitched battles—had led five forlorn hopes, and three times had been the first to mount the walls of a besieged town, when the word was 'no quarter,' and

the garrison were brave and desperate. At the celebrated siege of Prague he was the first to advance to the walls, in defiance of an expected countermine. We hope our readers will not yawn over the volume, if we carry them with us, for a few pages, in a brief narrative of the events which took place during the most interesting part of the baronet's life.

When the great Frederic was about to become the victim of the powerful confederacy of Northern potentates, who drove him into the memorable Seven Years' war, and his destruction seemed the inevitable consequence of his resistance to the mighty coalition, we may remember that the chivalry of England, and her sister kingdom, embarked in his defence. Among other adventurers in the continental strife, was the subject of this episode, a cadet of the noble family of the Greacens of Fermanagh, and who stood first in the list of volunteers on the occasion. At the particular request of the young Scotchman, Frederic placed him, with a lieutenant's commission, under the immediate orders of his countryman, Keith. In the engagement which the Prussians had with the imperialists, on the memorable field of Reichenberg, the youthful volunteer displayed a valour seldom equalled, and never surpassed even in that army, which was little less than an assemblage

of heroes. Greacen shortly rose to high command. But when Prince Ferdinand was brought into straits, by circumstances which we cannot stop to mention, Greacen quitted the Prussian service, carrying with him the esteem and admiration of the whole army. His friend, the veteran Keith, had fallen, covered with glory, on the bloody field of Hochkirchen, and the hand of Colonel Greacen had assisted to close his eyes. Frederic regretted the transfer of the young soldier's services to the elector's camp, but was consoled by the reflection that he was to be translated to an army acting in concert with his own. There was another consolatory reflection which occurred to the monarch in time to aid in subduing his regrets. We all know that Frederic had a very high opinion of his own military talents. Several battles lost by his overweening confidence in himself, attest the reliance he placed on his own powers. Believing that the army which was to act against the French in Hanover was much more slenderly provided with military talent than his own, he grew at last to applaud the arrangement, specially naming the young man as an officer possessed of great talents, and of a prudence remarkable for his years.

When the disagreement took place between Prince Ferdinand and Lord George Sack-

ville, and the latter was disgraced with as much facility as the unfortunate Byng was found guilty, many of the officers threw up their commissions in displeasure, and retired from the service, among them Greacen, who re-entered the Prussian army. When Great Britain withdrew her subsidy from Prussia, besides giving other intimations of the approach of that policy which led to his farther sacrifice at the Peace of Paris, his Prussian majesty, justly incensed at the breach of faith, withdrew his favour from the British officers serving under him; but the grief which clouded the face of Colonel Greacen, induced him to admit the young soldier to an audience, where his eloquence wrought such an impression that the sentence was recalled, and the discharged veterans were again made happy by the smiles of the monarch. Greacen continued in active service until a peace was concluded between the king and his enemies, and for two years after that period, resided in a private character at Berlin and Potsdam, beloved and caressed by all ranks, among whom it was whispered there were few more pressing and importunate in their proffers of service, and tenders of 'command me when occasion offers,' than the baron Plotho, a nobleman high in the favour of Frederic, and the father of a very pretty

daughter, of some eighteen years' acquaintance with the troubles of human existence, who was observed to give many of the indications of the tender passion which honest Launce discovered in his master, Sir Proteus. These symptoms of an affliction to be removed only by the celebration of a divine ordinance, were suffered by the gallant Colonel to pass without the due attempt, on his part, to have them exchanged for more pleasing emotions. He met the young countess Plotho daily in the parties of Berlin and Potsdam, visited the baron's noble villa on the borders of the forest of Rindlescheimer, but he did not talk of love, a subject which, no doubt, would have been much more agreeable to the young lady than long dissertations upon the battles of Zama, and of Molwitz, the superiority of the close method of fighting, &c. His silence on this most agreeable topic can only be accounted for by supposing his affections pre-engaged. He was a good man, and a brave and chivalrous soldier, as we have repeatedly said, and it is hardly possible to find a bachelor thus situated, who will not melt in the atmosphere of such attractions as were possessed by the fair Prussian, like ice in a July sun.

The affections of the young Scotchman were engaged. In early life he had given

away his heart to a beautiful girl, of a family distantly related to his own, his equal in birth, and his equal, for they were both younger children, in fortune. We cannot stay the press of our more interesting main story to relate the progress of their attachment ; how many tender walks they took on the banks of the majestic 'I'ay, when the skies above them breathed nothing but balm, and the earth beneath was a bed of flowers. Nor is our voice sufficiently steady and youthful to warble after her those dulcet Scottish airs, which of these rapturous evenings, came, (but 'tis a most hackneyed expression,) ' like the sweet south breathing on a bank of violets.' He left her for the

Lowlands of Holland,
To fight for Germany.

Shortly after his entrance into the Prussian service, Lord Fermanagh was appointed minister to the court of Berlin, and took his family with him, a measure which no doubt met with the entire approbation of our lovers. They met in the few intervals of Greacen's duty, but these intervals were few and far between, for the activity of the confederated powers, imposed on the Prussians such frequent changes of position, and hence so many marches and countermarches, that they had

little time for courtship. Nor was the court by any means stationary. The Russians, Swedes, and Imperialists, were each of them temporary masters of the Prussian capital, and the royal household were compelled to fly. We shall, perhaps, be thought minute and tedious, if we stop to relate a circumstance connected with the occupation of the Queen's country house at Schoenhausen, which led to the capture and consequent recapture of lady Adeline Fermanagh, and we pass over it.

After a couple of years passed in the various pleasures which Germany offers in the various courts of her monarchs and princes, our youthful friends were married at Berlin. They were grateful and happy. Their love for each other had been of long continuance, and equally so bade fair to be their future felicity. Neither of them coveted the pleasures of a court life, or the honours which are supposed to flow from the acquisition of court favour. They had sketched out a system of future life, which, as far as durability may be predicated of human systems, promised to realise almost the dreams of infancy. They were to retire to a small estate which lay in a romantic situation near the Frith of Forth. She had planned a garden on the slope of a hill which looked down upon that fine water, and a summer-house on the edge of a rivulet that meander-

ed through the vale of Dockandorrock. She had already in fancy seen the flowers bloom beneath her culture, and fancied other joys of a tenderer nature. But life is a fragile thing, and human happiness still more fragile. Three months after their marriage they departed for England, to which one of them was fated never to arrive. The packet in which they sailed was cast away on the Godwin Sands, on the Kentish coast, in the month of October, '65, and lady Adaline perished—died in her husband's arms, of fatigue and fright, when a pinnace, launched from the shore into a sea become smooth and tranquil, was within a stone's throw of the wreck.

Upon this most unhappy disaster, the widowed husband retired to his father-in-law's estate, and there for two years, gave himself up to excessive grief. His friends, after a space of time, prevailed upon him to quit his retirement, and venture once more into the world. He did so : and time, which almost invariably softens or subdues regrets of this nature, wrought its usual effects upon him, and he again became cheerful. But he did not mourn the less because he seldom mentioned the name of her he had lost. Often in his social moments, for nature had given him an unusual stock of animal spirits, a sudden shade would cross his countenance, though a

moment's reflection would dissipate it, and his manner again become cheerful, and even playful. He again mixed in polite circles, but he made, nor coveted to make, no second engagement.

At length news of the resistance made by the colonists to the oppressive acts of the Imperial Parliament reached England, and there was a general call made on the military talent, of the empire for its services. It is well known, we before remarked, that the high Scottish families, who had been for centuries, the prime contrivers of plots and conspiracies, the Douglasses, the Argyles, and Seaforths, came forth with wonderful alacrity on the occasion—thus reminding one of the temper with which a 'happy couple' invariably regard an officious makepeace in a matrimonial set-to. Sir Maxwell, with all his good sense and sound notions of justice, joined that party in the British councils who advocated the sword in preference to the olive branch. He was appointed to the chief command, but got the appointment recalled, and accepted a subordinate station, and sailed for New-York, where it is unnecessary to say he arrived safe, since we have shown him an actual resident in that city as far back as our hundred and ninety-second page. We are now about to show him presiding at his own table, and entertain

ing a party of friends, whose invitation is dated at a previous day.

The company assembled in the Baronet's drawing-room, consisted of the officers whom we have so frequently mentioned, as by this time to have indelibly fixed on the minds of our readers, and a few of the leading tories of the period, such as Colden, Delancy, and the Greaves'.

There were many ladies present, both matrons and maidens, among whom was Miss James, the daughter of a potent tory advocate. The young lady had a competent share of wit and beauty, though the former was thought, at times, to inflict unreasonably severe punishments, and the latter to lose a considerable portion of its charm by the curl of a very pretty lip, which bespoke contempt of all plebeian objects. (We request such of our female readers as are pretty and witty, to take the few last lines into their serious consideration.) There was much beauty present besides, of all sorts, shades, and complexions; the brunette, and the pale—the sprightly, and the downcast; sundry large black eyes—abundance of ruby lips, &c. But the pride of the drawing-room—the diamond whose brilliancy attracted all eyes, was the fair daughter of the Contractor, Keith.

Captain Keith, the young lady's brother, had been ordered the day before to the South, on business, the speedy expedition of which, was deemed by the commander-in-chief of such importance, as to require of the agent, who was to transact it, a material abridgement of the hour usually allowed to leave-taking. By the arrangement between Sir Maxwell and the brother, the care of Miss Keith was undertaken by the former: and before the gentlemen were fairly seated at the table, and to their honour be it spoken, long before the wine begun to circulate, there was not a bachelor present who would not, to use Counsellor Sparrow's phrase, gladly have accepted an assignment of the power, if but to use the authority thus conveyed, for the purpose of whispering their admiration of her transcendent beauty and charms. It is not competent to the pen of an unlettered soldier, whose enthusiasm has been cooled by the frosts of seventy winters, to depict, in their proper colours, her glowing charms. We could give an idea of the effect they produced, if we were able to paint the air of mute astonishment with which the fair apparition was regarded by all that part of the gentlemen who had never before seen her.

Major Majoribanks, a gentleman descended a long way off from the ancient family of

Herefords, placed himself at her side, with an air which fully intimated his opinion of the honour he had done her in giving her the countenance of his admiration and exclusive attention. Other gentlemen crowded around her, to the utter disregard of many interesting females in the room; but Wild Gil. who had not been introduced to Miss Keith, remained in conversation with Miss James, who seemed quite happy to engage his attention, and abated as much of her customary stateliness as served to signify both her knowledge of his family, and her acceptance of all his attentions present and anticipated. Yet the marked attentions of the witty and really pretty little aristocrat, could not prevent the eyes of our hero from wandering towards a more attracting object—whose eyes, he felt unusual joy to observe, were sometimes bent in the direction of the alcove where he sat. Sir Maxwell, whose time was necessarily taken up in the interchange of greetings, and in snatches of conversation with such of his guests as were bashful, reserved, labouring under special disabilities, or strangers to the rest of the company, at length came up to the group of fashionables whom Gilbert was entertaining with a little *badinage*, and said, with a laugh—

“ You are much amused, I see, ladies, with the conversation of this mad bumpkin of mine. He’s a country lad whom I am educating—and as the phrase of his country goes, he is quite smart.”

“ Oh, sir, we perceive it,” said Miss James, her lip unintentionally, through the force of powerful habit, curling derisively. “ We perceive it, Sir Maxwell, and are about, as Captain Tempest says, trying him upon the other tack, to see if we can elicit any thing serious.”

The Baronet who did not wish that the young lady’s wit should go the length of offending her apparent devotee, (a circumstance which frequently happened with the admirers of the lady,) changed the discourse abruptly, and asked Gilbert “ what he thought of the beautiful Miss Keith.”

“ Think, sir, that she has lovely features ; but whether her voice be sweet or not, I cannot say.”

Miss James interrupted Sir Maxwell to observe, “ that some thought that the whooping cough had damaged her voice a little.”

“ Not a whit—not a whit,” said Sir Maxwell. “ Never lute discoursed such music as her tongue. But have you not been introduced, you mad boy ?”

“ No, sir,” answered he.

Upon this disclosure of the omission of an

important duty, the Baronet introduced to each other ‘Captain Greaves, of the West Bank,’ and ‘Miss Keith, daughter of my old friend, Major Keith.’ While Gilbert was paying his respects, Miss Keith, not without a slight suffusion of her cheek, said, with a sweet smile, to the manifest displeasure of Major Majoribanks, who thought that her conversation, with her new acquaintance, should be limited to an exchange of the simplest civilities—

“ You have a very warm friend, in my brother Frederic, Captain Greaves. Gentlemen of the army are very vain, and I would not farther increase their foible, or I think I should tell you what he says of you in his talkative moments.”

“ Enough will be repeated, madam,” returned Greaves, “ if you will say it went to procure for me the good opinion of his fair sister.”

“ Vastly fine, captain,” said the bright-eyed beauty, “ I do think, Miss Talbot, that the epaulette and the knack of saying flattering things go together. Will you inform me, sir, if you did not receive a card of courtly compliments with his majesty’s commission? Are you certain that the book you have been studying lately is Folard?”

“ I believe, Miss Keith, that I have not as

yet looked into Chesterfield or Lilly. But a strong wish to please frequently leads us to the perusal of books which are commentaries on the art. From to-day I shall devour the standard systems."

"That is quite in the Bond-street style," said the young lady. "What is the Greek word, Sir Maxwell, which signifies—oh—*Eureka*, 'I have found it.' Because I wish to apply it to your friend Captain Greaves, who is no more a lad of the hills, but a real West-end fashionable. Captain, my brother says that you still retain your affection for the simple objects which charm our youthful minds. The streamlet, the wild flower, the bird which sings its cheerful song, and the little girl that weeps in tender sorrow to hear it, because she thinks of the dangers which surround the little warbler. He says, this brother of mine, that the dissipation of the city, and of the army, has not impaired your taste for the beauties of the country."

"I am not ashamed to own, Miss Keith," replied Gilbert, "that I prefer the country to the city. But I shall seem to depreciate the charms of your description of country scenes, the little stream, little bird, and little girl, when I say that the sublime and tremendous of nature's works interest me more than the beautiful, present company excepted. I had rather

climb the rocky Kaatskill, and see the clouds breaking below me, than walk on the margin of a brook, though there be a carpet of flowers for me to repose upon. I hunt the eagle rather than the meadow-lark, and, ladies, I am of an age to prefer a great girl to a little girl by all the odds."

A hearty laugh succeeded, that is from the gentlemen. The ladies, of course, merely opened their lips far enough to display their coral. Before the company had time to rally him on his preference of eagle-worrying to lark-shooting, dinner was announced, and the party hastened to the dining room. Major Majoribanks led Miss Keith, though tradition, whose chronicler was the happy pair themselves, the one asserting boldly, and the other denying faintly, informs us that she cast a side glance at the youth, which threw him into a most agreeable perplexity of thought. The due regard to birth and seniority properly settled, placed our hero at a considerable distance from Miss Keith, and hence his wish for farther conversation could not be indulged. He found himself seated by Miss James. That young lady had come to the table with a determination to be distant, reserved, dignified, and so forth; but two or three remarks of her left hand neighbour, who with the occasion became Wild Gil again, unbinged her stateliness, and

her mirth so unusual, drew all eyes to him, who was suspected as its cause.

"I have a great mind," said Mrs. Colden, "to transfer my plate to your end of the table, or, in my dancing master's phraseology, to cast off a few couples, Miss Belle James. While we, at this end of the table, are discussing some late feats of the spur, ycleped rebel victories, with all possible gravity of feature, a little space from us, the sentiment of "Be-gone, dull care!" seems to experience as prompt a discussion. I am glad that some of us understand the original purpose of a dinner party."

"Captain Greaves, madam," said Miss James, "is sketching a bill of fare for the table of my father, when he becomes Lord Chief Justice. Hung beef and perigord pies are the last named articles on the list."

"Hush, my dear Madam," said the soldier—"for heaven's sake do not betray my folly. Mrs. Colden, will you take wine? John, take this identical bottle, of the vintage of '55, to the lady of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, Madam, will you ask your neighbour, Miss Keith, if she will wet her lips with the same cordial?"

"Shockingly ungenteel, Captain," said the laughing girl, bending forward to catch his eye, "to interrupt my pleasant discourse with

Major Majoribanks. I was listening, with infinite pleasure, to his history of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. I will take wine with you, sir—Major you have not told me whether Xenophon saved his baggage-waggons.”

Major Majoribanks drew up, displeased to find the lady ridiculing his unofficer-like pendency, and mistimed display of learning.

“Mrs. Colden—Miss Keith—your health, ladies,” said Gilbert.

“And yours, sir” was the response.

“But, Captain Greaves,” said Mrs. Colden, “I am sorry that you could not ask an elderly lady to take wine, without connecting a young lady in the request. In such cases, we matronly ladies think attentions so bestowed upon us, have a sinister object.”

“I would explain, Madam,” said Gilbert, “but I fear to draw the attention of Miss Keith from a theme she professes to enjoy. And my right wing has halted—(Miss James seemed regaining her distance)—I must cheer it. Miss James, shall I put this chicken’s merry-thought on your plate.” And he recommenced his lively attentions to that lady, who seemed more than happy to engage him.

The gentlemen whom Sir Maxwell Greacen honoured with his friendship, were not of that class who grace dinner-parties with their presence merely to demonstrate good-will to

the vintners. On the present occasion the graver part of the males engaged in lengthened political disquisitions—(by-the-by Major Majoribanks had given over the retreat of the ten thousand)—and the young ladies, and such of the gentlemen as were in special attendance upon them, entered into the discussion of less difficult matters. Belle, beaux, fashions, marriages, love-quarrels, fruit, and eustards, occupied the attention of the pretty triflers, and their attendants, until the ladies thought proper to retire to the drawing-room, and leave the gentlemen to the free discussion of a farther supply of Port and Madeira. Our hero was not many minutes in rear of the exiles, though his unauthorised retirement was denounced in rather warm terms by the whole council of the dining-room. The smiles of the fair bevy in the drawing-room, were, however, a full offset to the frowns of the gentlemen.

Gilbert had now, for the first time, the happiness to find a chair unoccupied near the fair Ellen. But he found the winning and playful manner which she had adopted on his recent introduction, was exchanged for an air rather constrained and repulsive than otherwise. The ladies had been rallying her for some animated expressions of hers, which declared a preference of the West Bank rustic to

all the gay officers from the fast-anchored isle. Her answers to the respectful observations of the young Captain were made, he thought, with averted eyes, and intimated disinclination to hold discourse with him. Hurt by this change in her manner, which could not be referred to any improper conduct of his, Greaves left his chair, and requesting Miss Jones, to take a bench at the piano, had not the mortification to experience the refusal of that lady, although had one of the canaille, or a gentleman whom she disliked, solicited Miss Belle to the same effect, no words of ours can give an idea of the contempt in which the request would have been held. He led her to the instrument, and she sung with some taste, and played with considerable skill, an' Italian air, the words of which, we find it convenient to say, are mislaid. Before she had finished, the gentlemen, attracted by the sound of music, entered from their cups.

“Isabel plays well,” said Sir Maxwell to Greaves, “but you should hear my charge perform. Corinna never sung better. By-the-bye, what do you think of her?”

“Think she has divine features, but in conversation, my grandmother, in the interim of her hypochondriacs, infinitely excelled her.”

“You jest, Gilbert,” said the Baronet; “or perhaps she did not talk learnedly: or she flew off from Henri Quatre to pink ribbon and Paris gause. How was it?”

“She would not talk at all, sir,” answered the soldier pettishly. “I reckoned the moment that gave me a glimpse of a chair standing by her unoccupied, as the most fortunate one of my life—seated myself by her in ecstasy, and was doomed to hear simple monosyllables, ‘sirs’ of misapprehension, and bear rather contemptuous treatment, I assure you.”

“A most excellent symptom, Gilbert. Ellen Keith loves to display her power over the hearts of men. ’Tis her fault, and I believe the only fault she has. You shall see her forget her stateliness before we part. I am going to ask her to play.”

Without much persuasion he led her to the piano, and motioned Greaves to approach. He did so, and took his place by her chair.

“I don’t know how the stanch loyalists will like the rebellious song I am about to sing,” said she. “Captain Greaves,” she continued, looking up with one of her sweetest smiles, “You will be displeased, I know. Frederic tells of the great sacrifices you’ve made of property for the royal cause, and thinks you would even interpose your breast

as a shield to your sovereign, as the high-minded Scottish woman did. You must stop your ears, for I am going to utter undoubted treason."

Had she known what a change had been wrought in the sentiments of Gilbert, within the last few hours, her exculpatory speech might have been materially altered, and her fears for the delicacy of the loyal nerve abated. While she uttered the compliment we have given her, Greaves said mentally,

"I don't feel *much* offended with her."

SONG.

THE AMERICAN MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

Join thee to thy gallant band,
To the battle go;
I'll ne'er marry while our land
Suffers from a foe.
Wed thee, while a despot's hand
Proffers chains? ah, no!

Quit awhile the dream of love,
Seize the glittering brand,
Let the vulture, 'stead of dove,
Nestle in our land.
When peace whispers in the grove,
Thou shalt have my hand.

Thou did'st boast that thou wert born
By the pilgrim's rock,
Wilt thou move the tongue of scorn?
Be the scoffer's mock?
Thy death would make my bosom lorn,
But that were greater shock.

Quit awhile the dream of love,
Seize the glittering brand,
Let the vulture, 'stead of dove,
Nestle in our land.
When peace whispers in the grove,
Thou shalt have my hand.

She sung this song with a most enchanting voice, and her performance on the piano was admirable. Music often works indubitable wonders, but we believe its miracle of bending the knotted oak, is much less frequently enacted than that of breaking the stubborn heart. A young lady certainly never appears to better advantage than, when bending over the harp, she accompanies the music of the instrument with a melodious voice.

After an hour passed in music and conversation, it was proposed to walk out, and enjoy the beauty and serenity of the evening. The proposal met the ready acquiescence of the whole company. By a timely offer of his protection, Greaves had the good fortune to secure the fair Ellen for the stroll. Indeed if we reckon interested hearts as effectives, the lady had as numerous an escort as ever attended a knight of the shire, since, from the direction of their eyes, it was evident the gentlemen were thinking only of her.

The part of the city, which at the time of our story served as the grand promenade, or

place of fashionable resort, answering the purpose of our present Battery, and Hudson-square, was the 'Fields', then an uninclosed tract of land, and now that spacious area called the Park.

This part of our city hath also been much helped of the creative hand of industry, and hath received most important alterations. At the day of our story, the Fields, leaving the white Conduit House far to the north, and supposing Gallows Hill to have been their northern boundary, included a space of about thrice the dimensions of the present Park. Upon the west the fields extended to the college grounds—north, they looked out from said Gallows Hill upon the Collect pond. (The latter affording a prospect as enchanting then as now.) Fewer improvements have been made upon the eastern side of the Park grounds. Nevertheless, there have been improvements made eyen there. Here then was the place of fashionable resort—that is, upon the fashionable days of the week; at other times it was abandoned to the class called by the *beau monde* canaille, alias, useful folks. But the fields were so rough and uneven, that there was little pleasure to be gathered from the promenade, unless, to be sure, when lovers met, who only here could find opportunity to breathe their vows. Still as gratification is

not often consulted by fashionable people, in their amusements, the Fields were visited and praised till long afterwards.

Our gay group of 'diners out' passed up to the promenade by the usual route. But neither routes, nor subjects of shape, size, and distance, were regarded by our friend from the West Bank. He was so much charmed with the person, conversation, and manners, of Miss Keith, that he had not leisure to regard any circumstance which did not immediately concern her. And it might be that his imagination was deceiving him, but he thought that her step was not so hurried and unequal as to indicate a very strong wish to shorten the walk, and rid herself of a troublesome attendant. The rest of the company had passed on, and they were the only pair yet lingering in the Fields. Politeness, perhaps, did not permit the lady to notice the abandonment of their friends. Another half hour was consumed in a saunter by a path, then, for the first time in the memory of man, adjudged to be the shortest way from the Fields to that part of the city where Sir Maxwell dwelt. They at length arrived at the lodging of Sir Maxwell, where Gilbert prepared to take his departure. He did not do it, however, before he had whispered, "This day will prove either the most fortunate or the most

unfortunate day of my life." Tradition records no answer to this semi-declaration, and merely mentions, that as he was retiring, he had a vision of a fair face peeping at the window after him, which would be vulgar in other than a love-sick maiden.

CHAPTER XIII.

Men bred i' th' cobbler's stall became the leaders—
Base blood sprung to the ermine, and did wear
The emblems of authority most bravely.
And wealth and birth descended to the dust,
Leaving large space for lowly worth to work in.

Ins and Outs.

OUR narrative now returns to Mr. Samuel Bryce, whom we left, it may be remembered, in the hands of a corps of his majesty's soldiers, on his way to the quarters of Sir Huldart Oaks. Matters that required great despatch, and criminals who were thought proper subjects of summary and severe justice, were always conducted to the quarters of that General, whose bowels of compassion being less than the ordinary size, did not stand in the way of politic executions, and well contrived acquittals.

The guard of soldiers who were on this duty, consisted of corporal Moorhead, and twenty privates, certainly a sufficient guard for the occasion, when it is recollected that

more than three thousand men were then quartered on various parts of the city, and that very many of the male citizens, capable of bearing arms, were in the rebel army. It was supposed, besides, that the spirit of the people was so completely broken, that no danger of any thing like a popular commotion need be apprehended or guarded against. It is recorded of Frederic, the Second, that he once sent his walking-staff to act as his representative in a council of state, where opposition to his measures was expected. It was confidently believed that a similar emblem of authority would have preserved the peace of the city as entire as in the instance we have given of Frederic's power and management.

But this was not an era to which can be assigned common motives and actions ; and the future historian and philosopher will not be able to refer either to models or types in preceding ages. They will not meet with such resolution, constancy, and magnanimity, as glowed in the breasts of our countrymen at that period. In no other country, and at no other time, would the veteran fish-dealer of Gold-street, have found a rescuer in the face of so powerful a force as that which occupied the city.

When the guard had taken Sam Bryce under their care, they bore him, with great des-

patch, as their warrant directed, to the quarters of Sir Huldart. Brief intimation had been forwarded to the General, that the examinant was a man, who, though of low standing, was of great influence, especially with people of his own rank in life. And that though he carried the air, and assumed the bearing of a man little versed in lore, indeed, endeavoured to appear to the crowd a simple man, he was, nevertheless, a man of considerable learning, much cunning, and profound sagacity, and capable of organizing plans, ay, and executing them, too, which should cause some inconvenience to his majesty's armies. And reasoning on the data thus given, he was bid to consider well the consequence of suffering such a man to live an uncaged spectator, and unlicensed reporter of the passing transactions of the day, in a city garrisoned by British troops. Sir Huldart Oaks, in full possession of his cue, hereupon proceeded to investigate the charges made against Samuel Bryce, grocer, of Gold-street, who now stood before him. It is hardly necessary for us, we conceive, to state the charges against him, which, like immaterial averments at law, are not compellable to proof. They consisted of a certain number of charges or allegations which are always put down to the account of every man judged worthy of the ad-

judicatory process of a court-martial, or the more summary 'process verbal,' as *ex relatio*, Counsellor Sparrow is done in the action of assault and battery, where beating with 'sticks, stones, hands, feet, fists,' &c. is laid at the door of him who simply *threatens* his neighbour with a tweak of the nose. To all these charges, urged by the judge with all possible earnestness, and specified with uncommon exactness, Mr. Bryce replied not, notwithstanding the promise of his judge to remember the confession when he came to judgment, and the threat that it should be worse for him if he remained contumacious. But Sam. Bryce was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Wearied out by the contumacious silence of the prisoner, the General, at length, was pleased to order that Samuel Bryce should be committed to the dungeon of the Provost, and there be kept until farther orders, the while to be comforted with a liberal allowance of that cooling draught which is compounded of meal and water. Hereupon the custodiers moved with a quick step to get the turnkey's receipt for their prisoner.

They had reached the corner of Thames-street, which afforded them a glimpse of the Provost, a long, low, dark building, and not till after this period, made habitable even for meaner state criminals. From what cause

they were not able to judge, but the streets were totally untenanted of passengers, and not even the customary sounds of "baked pears and boiled corn" were at war with the stillness of the hour. Not a solitary individual was to be seen in any direction which the eye took, save the attendants on a fire engine, which, with the usual speed of those useful appendages of cities, came rattling along the pavements of Cedar-street. But as the story of the Trojan horse, if entitled at all to credit, (we don't believe a word of it,) did not recur to the recollection of the Britons, and nothing was seen suspicious or appalling in the appearance of some five-and-twenty men wearing the white frocks and leathern caps of firemen, the guard took no more than ordinary precaution, such as walking one on each side of the prisoner, with a front and rear file. The men at the drag-ropes of the engine passed the guard, but dropping their speed when well abreast, and nearing that side of the street upon which Bryce and his escort were marching, came to a halt in such a manner as to enclose them, and let fall their drag-ropes. It was now the dusk of the evening, though the last gleams of the day were not totally shut in, and yet evening had so far introduced her sober curtain that the light of the engine lamp

was found necessary to inform the public that this was engine "The Rescue."

When the firemen had halted, by a sudden movement, those in front as well as those in rear, wheeled and fell in so as to enclose the troop. A man apparently commanding the engine, and directing the movement of the men, stepped up, and drawing forth, as did all the firemen, a sword from under his fireman's cloak, demanded that Sam. Bryce should be delivered up to them forthwith, and without parle. So completely were the soldiers taken unaware, that separated from each other, and each with a sword at his breast, a speedy compliance was unavoidable. Yet there were a few of the Britons who attempted, though unsuccessfully, to free themselves from the restraints imposed by the gentlemen of the Engine, The Rescue. Sergeant Moorhead exchanged a few blows with a chitty-faced tailor from James-street, who sheared and pressed him out of his Toledo in a twinkling. A left-legged Yorkshireman was laid in lavender by a blow from a fireman's pole, and a five feet five inches cockney, attempting to evade process, received a kick which sent him rolling in the dirt.

No sooner was Sam. Bryce released from his compelled attendance on the guard of Britons, than he used his apt legs to the removal

of himself to a place of safety. The city, it was evident, was no longer a place for him. He was now well known, and he had that day heard, in the list of malfesances which Mr. Nathaniel Conant, Sir Huldart's clerk, had read over, charges of actions which were, he thought, known only to himself and another. They had been divulged, it seemed, and were now in possession of the king's officers. He wisely betook himself to flight, but whither, it is not our intention at present to inquire ; and the moment that he was free, the rescuers of this eminent fishmonger separated, and each took the route he deemed most proper to his safety. And so effectually was it secured by the measures they took, that though the most diligent search was made for them, and liberal rewards offered for their detection, no individual on whom the charge could be fastened with any thing like legal certainty, was ever arrested.

We left Gilbert Greaves at the door of the mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to which he had conducted Ellen Keith ; and we do not contemplate, for the present day, the involving him in any other difficulty than that of digesting a hearty dinner, and sleeping off the fumes of Madcira, which had settled on his brain from that repast. Besides, when we represent an immoderate passion as taking possession

of his bosom, we give him that which will sufficiently employ his thoughts, for the succeeding twelve hours, without the 'note of preparation,' or any other circumstance of alarm. Our readers are welcome to suppose him snug in his chamber, enjoying this same delicious train of ideas, and fancying a return of affection from the charming object of his newly-conceived passion. What beautiful ringlets she had, how beautifully the red and the white were blended in her cheek; she had long silken eyelashes, and her form—nothing could be better! So ran Gilbert over the catalogue of her charms, no doubt heightening each with the usual disposition to amplification and hyperbole of a genuine lover.

With the earliest return of light Greaves arose, and dressed himself for the parade ground. Thither he went, light-hearted and cheery as usual. He found the officers assembled or assembling, but what could be the cause of their altered behaviour to him? Instead of their usual jocularities and pleasantry, their wit and badinage, they were distant and reserved, the seniors scarcely answering his respectful queries, or noticing his compliments, and the juniors answering them in a tone blended of ill repressed derision and overacted respect. He wished Seaforth the 'top o' the morning,' and received, as the proud Scot

turned on his heel, a "morrow t'ye," in a voice scarcely audible, and apparently intended to be inaudible. Cameron avoided him—so did Majoribanks. Frazer, and Grey, who were conversing together, from time to time jogging each other, laughing and looking at him, stood their ground when he walked up to them, but suffered him to hear, while he was advancing, that they were discoursing of some person "who had turned traitor, if his suffering the rebel commander-in-chief to escape admitted proof of his ever having been sincere." "Hush," said Grey, whereupon they dropped the discourse. "They seem to say it is me of whom they are talking," communed Gilbert with himself. "But perhaps I am mistaken. I'll go home, however, and read Lord Bacon on Suspicion before I hunt the thing up."

At the corner of the street which would have led him to yesterday's banquetting house, he met Sir Maxwell, who was returning to his lodgings from a morning's walk. He, at least, was not changed. He insisted upon Gilbert's accompanying him home to breakfast. "You shall see," said he, "with what inimitable grace my sweet Ellen presides at the breakfast table, and how charmingly she presents a cup of chocolate to my guests. I noted yesterday, my youthful friend, that you

was really smitten with this charming girl, and that you thought sufficiently well of her, to place your future hours on the confines of either happiness or misery. It is a pity, however, that she is so much excelled by your grandmother in the conversational faculty."

"Yes," but she has found a tongue, my dear sir," said Gilbert, "and one that discourses most inimitable music. The best harp in Christendom no way equals it."

"Ha, ha, I thought further acquaintance would bring about a notable change of opinion. I see, friend Gilbert, that you are about to become a lover, and I have a shrewd guess, a favoured lover. Improve thy time quick in respect of courtship, my boy, for we shall be in the suds before a week passes. We are on the eve of a march in pursuit of the rebels. You should be the house. Yes, and there is our dear girl in the colonnade, looking more like a celestial being than the cherry-cheeked, ruby-lipped terrestrial that she is. Good morning, my dear Ellen."

"Good morning, dear uncle, and good morning, Captain Greaves," answered Ellen, leaning over the railing of the colonnade.

"Good morning, madam," answered Gilbert, with a bow.

"We must have breakfast, my dear, and

be off with the despatch of an army courier," said Sir Maxwell.

"Oh to be sure," cried Ellen, as, with the step of a fawn, she bounded into the interior of the house. The baronet bent his inquiring eye at the face of Gilbert, who was gazing with the air of a devotee at the vision of retiring beauty. "You are very deep in the passion, I see," he whispered Gilbert.

Ellen Keith, whose light feet had carried her through the corridor and down the grand staircase, before they had opened the hall door, met them at the entrance of the breakfast room, with a deep blush mantling her cheek, the interpretation whereof must be sought for in the pestering jibes and innuendoes of her guardian. But much as Sir Maxwell enjoyed the amusement of teasing conscious lovers, he forbore, for the present, from giving mischievous intimations of his knowledge of the feeling which severally possessed his friend and charge.

"Oh, I have been waiting so long for you, Sir Maxwell," said Ellen, "that I feared you had gone to invest Stoney Point before you ate your breakfast. I cannot answer for your breakfast this morning, gentlemen.—John Cook gave extraordinary attention to the poached eggs and steaks, but they are as cold as an old man's heart. Oh, a truce, a

truce," cried she, seeing Sir Maxwell preparing to speak, and readily anticipating the subject.

"You are a sad girl, Ellen," said he, shaking his head mournfully, but in reality viewing her with as much pride as belongs to the fondest paternity. "You will become so troublesome, that I shall have to consign you over to other hands."

"Here, John, John, step this way, do," cried Ellen, "or we shall be quarrelling, this Baronet and I, shortly. Do, Sir Knight, take so liberally of the dainties set before you, that your whole attention may be engrossed by them."

"And leave the eyes of others to speak unutterable things, I suppose," whispered he in her ear.

"Captain Greaves, I am not accessory to the ill-mannered action of whispering, you will bear witness," said Ellen.

"Captain Greaves is not competent to bear witness in this case," said Sir Maxwell; "he has this morning shown a degree of prejudice, which disqualifies him from bearing testimony. Captain Greaves, will you take an oyster fritter, or shall I put another slice of bacon on your plate. Miss Keith, do just send a cup of the contents of the coffee-urn to my friend from the West Bank."

But Gilbert Greaves was too much engaged

with his passion and its object, to attend to the Baronet, or do justice to the good things of the breakfast-table. He ate little, and that little not without much solicitation, and the being frequently reminded of the importance to a soldier of laying in an adequate stock of nourishing food, against a day of need. His whole soul was engaged by the person and manners of the woman who now sat before him, beautiful as an angel. His abstraction and musing were noticed by the master of the mansion, who, at the termination of the repast, rose from his chair, and pleading calls to make, and business to transact in a distant part of the town, and bidding Gilbert, on his 'allegiance to the queen,' to stand sentry, and guard well the Hesperian fruit, during his absence, bowed and withdrew, leaving the enraptured youth to accomplish the difficult task of detaining the fair Ellen for a *tete-a-tete*. She also arose, and would have left the room, but our hero respectfully detained her, with an assurance that he "had learned some new rules for the game of chess, which, with the precaution of castleing the king, in due season, put check-mate of the castled king at an un-com-at-a-ble distance."

We are not authorized to report what use was made of the new rule at chess, or what was the substance of the conversation which,

for the next two hours, engrossed the attention of our two friends. At the expiration of that time Sir Maxwell returned, and the glimpse he caught as he entered the door, of a fair, gloveless hand, hastily, and, he conjectured, rather unwillingly withdrawn from a very friendly grasp, left him in no doubt that the two hours he had been absent had been passed in amity and profitable discourse. Ellen looked more sweetly than usual, inasmuch as her face resembled the deepest carnation, and Gilbert, whose cheek of manhood, of course, forbade to wear a blush, looked proudly conscious of the acquirement of some additional hold on felicity. Ellen did not intend that any thing should be said in her presence, but as she was preparing, by a *coup de main*, to gain the door, Sir Maxwell took her hand, and said, with a tone of sorrow which took away all her disposition to leave the apartment—

“My love, it grieves me that you are to lose your guardian, and lose him too at a time when he will be the most needed.—I am ordered to join Knyphausen, and as no particular reason can be given for the suddenness of the order, nor for the haste with which I am to be sent off, I am suspicious that some deeper motive than regard for the service has led to the arrangement.

It is but three days since Frederic Keith was sent out of the way in much the same manner, allowed but thirty minutes, and a prompter at his heels before ten minutes of the time had passed. You are a jewel, my love, as difficult to be kept safe as those in the tower of London. Will you allow your good friends to send you, with a faithful guide, to the ancient city of the Pilgrims, our refractory Boston? Among the stout rebels of Massachusetts-bay you will be safe."

"You are my honoured guardian, sir," said Ellen," and I commit myself entirely to your care and counsel. Send me whither you please. But will the guide be faithful?"

"I think so, but if the least doubt exist, we will place you in the care of Captain Greaves," said the baronet, with an air of grave irony.

"You will place her then in the care of one who will defend her till death," said Gilbert.

"Bravo," cried Sir Maxwell, "'with a thought seven of the eleven I paid' saith Falstaff. Don't chafe, Gilbert—I would as soon doubt the gospels as your bravery in all cases, and your disposition to be valiant and watchful in this particular instance. To Boston you must go, Ellen. You'll fare somewhat hard, my love, the 'Stipulation act' debaring all dainties from their tables, and the Cotton Mather code prescribing some rules

for the regulation of headgear and stomachers, which would hardly suit so gay a lady as yourself. I have provided you a guide, an honest and a decent man, and a puritan, born in some place, where, as Burns says—

‘ Sailors gang to fish for cod.’

and who was won entirely to my interest by my likening Boston to the Cities of Refuge mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. He will be faithful, I’ll warrant.”

“ When do I go, sir ?” asked Ellen.

“ To-morrow,” answered her guardian.

Gilbert remarked “ that he must go and see that he had no desertion of duty to answer for. If Miss Keith will permit me, and I am not called off on duty, I will call in the morning,” he continued.—“ In the meantime, I hope she will not forget her promise made me just now.”

“ Oh, no, no,” said she, anxious to evade conversation on a topic upon which Sir Maxwell was continually teasing her. Bidding them good-morning, to be converted into farewell, if circumstances did not permit him to call again, Greaves took his hat, and departed the hospitable and friendly mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen.

Before he had reached the hotel of Mrs.

Baker, he saw approaching him a man supported by crutches, who proved to be his late opponent on the duelling ground, Colonel Richard Gordon. The wound of that gentleman had been much more slight than was at first imagined. His flesh, as well as his insolence, was cured, the latter perfectly, and the former to a state which now permitted occasional visits to his friends. With all his vice and folly, Dick Gordon had neither a bad heart, nor an unforgiving temper, and he furnished evidence of both, in the hearty shake he gave the hand of his late antagonist.

“I am glad to see you, sir,” said he—“I wish to become better acquainted with you. You are certainly a lad of mettle, and so damnably cool withal, that I had as lief fight a powder magazine on fire as to meet you in hostile guise.”

On the invitation of Greaves, Gordon agreed to accompany him to dinner. With a view to learn what could have originated the coldness which appeared in the behaviour of a large part of the officers towards him, Greaves put a variety of questions, which, while their object was kept out of view, were well calculated to elicit answers to the effect of discovering the cause. Gilbert was soon convinced that Gordon was not in the secret, since no human cunning could have connect-

ed a cautious veiling of the truth with perfectly artless answers.

They dined, and after the usual space allowed for drinking, Gordon proposed that they should go over to the billiard-room.

“We shall find the prime of the set there,” said he, “and if you’ll stand marker, we will beat them, to a certainty. Come, no ifs or buts. You cannot be a gentleman, that is a gentleman of the army, unless you have a spice of the gamester.”

“No, sir,” answered Gilbert, “I have no disposition to taste the joy which belongs to the winner, nor the distress which awaits the loser at a game of chance. You must allow that the specimens I have seen of the gambling-house, and its evils, are enough to scare any novice away from the order. Besides, I have a walk in hand. Thellesson speaks of the beauties of the Bloomingdale road.—M’Nab protests, upon the word of a man, that he has seen Sylphs, Fairies, and Robin Goodfellows by dozens there—tells of birds of Paradise and girls of Paradise, in fact, seems transported to Paradise when he attempts a description of the wonderful things he has seen in that fairy-land of delight. I have a mind to see how dame Nature gets on with her handy-work at this time. I was brought up in the country, Colonel Gordon, and have

not forgotten the joys which are gathered from 'hill, dale, and mountain.' A good evening to you, sir, and may fortune attend you in all your speculations and wheel o' fortune adventures."

And here the gentlemen parted. Gordon hobbled off to indulge his irresistible propensity to gambling, while Gilbert Greaves walked in the opposite direction, to gratify a much more honourable and laudable inclination.

CHAPTER XIV.

Pedro.—Marry, sir, I am for action,
Give me a siege, and spice it high with bruit ;
A tournament, and dress it with feats
Of manful daring, lances cracked and crowns.
Peace, peace, cry some, and list old women's tales
Of passive life, good souls.

The Hidalgo.

THE most beautiful part of the suburban domain, of which in a preceding chapter we treated somewhat largely, was the Bowery. At the period of our story it was a *bowerie* indeed, and the boughs sometimes shot forth in the shape of a pair of well-rounded arms, which certain ceremonies and preliminaries duly settled, were seen to twine around the necks of the rural youths with much seeming satisfaction. If this were the only unintelligible figure in our volumes, we might attempt an explanation in the body of the chapter, or subjoin a note in illustration. But our perfect consciousness of the mysticism in which we occasionally envelope our ideas, as well as story, forbids the

undertaking. We have so often attempted description, and dwelt so much, in the present volume, on the honeysuckle, hyacinth, and other objects of natural beauty, that we ought, in all conscience, to leave the Bowery undescribed, and annihilating all intermediate space, set down our readers some five miles from the city, to ramble about with our hero, bidding them remember that they are near the seat of war. This course, perhaps, would be nearer right than that which we are resolved to adopt at the hazard of displeasing our readers.

Nature had few richer scenes than the Bowery. Even Hans Tracksuyt, whose cradle was rocked within hearing of the great bell at Haerlem, acknowledged it a nonpareil. In spring the air was full of the fragrance of blooming orchards, and the music of the vernal choristers—in autumn, the fields were rich with the golden harvests of grain and fruit. It was indeed a rich and abundant district; a domain worthy of a wealthy city.

Sunrise was the time to visit the Bowery. Every lover of rural life knows that the dew-drops of a May-morning are the gems that deck out our mother earth as if for a bridal. When the sun first throws his beams on the grassy side of a grassy knoll, diving among the flowers to disenthral a violet, whose head bows with the weight of its tears,

then should the admirer of nature walk abroad to adore her charms. Who can view her operations in such an hour, and yet decide for the dirty streets and noisy walks of a city.

Morning, too, is the season for the feathered songsters. The Bowery was completely an aviary. The thrush and the blackbird hopped and twittered from tree to tree, cooing and courting very noisily, in defiance of all Dutch precedents, which recommend silent and reserved courtships—so silent that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has nothing superior to it; and so reserved, that it is deemed a sprout of felony to sit nearer your beloved than easy hallooing distance. It seemed as if the birds threw a double portion of joy into their songs whenever the Bowery was the stage where they sung them. Sometimes, indeed, they discoursed melancholy music when an adventurous Yankee, with ‘pick-axe, crow, and spade,’ singing a stave of the ‘Ninety-first hymn,’ bustled into one of their favourite groves, and commenced the work of innovation by destroying their nestling-places. There was a story much credited among the honest old Dutch farmers, that whenever an eastern man settled down in the dominions of the ærial folks, that the crows, as one of the invaded tribes, assembled in

council, and ordered a day of fasting and humiliation.

As Gilbert Greaves strolled through this charming district, his mind not usually, it may be said, sufficiently contemplative, reverted to the scenes of his childhood, and riper boyhood, and but for the sword by his side, a tear might have stolen to his cheek. No man could be less effeminate than he, but he was in that state of mind which predisposes us to count the advantages of simple friendships, occasional privacy, unfettered feelings, pure air, and country sports, over the measured and meted existence of a citizen. Every object he saw was peculiarly calculated to awaken feelings of regret for having left the country. In every bird which flitted over the blooming orchards, he heard the choral songsters of his native hills breathe their melodious strains. And then he thought of his deceased sister; reminded by every maiden that tripped along of her affection, her loveliness, and her playful roguery, which was, at one time, gratified with hiding his ball and bat, at another with teasing him with tales of his predilection for the village girls, who, it was asserted, were 'coy and repulsive, little delighted with his company, escaping from his caresses,' &c. He became gloomy, and the walk which was intended to enliven, operated

still farther to depress his spirits. Little cheered, therefore, by objects which were wont to give him the liveliest sensations of pleasure, he continued his walk in a most dull and spiritless apathy of feeling.

Our readers have for some time been in possession of the secret of his disaffection to the cause in which he had embarked, and they will doubtless attribute his gloom to a want of opportunity for an honourable relinquishment of the royal service. It was not probable that his resignation would be accepted, and the loyalists, suspected and subjected to a species of the most unmanly espionage, found themselves held in what might properly be called a liberal durance, and every possibility of escape removed. Desertion was out of the question, and he determined on surrendering his commission.

Little fear was entertained at this time by the British of the ultimate failure of the revolution, to give freedom from their yoke, and the officers of the royal army, inspirited by sanguine hopes of an easy subjugation of the revolted colonies—by the license of free plunder, which was to follow that subjugation, spent their hours in the valiant employments of afflicting, by every species of severity and cruelty ; and disgusting, by every measure of tyranny and oppression, the few citizens re-

maining in the city, who were friendly to the cause of resistance. Such was your treatment if known to be a whig ; and though if a tory, you were in exclusive possession of the little commerce left the city ; had profitable contracts for governmental supplies, and profitable employments otherwise connected with the royal cause, you must be an idiot not to see that the immunities granted you were of the nature of those allowed by the devil to those who sell him their souls, ‘unbounded power for a time, in consideration of eternal damnation afterwards.’

Greaves had wandered on, rapt up in speculations on revolutions, soliloquies on the instability of power, &c. until reminded by the whip-poor-will of the approach of night. If description were our *forte*, and landscapes less common, we would say something of the golden sun, who now hid himself, with much parade, to the westward of the North river. But as most of our readers, we will venture to suppose, have enjoyed the sublime prospect of seeing the sun set in a clear sky, we shall omit altogether the description of his exit on this memorable night, to make way for some circumstances which we have thought worthy of accurate remembrance, at least by that portion of our readers who

purpose to peruse the remaining pages of our story.

At the period to which our tale refers, on the left of the Bowery Hill there stood a spacious and handsome mansion, owned and tenanted by an army contractor, of the name of Keith, and the very gentleman whose name occurs frequently in the preceding chapter. The class of men to which he belonged, at no time remarkable, it is said, for honesty, were at that day noted for speculation and profitable contracts. Major Keith, however, escaped with little censure, for there were more prominent men to stand the brunt of public reproach—where ‘he was in for a penny, Simon Riprap was in for a pound.’ In fact he was allowed all the praise which could be gathered by implication, or made out by the charitable from the trite remark, that he was the ‘best of the bunch.’

Besides, Major Keith had done some good in his generation, and the people who are, now and then, struck with a desire to render justice, put his charity and benevolence into the scale with his supposed malversation in office. The money he had acquired he scattered about with great profusion, often enacting most indubitable follies with it—building elegant and costly mansions, and if a door creaked on its hinge, selling them to the highest

bidder, and trying his hand again. Indeed, the only stock upon which he seemed to set high value, was a son, a worthy and estimable young man, and a fair daughter, of the age of eighteen, the acknowledged queen of fashion, and reigning toast of the day. We had the honour, in our twelfth chapter, to lead this fair lady to the dinner-table of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to whose care, as we have frequently said, Major Keith, or rather his son, had given her. Since then, such, and so unmanly had been the conduct of the general, his pursuit attended with such insulting proclamation of his motives and designs, that Sir Maxwell had removed his fair charge to a situation more immediately under his own eye, and more difficult of access to the unblushing libertine, whom he feared. (This is repetition, but it could not be avoided.) Still the establishment at Orchardley's Hall was kept up under a faithful steward, and when the commander-in-chief was absent, and hence there was safety in the excursion, the fair daughter of the proprietor cared in person for the things disarranged by the absence of those interested in the preservation of the estate.

Gilbert Greaves had never visited this part of the Bowery, and knew none of the particulars we have just mentioned. His acquaint-

ance, as our readers have been informed, with Miss Keith, commenced in the city, and the only interviews he had had with her since, were in the mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen. He was determined to a nearer inspection of this fine suburban domain, by the majestic appearance of the lofty oaks growing around it. He had it in view to cross York island and travel back to the city by the west road, now the noble Broadway, which then, from the intersection of Chamber-street to its very farthest extremity, was a ragged, stony road, with here and there a farm-house. With such his purpose, to pass by the front of the Orchardleys mansion would be the nearest road he could take.

Acting on this resolution, he had gained the shade of a giant oak which stood at the corner of the garden, a kind of great man, the quality of whose favour could be well understood from the sickly appearance of the lesser trees, shrubs, and plants, which were growing around it. Beneath the ample canopy, Greaves stopped to breathe the scented air of the garden of flowers and odoriferous herbs. The trellis-work was not compact, and the view obtained through it of the numerous plants of both exotic and indigenous growth, was such as, wanting but due proclamation of the beauties seen, to have gathered about it all the admirers of nature in her botanical departme

While Gilbert stood noting the splendour of a bed of tulips in flower, there appeared two persons walking in an alley behind a shrubbery, which partly hid them from his view. Occasionally glimpses could be caught of them, sufficient in duration to enable him to fix, as he thought, their sex and relative situation. One was a lady clothed in white—her attendant a gentleman, in the military dress, and probably a lover, who had chosen the apt hour of twilight to whisper his hopes to the blushing fair one. And yet, there did not appear to be, he thought, that slow and loitering step and frequent ‘upturning of the eye,’ which mark the maiden listening to a favoured lover, but rather the averted face, and uneven and timeless step which as truly speak of disgust and terror. These were observations made hastily, for the pair were now approaching that part of the garden where he was resting, and a few steps further would have made him an unwilling hearer of any conversation they might hold above a confidential whisper. The idea of being supposed an eaves-dropper, by no means suited his ideas of propriety, and he was on the point of discovering himself by an interjectional hem! and referring his horticultural and herbal curiosity to a more convenient period, when his attention was arrested by the tone of almost

agonized supplication which the female adopted to still the unholy suggestions of her libertine attendant. Greaves dropped on his knee behind a screen formed by many elm shoots sprouting from the roots of a girdled tree—an eavesdropper in fact, but with a motive which made even that mean act appear commendable and praiseworthy.

“General Arleston,” said the lady, “are these the manners of a commander of armies—of a general entrusted with the task of subduing licentious rebels? I did not think there lived so base a man. . You knew that my brother was absent on duty, that my father was in England, and that I had no protector but menials.”

“You forget the dog that stands sentry over all the ~~Hesperian~~ apples in the country—the good Sir Maxwell; surely you forget him,” replied the male.

“No, I do not, nor did you forget that he was an efficient protector,” said the lady. “My father, sir, was your early friend and patron. The doors of our house were always open to you, and now you would abuse the sacred rights of hospitality, and repay your debt of gratitude by the ruin of the daughter of your benefactor.” The young lady wept bitterly when she had finished these observations.

“ Mere nonsense all this, my sweet girl,” said her licentious attendant, “ though ruby lips do utter it. Besides, who said aught of ruin. You’ll become my wife—in time, and instead of being Madam Chintz among rebels, will become a Lady Brocade in loyal land. By how many times the better! Keep your lips quiet, sweet, if remonstrance is to be their burden. I have drunk three bottles of Madeira, and care little at this moment for any doctrine that does not regard fair Ellen—or the wine-cooler. Don’t tremble so, you silly girl. Your father is a tory, and so true a tory, that he will think himself honoured by our little tendernesses. In short, as there seldom falls so glorious a chance to a creature of clay, by the immortal Mars I will enjoy it. So no more of your coyness.” *when!!!*

A scream from the lady, in the loudest tone of distress, announced the termination of the dialogue. Regardless of the consequences of attacking the commander in chief, a man of most irascible passions, caring nothing for law nor justice, and making light of the civil obligations which oftentimes deter men from the commission of crime, Gilbert bounded over the garden fence and rushed to the rescue of the lady. There could few be found, we imagine, possessed of manhood, who would have neglected the supplication of a female,

placed in such imminent peril, but in the present case we must hint our suspicion, that what gave our hero nerve peculiarly fitted to do the work of vengeance on the noble ruffian, was an acquaintance with the sweet tones in which the suffering party sued for mercy or invoked assistance. Besides, the name of Ellen had reached his ear from the mouth of the general, and other circumstances came to fix his belief that his beloved was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the designs of a villain in power.

He held in his hand a cane, not such an one as gay young gentlemen of the present day twirl around their thumbs along Broadway, to the great annoyance of less tippyfied passengers, but a stout crab-stick, the usual weapon of the roaring blades who beat up the watchmen's quarters. One blow levelled the ruffian with the earth, and incapable of restraining his indignation, Greaves struck him a second time. Here, many of our good readers exclaim "a failure!" The hero should have drawn his sword with 'lay on Macduff, &c.' On occasions demanding quick succour, we are told 'nice tourney rules are set aside.' The custom which admits of a partial abrogation of the *mellee* laws, must be our excuse for making our hero strike his general in the unsoldierly manner noted.

When the momentary surprise, occasioned by the sudden appearance of a deliverer had ceased, the lady fell upon her knees, and in most impassioned accents breathed her thanks. Greaves raised her up, and we are glad, as doubtless will be the reading world, that he did, for had he not done so, his story would never have been known, at least from our lips.

Before the lady had fully spoken her feelings, the domestics whom Arleston had contrived to get despatched on various errands, having missed their mistress, came into the garden.

“I am happy,” said Greaves, in reply to a very sweet-toned benediction, “to have afforded this aid to Miss Keith. But this particular act of assistance I would have rendered to any daughter of humanity.”

The succoured fair one paused when she heard her name used by the stranger.

“I have not yet asked the name of my deliverer,” said she.

“I have the happiness to be known to Miss Keith,” said Gilbert. “My name is Gilbert Greaves—Greaves of the West Bank, madam.”

“And captain in the Second Loyal regiment. I think—I—I—believe I saw Captain Greaves this morning,” said Miss Keith, fal-

teringly. The young officer assisted her in the task of recollecting more particularly when and where this interview had happened, and we will not say that he did not speak briefly of the circumstances which had rendered that interview worthy of recollection. But the danger of his situation, with his general lifeless at his feet, made him couch his ideas in as few words as possible. He had assaulted, and perhaps slain, though in the discharge of an imperious duty, the commander of the army, and could not help recollecting that offences of a more expiable nature had often been punished with imprisonment, degradation, death. Possibly the general before he had received the blow which had deprived him of his senses, had done nothing towards retaining the features of the person who had checked him in his career of infamy. But Gilbert Greaves was spell-bound by a face, which memory, aided by a moon which now threw on the earth her mildest of planetary beams, told him was beautiful as an angel's.

While our hero stood in this state of tender delirium, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, as of a squadron of cavalry approaching at a rapid pace.

"I must fly, Madam," said Greaves—"my stay on earth would be brief, if I were taken.

Twelve good arquebuisers would settle all, without the formality of a trial."

"Would the man whose vengeance you have drawn upon you in my defence, dare to harm you, save in the fair cause of justice?" asked Miss Keith.

"Pardon me, madam," answered Gilbert, "but I thought Miss Keith had already experienced how little the object of our mutual fears cared for law or justice—God or man."

"True, sir," answered the lady, "and having heard how much he has done for an old grudge, I ought to have seen that the present action of yours is not at all calculated to lull asleep an already conceived sentiment of hatred."

"It is not, indeed. I may expect all the injury which it is in his power to inflict," said Gilbert.

"And what measure will you take with a view to safety?" asked she, anxiously.

"I must fly, madam."

"Have you a horse at hand, sir?" asked the lady.

"I have not," answered her rescuer. "My dependence rests chiefly on a heart conscious of having performed a beneficial service to the loveliest of her sex, and upon limbs which were wont to require some fifteen miles hard

clambering over the Kaatskill to give their owner an appetite for dinner."

"Neither the upright heart, nor the hunter's habit, will help you off from a pursuer like my father's favourite hunter, Black Giles. Brotherton, (speaking to a servant,) saddle the black hunter, instantly. Remember to use despatch, for it is a case of life and death. And prepare to follow me, for the time draws near when the person Sir Maxwell spoke of will call, and I shall need some servant to attend me on my eastern tour. But you do not hear me, sir?"—(to Gilbert.)

"I do, madam, and sincerely do I thank you for your offer of the noble hunter. I have concluded, on reflection, that I was not born to fly for an action done in the performance of my honest duty. I must take a course more worthy of my ancestors, and throw a defiance in the very teeth of my enemies."

"You will be a hardy fool, then," responded a voice from behind them.—An officer in cavalry uniform came forward, and, without much difficulty, was recognised as Major Andre, the friend and companion of Sir Maxwell Greacen, (afterwards the unfortunate and lamented victim of Arnold's treachery,) and it was whispered at a time, in the past tense, an unsuccessful suitor to the fair heiress of the Orchardleys. Major Andre, no

longer the literal lover, was now associated with Sir Maxwell in the duty of protecting the sister of his friend, Frederick Keith, from the designs supposed to be contemplated against her peace and person. The Major followed up the abrupt exclamation which had first announced him present, with communicating, in brief terms, the issuing of a warrant against Greaves, on a charge of holding a treasonable correspondence with the rebels.

“Why the warrant is not executed before this time, I can give no reason,” said he. “This I know, sir, that Arleston, and his advisers, Carruthers and Vernon, have determined on your ruin. I tried to see you this morning to advise your throwing up your commission, and consequent retirement from the service. Miss Keith, my present service regards your safety. Sir Maxwell has somehow been apprised of a plot of villainy intended to be practised against you, and fearing it would be put in execution before you could find time for your escape from the island, ordered me out with a troop of horse to escort you to his quarters. Eh! what’s that? who’s this double epauletted corpse?”

“No less a personage than the commander-in-chief, I assure you,” answered Gilbert.

“How came he in this situation?”

“By a lesson from the Irish Military Manual. You see this shillela. Eyes never saw a better crabstick, as his Excellency will testify, if recollection ever revisits his brain. In fine, sir, I laid him thus in defence of your charge.”

“And here you stand deliberating and hesitating, and balancing, whether to fly or not. Greaves, you ought to be cased in a straight jacket—you are as mad as a March hare.—Why, know you not that if you are taken, *sans* justice and equity, you will move to the dead march in Saul, with Provost Marshall Cunningham at your heels.”

“Do *you* recommend desertion to a soldier?” asked Greaves.

“I do, and I believe none ever accused me of an inclination to do an unsoldierly act myself, or advise it in others. You must fly. To stay and suffer would be not a whit more heroic than the self-immolation of an Indian Fakeer. Leave us, and time may lend you an opportunity to proclaim the story of your wrongs to the world. We shall have another General, soon. Be off. You linger as though there were one present from whom it were death to part.”

Wild Gil. pressed to the side of Miss Keith, and whispered. “There is,” in a tone inaudible, save to her for whose ear the confession

was intended. The fair one sighed gently, and gave him one of those expressive glances which thrill to the heart of an enamoured lover. Major Andre eyed them for a moment narrowly, but without any jealousy, for he was incapable of feeling the unworthy sentiment, and said,

“ You have met before, I see. My young friends I must speed the parting, however disconsolate it may make you. Greaves, a thought strikes me—have you your commission about you ?”

“ I have, by the merest chance.”

“ That’s glorious—hand it me—so : scribble your name at the bottom of this bit of paper, and let me alone for writing above your signature a resignation couched in the language of injured and insulted honour.”

“ Hark you, Andre—and say in the body of it in capitals, that I am bound to join the American army ; and tell that lethargic villain, ah, he’s coming too, that he will find in the front rebel ranks, in the next battle, one prompt to settle all moonlight scores. But who’s here ?”

As he made this exclamation, a tall, plain-dressed, stooping man came with a rapid step to them, and was recognised by Gilbert to be Sam. Bryce. Sam Bryce used brevity on all occasions, and now with fewer words than

usually demanded by him for verbal communications, informed Miss Keith that he was deputed by Sir Maxwell to act as her guide on her proposed journey. In the mean time Andre walked to and fro impatiently. "Here comes Black Giles," said he, "caparisoned worthy the tilt-yards of chivalric times. I heard the offer which the princess made her knight of the noble steed. Don't take him, Greaves, but use your legs over the fields. Cross Hardscrabble Hill, and keep well to the left. I'll bet my beaver to a common Jehiel Jagger, that if pursuit be made, it will be on the right. Keep a keen eye out for foragers. Vernon went out this morning with a troop of horse to rob the Westchester hen-roosts. I will tender you a bit of information, though thereby does hang a tale. Dirk Dewitt keeps a wherry at Hugh's Thumb, and for ready money serves king, lords, commons, colonics—and the devil. Go to him with a reasonable douceur in your hand, and he will ferry you to the opposite shore, nor ask a single question that the most bungling invention cannot honour at sight. Be off, he recovers."

"Farewell, dear Miss Keith," said Greaves.

"Farewell, sir, and God bless you," was the answer.

Before we proceed another line in our narrative, we would put the philosopher a ques-

tion.—Would it be impudence in a young man of twenty-one, conscious of being beloved by the object of his own fervent, unalterable love, after the performance of a deed of the greatest earthly import, on the eve of departure, perhaps for ever, to fold in his arms the fair lady in receipt of the benefit of his valour, and imprint a kiss on her cheek? Sans philosophy and cant, Gilbert Greaves drew the weeping maiden to his bosom, and, for a second of time, found her arms thrown round him, and his embrace gently returned. It was, indeed, the briefest possible caress. She disengaged herself hastily from his arms, and either alarmed in maiden modesty, or aware of the necessity for her lover's flight, bade him again farewell, with an accent of tenderness that sent a thrill of joy to his soul, and turned off into one of the shaded alleys of the garden, attended by Major Andre, and Sam. Bryce. Yet we have had a friendly intimation from a bystander, that like the Anastatia of the Bohemian play—

She turn'd as if to go, and bade farewell,
 But when the soldier had address'd himself
 Unto his flight, she through the leafy bowers
 Bent eyes upon him, dimm'd with many a tear,
 And watch'd him from a covert, till the night
 Shut up th' anxious visual orb. 'I heard
 The promis'd carbine, signal he hath reach'd
 The Zisca's camp in safety.'

CHAPTER XV.

He had limbs bred to manly exercise,
And labour gave him health and strength and gladness,
That which men reckon toil, was to him pleasure.
He could the woodland like the roe-buck traverse.
Measuring distances all by the star.
And he could caper after days of toil,
As nimbly as my lady's light-beeled gallant.

Prince Maximilian.

WHEN Gilbert Greaves, acting rather by the advice of others, than of his own discretion and judgment, had determined, if possible, to make his escape beyond the pale of British power, he set himself to the task with the good will and alacrity, which we have said were characteristic of all his undertakings. Before two hours had elapsed the legs of 'Ploughman Gil,' as the city belles had sometimes jocosely termed our hero, had helped their owner off in the right direction for the contemplated point of deportation to the tune of eight good miles. It was his intention to try at a circuitous passage around the mouth of Haerlem river, on the Hudson side, by the conveyance which Andre had recommended. The American army was now encamped upon the main-

land, and no material difficulty offered to impede a landing in their rear.

During the occupancy of 'York Island by the British, various expedients were resorted to whereby communication might be kept up with the loyalists in the adjacent country, as well as for the rightly conducting the love affairs of the royal officers. Small wherries and boats of a light material and construction were kept at several places on the island side of the Hudson, for the purpose of aiding the emissaries of royalty, and the votaries of passion on their several errands, the extraordinary fare paid by the applicants in such cases being reckoned an adequate offset to the risk incurred by keeping such suspicious and whiggish vehicles. It was to one of these 'accommodation ferries' that Andre had recommended Greaves.

Our readers are not to suppose that 'York Island in the year '75 was that well cultivated and improved spot we at present find it. 'There were many tracts then covered with timber, brushwood or coppice, which now present us with the liberal bounties of the harvest. We have in a previous chapter partially narrated the improvements which half a century has made in the appearance of 'York Island. And having conveyed to our readers the idea of a tract of land partially uncropped of its sylvan adornments, and hence abounding in by-paths, cross-roads,

sheep-walks, &c., they will be the less surprised when informed that what with the abundance and intricacy of these 'guidings', and too deep revolvment of the events to which the day had given birth, that Gilbert Greaves became bewildered, and unable to trace out from recollection, or mother wit, any thing like the proposed path to safety. There was no Ariadne at hand to lend the Theseus of the night a clue. Those much-talked of babes, 'The Children in the Wood,' were not more completely puzzled than the bewildered adult whom we hand to posterity in this tale.

To add to his perplexity, the night set in peculiarly unfavourable. Stars were to be seen at one moment twinkling and brilliant, then the heavens would suddenly become enveloped in utter darkness. At times, light pillowy clouds would pass rapidly over the face of the moon, chased away to the north-east by a brisk breeze, the whole producing an alternate recurrence of light and shade, a state or condition of darkness which a bewildered person will never petition for twice, as we know from experience. Better is a total absence of planetary effulgence than this pettish hesitation of the celestial bodies to do their full work.

But Gilbert Greaves was not of a temper to be disheartened at a misfortune which woods-

men value little ; so he took the middle path of three which offered themselves to his choice, and blithly left the rest to Providence. Adopting the idea common in such cases, to wit, that every road has an end, he threw an additional portion of speed into his pace, and gave himself up to fond recollection of the last important transaction registered in his memory. He was so busily employed in recalling the particulars of the parting with the object of his love, and the ill-dissembled fondness she had shown for him, that he noticed not a lofty stone wall, the solidity of which came near being proved on his perecranium. Mounting it, the Hudson was seen at no great distance, gliding darkly to old ocean, but we have not heard that optical illusion framed aught of the Storm Ship, or of the Half Moon as usually seen with her good commander Hendric Hudson on the poop. Between him and the river, a glimpse might be caught on the right, of a fine level, where, when the moon shone out, many farm houses were to be seen, leaving, when the wayward planet chose to hide her face, their locality to be determined by the lights in their windows.

Noting the time which had elapsed since he commenced his flight, and computing the distance he had travelled by the usual speed of his pace, Greaves thought himself nearly in a line with Dirk Dewitt's ferry, and bent his course

for the river. He had crossed the last hill of the range which had so impeded and perplexed him, and merry as a cricket with the fair prospect of escape, and future union with the beautiful daughter of the Contractor, was singing in an under tone, a stave of the old song,

“He press’d her bonny mou,”

when at the turning a sharp angle of the aforesaid wall, at a point where it approached the Great Road or ‘Thoroughfare,’ his dreams of the ‘lady of the bower,’ received a rather sombre tint from the unexpected challenge of Vernon’s troop of dragoons who had, as was stated, been foraging in the direction of the White Farms, and were returning to the city. What was to be done? The resolution was immediately taken to appear in the character which his uniform would serve to support. As the British officers were in the habit of traversing the island at all times of night unmolested, our hero imagined that the avowal of any motive, regular or irregular, would be sufficient to free him from all trouble save that of a very brief explanation.

“Who goes there?” asked a trooper.

“A soldier,” was the reply.

“Of the Royal Service or the Ragman Roll? Heart of Oak or Yankee Doodle?”

“Don’t you see the red coat, you blind puppy?” asked Gilbert.

A red coat, sure enough, and alone,” said Cap-

tain Vernon as he rode up; "Captain Greaves, I think."

"Right as a gun, sir."

"But why are you here, Greaves?" asked Vernon.

"Venus is the occidental star—I am upon secret service," said Gilbert, affecting mystery.

"She has been the occidental star of my solar system ever since his most excellent Majesty gave me a Cornetcy in the King's Own." "Hark in thine ear. Where lives this Dulcinea of the moment? Whither away? Well, fair speed you, (an inferior officer rode up and whispered Vernon ;) Blood and gun-powder! Do you think so Purvis? Captain Greaves, I must take upon me, sir, to alter the order of your march. You cannot press the lips of bonny Elsie Merry to-night, if that was your secret service. You must go to quarters, sir."

"You will not stop me, surely?" said Greaves.

"Yes, but I will, sir. The Loyalists have had Mercury's heels of late, but disdaining Mercury's practice of using them on errands towards the four cardinals indifferently, they are always off in the direction of the rebel army. Purvis, Bill Purvis here, says there was a warrant out for your apprehension, on account of sundry illegitimate practices and treasonable correspondencies."

“And on the word of Bill Purvis you will arrest me.”

“I will,” replied the Briton. Here Lambie Wilkie (speaking to a tall, rawboned soldier) use thy Scottish cleverness in conducting this gentleman to the quarters of our General, and as he has the reputation of great strength and bravery, we assign thee the Minnow, to act as the knock-down and drag-out of the escort. If the prisoner prove refractory, tie him to thy horse’s tail, and bring him *a la Betis*. If both of you cannot get him along, let him go for the ghost of Ajax.”

“Dare you act thus without a warrant?” asked Greaves, striving manfully to check his rising passion.

“I dare,” answered Captain Vernon, “because if no warrant be in fact issued, I will give you personal satisfaction for what will then have been a most damning insult, and I can make up any breach with the commander-in-chief, by a present to his haram. If he be displeased, I have only to introduce him to some citizen, whose cellar he hath not drained, wife abused and daughter violated, and I shall be pardoned and promoted in the bargain.” With this compliment to the character and conduct of their commander-in-chief, Captain Vernon bade his dragoons use their spurs, and moved on, leaving Lambie Wilkie and the Minnow to conduct Gilbert Greaves to the camp.

The soldier nominated chief of the escort, Gow Wilkie by name, a tall, raw-boned Scot, acting as sergeant in the regiment of cavalry called the King's Own, had acquired the epithet of Lambie, as is usually the case, from the possession of qualities diametrically opposite to those implied in the title, which, our readers know, usually stands for meekness. But Lambie Wilkie, be it spoken to his praise, was nothing more than a fiery Scot, jealous of his honor, proud of his country, suffering neither jest nor quip at expense of either, and hence evermore at loggerheads with his unruly, mischief-loving comrades, who came from south of the Tweed. A single derogatory expression, glancing however remotely at his county or his honor, set the choleric Scotsman in a fume, and the Highland whinger was called to arbitrate the difference. But if Wilkie was easily angered, he was as easily tranquilized. A few soft words completely turned away all his wrath. In fact, he had all the faults, foibles and virtues of a thoroughbred Scotsman.

Far other sort of man was William Cutbush, sometimes called Big Bill Cutbush, but oftener the "Minnow," a tory born and *raised* on the Hampshire Grants, and a jovial fellow who possessed at least two of the requisites enabling men to go through the world easy, to wit, a heart, and a thin pair of breeches. Bill

Cutbush, if the truth must be told, was much better pleased with fun than fight. But when sufficiently provoked, he was, to use the phrase which Macpherson puts in the mouth of his Ossian, "terrible in the battles of his steel." But Providence, in giving him the bone and muscle of a giant, had connected with them a disposition to bear much, before he wielded his strength and prowess in offensive warfare.

They proceeded a short distance, perhaps forty rods, before a word was said by any one of the party. Greaves was immersed in that deep train of thought which his peculiar situation excited, and deeply busied in sorting the materials of a stratagem for an escape. But they had taken his pistols, the only weapons he had worn out from the city, and wherewith should he strike a blow for life and freedom. Sergeant Wilkie watched his prisoner narrowly, and proved himself a most vigilant guardsman and custodier; but Big Bill Cutbush, knowing nothing and fearing nothing, discharged his duty in a manner that showed accountability a circumstance foreign to his mind. He appeared to be better pleased with exhibiting feats of horsemanship, as he rode his horse at the top of his speed, a dozen or more rods ahead, or fell that distance in the rear, then came up, than with the care and

circumspection which marks the faithful and vigilant escort. When he had ridden ahead, reprimanded however by the Lambie, Greaves, with the hesitancy and flurried articulation which fetters the speech of a proud spirit when about to offer something that sounds like supplication, or that may be so construed, broke silence.

“Sergeant Wilkie, it is said you have a good heart, and that necessity, not choice, brought you to our shores in the present war.”

“It did, mon,” said the sergeant in his broad Scotch, “I wadna draw the broadsword on ye, gin I could holp it. But whereto tends your speech, laddie.”

“I should like to slip bonds, for an hour or so, sergeant, just to take a kiss off the cheek of one—no, no, never will I be a li--.” The confession which the bold and ingenious youth was about to make of the untruth so hastily uttered, and as hastily suppressed, was interrupted by the circumstances of the moment which forbade the application of the period.

They had arrived at the brow of a hill, very steep and rugged in its descent. The good horse upon which the sergeant was mounted, carried him in safety to the bottom, muttering his determination “never to become a fause loon for the hale gowd in their coffers.” Not so sure footed was the horse of Big Bill, which, proba-

bly bred on a champaign, was less used to rocks, and stumbled so much, and threatened such disasters to his burden, that his rider was compelled to dismount at a couple of rods from the summit. Greaves had, in some measure, foreseen this circumstance, and prepared himself to make the moment of dismounting, that of a successful, or of an unavailing effort to accomplish his deliverance. As the right foot of Big Bill reached the rocky platform, and before the left foot had exchanged the stirrup for the foundation which supported its fellow, he was precipitated by a blow into which was thrown the full strength of an arm, at all times nervous, and now strung with additional tendons, and armed with less palpitating nerves by the dangers hanging over him. The blow would have stunned a much larger fish than a minnow. Cutbush fell headlong, receiving as he fell a considerable wound in his forehead from the sharp projection of a rock which lay before him. While he laid in a state of momentary insensibility, Greaves, with the precaution with which a butcher approaches a dying bullock who has four feet in use, dexterously contrived to get the sword from his side, as well as his pistols, and leaping into the vacated saddle, pushed the horse to the top of his speed. He did not expect to get out of Lambie Wilkie's reach, but he wished to draw him so far from the Minnow that the aid of tha

worthy could not be had till the combat was determined between the mounted swordsman and himself. Wilkie had much the best horse, but he had to remount the steep hill, while Greaves was flying for life over a level course.

A stern chase is said to be a dull chase. Our hero thought that his pursuer must have accounted it otherwise. When the sergeant commenced the pursuit, he was probably thirty rods in the rear, yet in a mile he had gained so far on the flying officer, that the latter thought it necessary to wheel, and prepare for the encounter, lest he should be inconvenienced by a cut on the occiput. The Lambie rode up within a rod of his antagonist, reined up his steed, and demanded parley. Though brave as a hero of romance, he was nevertheless evidently disinclined to measure weapons with his youthful and strong-limbed antagonist, or rather preferred an amicable arrangement; or it is possible felt a real desire to save the youth from what he supposed would be the consequence of his own valor.

“Gie up that sword,” said he.

“Never,” answered his opponent.

“I’d suner carry ye to quarters wi’ your head on than off.”

“There we differ,” said Greaves, “I had rather go headless. Come on, brave sir.”

“Surrender, mon,” said the sergeant soothingly, “I’ll beg for ye on my bended knees for

ye're a noble lad, and say thrice the words for ye that I wad say for mysel. And there'll be mair on their marrowbanes. Besides nane haud their grip of the whittle when Gow Wilkie pulls blade from sheath."

"You overrate your powers, my brave Highlander," said Greaves, who saw that there must be crossing of swords, and the sooner the better, since Cutbush might come up and throw his weight into the scale against him. "You overrate your powers, sir. You forget that I am a freeman on the soil of freemen, and that you are the tool of despots. I am ready, dismount."

"You are a bra' chiel," said the brave old Scot, "and I'se loth to harm you. But I ha' warned you, and if ye fa', your blood will be on your ain head. I hae cleared mysel of a' account."

The parties militant dismounted, and like those prime warriors of anti-mundane celebrity St. Michael and Satan, 'they ended parle and both addressed for fight.' Gilbert Greaves had more strength and agility than his antagonist, but Wilkie, habituated to the broad sword for twenty-five years, was the best swordsman. He had, however, rather underrated the skill and offensive resources of his antagonist. He had reckoned on the acquisition of his opponent's sword by any the most common manœuvre of the noble science of attack and defence; but he had not

laid his hand a minute upon the hilt of his sword, and made the introductory pass, before he allowed to himself that though the head of the proscribed laddie might go in at the saddle bow, there were reasonable doubts to be entertained whether the hand of Gōw Wilkie would place it there. Quick of eye, agile of foot, and as cool as a cucumber, Gilbert Greaves so well supplied by use of his natural faculties, his lack of practice, that for some minutes, Sergeant Wilkie's perceptible advantages were limited to a more scientific bearing of his point. He had inflicted two or three slight wounds on his adversary, and received in return some gashes about the size of a 'Settlequarrel' at the German Universities, when a trifling slip of his foot, which the keen eye of Greaves caught in a moment, and improved as quickly, placed him and his sword in his adversary's power. The hardy old Highlander disdained to beg his life, nor was it essential to the safety of Gilbert that he should take it. He used the sword to ham-string the Minnow's horse, and when he had seen himself fairly seated on the saddle of Wilkie's noble charger, threw it back to its veteran owner. As he tried the mettle of his spoil in a leap which would not have dishonoured New Market or Epsom, he heard the Lambie say in a disconsolate tone, "Ye're the vara divil, lad, but ye ha pluckit your feather fra my cap. I should

like to meet you on hard ground once mair though."

Gilbert Greaves, no longer under charge of Sergeant Wilkie and his aid, Big Bill Cutbush, made for the intended point of debarkation, Dirk Dewitt's Ferry, that is, for the point of the river where he hoped to find such ferry. It was now ten o'clock, and that mild, motherly, apple-faced orb, which is said to patronize lovers, and govern the tides, was just going to sleep in the bosom of the Jerseys. Gilbert Greaves might not so soon have found this Charon of the Bronx and Hudson, but for his fortunate jostle in a narrow path, of an old negro, whose terror at the sudden appearance of our hero, deprived him for a few minutes of the faculty of speech wherewith he was partially gifted during those hours of the day in which the ghost seer is supplied with protecting sunshine. After many breathless ejaculations of "God a bless you, massa!" and not a few asseverations that "you mos a scare me," Pompey was brought to hear the question of "where dwelt Mister Dirk Dewitt?"

"Him lib—God a bless you, massa, you mos scare me. Me tought 'twas the evil von. Misser Jem, Massa Lotty Nullikins' Jem, see a Dutchmans fly footaback wid no head here. Young debble me spose."

"If you dont answer my question, quick, blackey," said his interrogator, "I shall shortly

lay stripes upon your carcase that will savour very much of an old devil."

"God a bless you, massa, him lib yonner; dat him light. Massa you go by Misser Rubins barn, den, by the black hin's nest—"

Greaves saw a light in the direction of the negro's telegraphic finger, and without waiting for farther directions, which were sure to obscure the little light already afforded, gave his horse the rein and spur, and set off for the goal of his journey. As he came in view of the old-fashioned building of glazed Holland brick which contained the man of many good turns, to reach which he was mainly assisted by the light in the diamond paned window, bold as he was, we will not take upon us to assert that his pulse did not rise four or five throbs above its usual temperature of a healthin-vigorating winter morning, at the sight of a party of horse drawn up on a small knoll above the antiquated mansion of Mr. Dewitt. With much caution, he led his horse back, unperceived of the men of the sword, and moved on foot, and in silence to reconnoitre.

Notwithstanding the grumbling expostulations of two sleek, indolent porkers who were sleeping in their straw, and the loud barking of a vigilant cur dog, whose discontent was referred to the dragoons, Greaves contrived to gain the garden hedge, a stand sufficiently near to enable him to learn from the mouth of their

commander, who was in loud and earnest conversation with the ferryman, that they were in pursuit of himself. This he had suspected. When the interrogator had vaulted to his saddle, and forward march! was the word, Mr. Dewitt began to shoot queries at the flying squadron about "height," "hair," "complexion," "eyes," "whiskers," "gait," "dress," &c. The troopers answered none of these questions, so Mr. Dewitt was in possession of nothing which could lead to the detection of Greaves. Indeed, the only information, which as far as he had heard, had been given with direct reference to the matter in hand, was, that the "deserter must be on foot."

Greaves stood a moment perdu, till the troopers were fairly out of hearing, then returned to his horse, and mounting him, rode at full speed, taking care to make considerable noise, and alighted at the front gate to the mansion, which gate was in the rudest possible style of architecture, resembling—but our imagination lights on no parallel. He found Dirk seated on his doorstone, apparently listening to the noise the troopers *had made*, for they were no more to be heard now than the last year's breaking up of the ice in the Hudson. From a short tobacco-pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, he rolled out huge clouds of smoke, sufficient in quantity to have made a reasonable

Cape Flyaway. A fat, waddling, 'five feet by four' creature of the feminine gender, with a face of the size and color of a tenpenny brown loaf, sat by his side, her head enveloped in a drugget apron, of the kind which my ancient maiden sister, Temperance, assures me hath a white warp and blue filling, and is denominated 'thunder and lightning cloth,' but whether so named from possessing certain electrical properties, she could not inform me. Two domestics, one the cur whose vigilance we complimented on the last page, and the other a wonderfully discontented tabby cat, recumbed before the master and mistress of the mansion, while behind them sat a lad and lass as comfortable as rustic lovers can be who have one chair to support them both. The Phillis was the daughter of Mr. Dewitt, and the Strephon a neighboring lad, her sweetheart.

To the question duly put, whether he had seen or heard any thing of an officer wearing the British uniform, "height five feet seven and three fourth inches, red hair and whiskers, blue eyes and bow legged, a scar on his right cheek, and a mole on the left side of his chin?" (none of which specifications applied to the patent before him,) Dirk answered, repeatedly interrupted however by his rib, that no such person had approached his domicile that night, and prayed inspection of his premises.

“The rascal, for whom the halter is waiting, has tricked us then.”

“He can’t get clear off, sir,” said the ferryman, “this disaster that you speak of. Kingsbridge is blocked up, ‘Tim Dobbs’ wherry is gone to be keeled and ribboned, (Mrs. Dewitt thrust in a needless confirmation,) ‘Bisha’s canoe leaks like a sieve, (Mrs. Dewitt doubted it. ‘Conrad Crambe had carried a fox, a goose, and peck of corn to Communipaw in it,’) and my wherry sha’nt carry the rogue over, I’ll be bound. You’ll ferret him out, sir.”

“Pshaw! well it is no use to fret. Put up my horse, if you please, sir, and feed him well to the tune of prompt pay. Mr. Dewitt, a word in your ear. Andre said you helped him to a meeting with his sweetheart.”

“Ay did I, and bigger folks than he have scraped a foot, and said many thanks for the like favor.”

“You were kind, sir. Now if you will help me to an hour’s chat with my linnet, by all the wisdom that ever dwelt in the noddles of the lords of the privy council, I will put two broad pieces, true begotten of the royal mint, into that big, hard fist of yours.”

“Wull ye? By jingo, goold is the stuff after all! I’ve got some of your d—d Kelso and

Cromwell stuff * that I'd swap pound for pound for jewsharps without tongues to 'em."

"Ha, ha! You will assist me then?" asked Greaves.

"Yes, will I. What is your doxy named?"

"Hannah Holdfast."

"I dont know any sich gal. I know the Holdfasts well. They came by the mother's side of the Gripealls, who made a mint of money by selling penny fiddles at public outcry. I never knew that old Miraijah Holdfast of Gullygap had a daughter. I reckon my woman knows. I'll ask her."

Mr. Dewitt hereupon sought his spouse to settle the important matter. The time of his absence was passed by Greaves almost in agony. The ferryman at length returned fully satisfied in his mind that Miraijah Holdfast of Gullygap had several daughters, but none named Hannah, which fact was duly communicated to Gilbert.

"And now will you carry me?" asked the impatient soldier.

"To be sure I will. But you are in such a confounded hurry. Here Debby," said he, speaking to a tall, stooping maiden, who was just added to the *dramatis personæ*, "put up the Royaller's horse, rub him a bit with a wisp of

* *Note by Counsellor Sparrow* —It is probable that the ferryman here referred to the Continental paper emission of 1777, signed in behalf of government, by J. Kelso and R. Cromwell.

straw, and strike the innkeeper's *little* two gallon tub—mind—the measure we had of Puffing Stage-house, with oats for him. Heinrich, help me float the wherry. Hein, where's mum? call her."

He went with his son to a pile, or 'stack' of hay, which resembled in its shape, the roof of a house, separated from the 'upright,' and placed unshattered on the ground. Removing a portion of the hay at the end, he drew forth a light boat or 'wherry,' as watercraft of a particular construction are called, [west of the Alleghany mountains we have heard them called 'slaptogethers.' *Nota bene*, canoes are there called 'dug-outs,' and the large, flat bottomed boats used in transporting the bulky and less valuable produce, 'broadhorns,'] and with the aid of our hero, the lad Heinrich, lass Debby, and fat madam Dewitt, speedily deposited her in the proper element, where she lay like a crippled duck stealing off from a fowler. Dirk Dewitt placed himself at his oars, and bade Greaves seat himself in the stern, at the same time intimating mysteriously, lest the assigned duty should be thought worthy of constituting a partial set-off to his claim for ferriage, "that a boat in the tide's wake was like a woman in her teens,—there must be a steady hand to govern her." When he saw that his passenger had taken the helm, he expressed his sorrow by every form of

expression short of an actual order to resign it. Greaves, in the exercise of his office as steersman, received the warm encomium of the ferryman for his wisdom in hugging the shores of York Island.

“By keeping in shore, you see, sir, we chouse the tide,” said he. “If we had tried to cross the Hudson here, we should have drifted like a hay-dropper beating down the Tappan. Now we’ll keep in the edge of the slack-water till we take the Bronx current, *that* will set us across the Hudson.”

Greaves readily assented to a plan which agreed so well with his wishes, secretly hoping that Mr. Dewitt would choose the present time to project a treatise on tide-water, or fall on some other project which would keep him silent for the remainder of the passage. But he was speedily apprised that Mr. Dewitt possessed a miraculous gift of gab, and was little inclined to bury his talent under a bushel. After two or three clearings of the pineal gland or gentle *hems*, (the like of which we have seen in a popular assembly,) and an abortive attempt to attitudinise, he gave birth to an opinion that the colonies ought to be conquered, and taxed at the will of their conquerors.

“I hope,” said he, “they will be conquered, blast ’em. If they should be conquered, do you think, sir, that his majesty can take Hugh’s

Thumb from Robin Entail, and give it to Peter Grievous?"

"Undoubtedly," answered his listless auditor. "Clutch all the Entail property, and bestow it upon the Grievouses."

"Good, that. Grievous says I shall have a slice, if the king can do this thing. Would the king's gift be good?"

"Yes, if he be *compos mentis*, and the queen signs the deed, and Lord North witnesses it, and it be acknowledged before Sir John Silvester; otherwise the queen dowager will hold her *thirds*."

"Is this law?" asked the wondering ferryman.

"To be sure it is, piping hot from Westminster Hall. So decided by Lord Chief Justice Ticklepalm, and recognised as law in the Exchequer Chamber. Read Blackstone, Mr. Dewitt, read Blackstone, and row the wherry faster."

Wearing away the time with this and other sententious and profitable dialogue, the inmates of the frail bark continued to glide along the current of the Hudson, until they reached that point of the waters which disclosed, as the ferryman conjectured, superior facilities for crossing the river. Here he directed the steersman in his maritime phraseology, "to put the tiller down, and steer for the other shore." Greaves kept the boat a little off, but not so much as to

intimate an acquiescence in the order of his captain.

“You’ll shoot her clean across the tide,” said the ferryman, somewhat pettishly.

“Suppose I add a guinea, and say put me on shore on the Westchester side,” said Gilbert.

A suspicion of the truth seemed to flash suddenly across the mind of the ferryman. “Hannah Holdfast, ha, ha!” ejaculated Dirk in the intervals of his laughing. “I b’leve you’ve come the Paddy over me.” And hereupon he drew his arms across, and apparently prepared himself for a supplementary negotiation, no doubt expecting to turn his passenger’s necessity to a good pennyworth.

“Will you carry me to the main land, or not?” asked Gilbert.

Dewitt muttered something about ‘great risk,’ ‘hanging if caught,’ &c. which complaints were soon silenced by the stern, authoritative accents of Greaves. “Make up your mind in the twinkling of an eye, or I shall make free to toss you overboard, sir. Neither your ill temper or avarice shall be obstacles to my escape.” *Greaves*

“O, I’ll do whatever you say,” muttered the mollified ferryman. “What a fool I should be to bandy words with that big knife in the hands of a man like enough flying for life. Steer the wherry as you please, but if you be indeed the man whom they’ll hang if they catch, I think you had

better go as high up as Dobb's Cove—that's in the rear of the rebel army."

The ferryman closed his lips with these few words of advice, and said nothing more for the remainder of the passage. They were speedily at the landing place which Mr. Dewitt had recommended. Here the full fare agreed upon, and a couple of guineas over, were handed the ferryman, who jumped blithly back to his wherry, and put her in motion, bidding our hero good bye, and tending to his task with a will proportioned to his good fortune in meeting so liberal and well provided a customer. As he left the shore, Greaves heard him sing, with the loudest accents of joy, two or three snatches of an old song.

The lover to the boatmen said

" Pull away, Mauxmen, pull her away ;

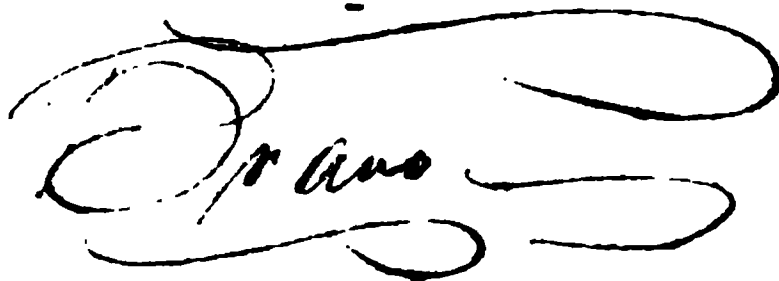
" Bend your backs to your oars, boys—very well sped—

" She walks like a spirit, and here is your pay.'

' He's a gentle to rain gold for rowing him hither,

' And a true for his love to dare such waves and weather.'

END OF FIRST VOLUME.



THE
R E F U G E E .

A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW MURGATROYD,
Of the Ninth Continentals in the Revolutionary War.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?
Clown. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these
sights, *The Winter's Tale.*

—♦—
IN TWO VOLUMES.

—♦—
VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILDER & CAMPBELL,
No. 142 BROADWAY.

C. S. Van Winkle, Printer, 2 Thames-street.

1825.

THE REFUGEE.



CHAPTER I.

Priest. Ye are bidden not to worship idols.

Layman. Ay, and are bidden to revere good men.

Now Tunstal bath a pure and spotless soul,
And wins him worship by brave acts and deeds,
As well as valorous achievements. He
Hath a kind heart, strong arm, and cloudless brain ;
There doth not live his peer.

Tunstal.

GREAVES walked back in a north-east direction from Dobbs' Cove, until by observation of the mind's eye, he was in the rear of the American army. It would be unsafe, he thought, to venture in the darkness of the night upon the American lines, habited as he yet was in the royal uniform; and accommodating himself to the necessity of the case, he sought the shelter of a hay-stack, which opportunely presented itself, and throwing his fatigued limbs on the turf, slept soundly till the beams of the sun reminded him that it was time to shake off the thralldom of sleep, and set about the business suggested by his peculiar situation. He arose, somewhat stiffened by the dew, and languid from twenty

hours' abstinence from food. When he had so arisen, and had cast his eyes well about him, he found that unknowingly he had gained an eminence which commanded a full view of the rebel encamping ground at White Plains. They were now distinctly seen, displaying the usual martial insignia. The colours were flying, and the drums were beating the morning reveillé, while the officers were observed, some perambulating the environs of the entrenchments, snuffing the morning air and the breath of flowers, while others were engaged in the circumspective duties of their several stations.

He immediately left his temporary covert, and made for the rebel lines. When at the distance of half a mile he saw two officers in the colonial uniform approaching ; to encounter whom would not cause a material deviation from the path he was travelling. It was not till twenty rods was the maximum of the distance, and till he had found himself saluted at the top of a good pair of lungs as ' Wild Gil,' that he was enabled to recognise Alick Mansfield, his old school-mate, and sometimes (in fair weather, or when his mother was napping,) the partaker of a pleasant hunting or fowling excursion, jaunt with the lasses, &c. The life of the camp had wrought a surprising change in the person as well as manners of Alick, who formerly had been rated with many unremedied defects in both particu-

lars, but now was a manly and graceful officer. His emancipation from the maternal regimen and authority, or what he himself termed 'his escape from leading strings,' had much improved his corporeal habitudes. After the affair at Breed's Hill, (popularly called Bunker's Hill,) where his bravery and good conduct had been particularly noticed, and specially named by the commanding officers, he received a commission as lieutenant, and fully supported his character for the qualities which first attracted attention. He now introduced his companion to Gilbert, as "Major Fairfax of Virginia, who at present does us the favour to lead every forlorn hope, and head every dangerous enterprise on the rebel side of the Rubicon."

"Our friend Mansfield is a talkative youth," said Major Fairfax.

"I am glad," answered Gilbert, "to find him in possession of at least one of his youthful characteristics."

"That is a tickler," said Alick, laughing. "But Greaves, I would fain know why you are here. We heard that you was amazingly dignified in the armies of the Defender of the Faith, and fought all his battles with a right good will. Not a deserter came in but spoke of your prowess, and of the high favour in which you stood with the king's servants."

"Yes, I served the king while the fit lasted ;

but that I am here, not an authorized agent, nor an accredited plenipo, is proof that I am tired of the service, or that the service is tired of me. Do you think, Alick, that I shall obtain leave to carry a weapon in the good cause?"

"Good cause! *Heu, quæ tellas et cætera*—why man you astonish me, indeed you do. You make me fear for your wits, Greaves. I recollect the time when if one by mere lapsis linguæ, had called it a good cause, your pinfeathers would have been up, and the offender in danger of being heavily mulcted. Seriously, will you join us?"

"If your general will accept my services, I will henceforth do for the colonies all that can be done by a devoted heart."

During this short dialogue, Fairfax eyed our hero narrowly; but unappalled by a scrutiny which, considering the suspicion and disgrace which usually attaches to the act of desertion, could not be wondered at, Greaves proceeded to say that he had escaped from the city at risk of his life, and gave the gentlemen a brief narrative of the events of the last day, and a statement of the causes operating thereto. And he told them farther that he wished to have the ear of the general a moment, and would be obliged to the gentleman who should put him in the way of obtaining such a favour. He was proceeding, and might have been more communicative than

was strictly proper, when Major Fairfax, who had a high opinion of discipline, remarked, “ that if he had any communication to make, he had better reserve it for the ear of his Excellency, by whom intelligence of this kind was always more highly valued when confided to the ears of those only who were legally empowered to act upon it. There were, besides, some complimentary expressions used by the Virginian, to which Greaves duly replied ; but which, being in the unmeaning, insincere spirit of worldly intercourse, are not worth the trouble of putting upon paper. Major Fairfax said he would take upon himself the task of announcing to the general the wish of *ci-devant* Captain Greaves to be permitted his Excellency’s ear a short minute ; and Gilbert Greaves and Lieutenant Mansfield followed slowly towards the tent which contained, then by anticipation, and long since of universal consent and recorded admission, the deliverer of his country.

“ But Greaves,” said Alick, “ surely you will not appear before the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies in that garb, unshaven, unshorn, and your whole outward man in most admired disorder.—The man who wishes for the esteem of George Washington, should be simply, but then he must be decently clad. Hard by there *tarries* a most eccentric barber who fancies himself a person of importance—has been for ten

years the oracle of the township—shaves for three-pence; but takes no rags, otherwise called continental money. See, yon is the party-coloured pole of the gentleman. What say you? Will you clear your chin of that awkward stubble?”

“Oh, by all means,” said Gilbert, “and we may perhaps meet with something in the shape of originality to recompense us for our walk.” So thrusting open the shop door, which was held by the *tenure*, as Mr Sparrow would say, of a white oak sapling twisted to a wooden latch, they were at once on the business-mart of Archelaus Mac Colum, the village barber of West Chester. Mr. Mac Colum was at his breakfast, while the benches and broken chairs of his office were occupied by his unanointed, unannealed country customers, the bristly burden of whose chins was an evidence of a most laudable economy. They had now on their faces the quantity of beard in their judgment worth ‘thrap-pence,’ and were waiting, with much patience, the appearance of the barber, who seldom scalded his throat with his chocolate to oblige any body not in epaulettes or superfines. In the mean time, and during these necessary absences of the master of the shop, the debates usual to the place proceeded, for the most part, regularly and orderly, as the private journal of Mr. Mac Colum, and minutes made at the time,

and upon the spot, if they should ever be published, will fully testify.

The officers, as we have said, found the shop crowded, but their entrance did not in the least check a dispute which was severally maintained with much eloquence and more noise between Mr. Ephraim Stallfeeder, a large cattle grower of the adjoining township of ———, and Nathan Flagel, the parish schoolmaster of Knaveingrain, who was thought by the honest old farmers of the vicinity to be the most learned man that ever ‘grubbed his acre’ in the field of literature and the sciences. The old cattle grower stood his ground manfully, not appearing to be daunted in the least by the appalling citation of William of Malmesbury, Quintus Curtius, Gregory of Tours, and other high and sonorous names, to whom the pedantic birch-wielder frequently appealed for the edification of his hearers, and to settle the point which was the better general, greater tactician, and more disinterested patriot, Washington or Gates. Mr. Stallfeeder stood up manfully against the citations, quotations, syllogisms, enthymemes, &c. of the learned Mr. Flagel, and did a feat which common sense has frequently enacted when arrayed against florid and mistimed declamation—put his opponent to a frequent nonplus, whereat the unshaven auditors would testify their pleasure and satisfaction by shrugs, winks, nods, and fits of hearty laughter.

"Why, master Flagel," said Stallfeeder, "I grant you that Gates be a personable man, and won a battle, but he was helped to it. He hasn't the kidney fit for a slaughter-house, Master Flagel."

"It were a circumstance of moment," said the pedagogue, "if the generalissimo, (as the supreme commander of an army hath ever been called in grave histories, and of which rank was Cyrus in the army of Astyages, *vide* Xenophon,) I say it were a supremely imposing spectacle had Gates overcome by his single arm, Mr. Stallfeeder."

"Nan!" ejaculated the cattle grower.

"He was assisted," continued the wordy pedagogue, "by bands no less invincible than the myrmidons of Achilles,—no less patriotic than the Roman Horatii. But we must remember, that the merit of the victory belongs to the commanding officer, or generalissimo. For it is he who placeth the several divisions of his army in the position which ensureth them victory. 'The victorie was wonne by the excellaunt dyspositaure of kynge Harolde,' saith Gervase Tilburiensis, and I might instance divers."

"But," said the caterer for the beef market, "I heard Abner Baredown, who was a cornet with John Stark, and a true spoken man, as he ought to be, seeing that he was deacon of the Close Communion: I heard him say that Gates

had been defeated at Saratoga but for the good conduct of Arnold and Brooks. He said many things of the want of prudence of Gates, and how that the vigilance of other officers led to the victory at Saratoga. Now, sir, if other generals gained the battle, and captured the Britons, why is all the praise given to Gates? Answer me that, Mr. Flagel."

"Why, perchance, it would in nowise weaken the cause of the respondent if he concede, that Arnold and Brooks were mainly assisting at the capture of Burgoyne. But, sir, Gates had the merit of forming his officers to a knowledge of military tactics. When Alexander died, he left behind him generals who had grown warriors under his eye, saith one, and who upheld the glory of his arms. Do you mind that, Mr. Stallfeeder."

"I would mind it in a moment," replied he, "if it was to the purpose, Master Flagel. But I don't see what these outlandish men have to do with our dispute. You say that Gates is a better man than Washington, which may pass for truth with some people, but it will not with me. And you hold that Washington ought to be turned out, and Gates put in, commander-in-chief, which we all know you picked up from Johnny. Now I say that if Washington is to be turned out, which God forbid, I would take Greene, Lincoln of Hingham, or Charlie Lee with all

his impudence, either of them, or almost any one else in preference to Gates."

"And I would exchange, ay, would I, the present commander for almost any general officer," said the pedagogue.

Mansfield, who loved his general enthusiastically, could contain himself no longer. "What business have you to like or dislike about it, sir," said he. "I say, sir, that a fellow like you, who has never lifted a finger in defence of the colonies, unless the wielding a birch rod, and thumbing the alphabet be called such, and who does ~~nothing~~ but endeavour to excite disaffection among the respectable yeomanry of our country, should be lashed to the horns of one of Mr. Stallfeeder's four year olds, and be left to quote obsolete authors, and objurgate from the Latin fathers the full length of a Hebrew lesson. I don't much care if I take the bull by the horns myself. I have some Green-Mountain boys at hand, d——d ripe for a frolic, and wanting but an encouraging nod to kick up a row of the finest."

The prudent schoolmaster withdrew from a contest which was likely to have the terrible Green-Mountain boys for principal actors; and Mr. Stallfeeder, proud of his auxiliary, speedily followed the discomfited dominie, no doubt for the amiable purpose of circulating the story of his defeat. It is said that the poor schoolmas-

ter was kept in terrorem for a month, went not his usual rounds, nor saw the face of living man, through fear of the Green-Mountain boys, and the 'four year olds,' for to use his own language, "death from the horns of a wild bull, though it did befall Titus Ruffinus, and others among the ancients, was not relished by them, as we learn from," &c.

The attention which the applicants for the tonsorial cast of office had paid to the political dispute, had withdrawn their minds altogether from the main business of the visit, which now returned forcibly to their recollection. After waiting a few minutes for the appearance of the barber, they made bold to ring the bell. As his townsmen knew his habits, and therefore never dared touch his bell rope, Archy understood it to be the call of none of the usual customers to his soap and suds, and immediately entered with an appearance of great haste, munching a crust of a common wheaten loaf, and holding in one hand the lathering brush and a cup of hot water. He was a bowing, middle-aged man, of some forty years, with a face covered with moles, a nose which might safely have challenged comparison with Sterne's Don Diego's, light blue eyes, one of them squinting prodigiously, and a head of coarse curled sandy hair, which resembled the twisted locks which adorn the crown of a male buffalo. His chin fully verified the vulgar proverb res-

pecting "shoemakers' wives and blacksmiths' horses," for it was obvious that Mr. Archelaus Mac Colum, in the exercise of his office, was one of the least selfish men living. His face had to all appearance been neither washed or shaved for a month, and there might have been reasonable doubts entertained whether his neck-cloth had been permitted to embrace the cleansing fluid in a couple of lunar evolutions. Take him all in all, it was evident that you would never see his like again.

While Lieutenant Mansfield prepared himself in the usual manner for the cast of Archy's office, Greaves amused himself in looking at some caricatures, done indeed in the worst possible style of that species of engraving, but which displayed some wit in design. In one, Sir William Howe was represented holding forth from a particular commandment to an audience composed of married women, who were made to exclaim, "Marvellous! he speaks by inspiration." In another, three major generals of the royal army were seen returning from Long Island, bending under a back-load of Muscovy ducks, labelled with the motto, *dieu et mon droit*, and followed by a half dozen very common Cyprian damsels who were singing a verse of Inkle and Yarico.

"Oh no, I will journey with thee the world over,
Nor sigh for my grot," &c.

[Full chorus of the the whole party.]

“Oh say then, my true love, we’ll ne’er part asunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest,” &c.

“While constant,” &c.

Poetic effusions of Yankee wit were also of the tapestry of Mr. Mac Colum’s ‘counting room.’ Rhymes which plainly never flowed from inspired brains, and which made both writer and subject alike ridiculous, were posted on the walls. It may be matter of amusement and profit for our learned Thebans to inquire whether the custom of our barbers converting their shops into picture galleries, and decorating their walls with ‘native odes,’ did not first take its rise with Mr. Archelaus Mac Colum.

“You are gentlemen of the army, I should set down,” said Archy, as Alick Mansfield took the ‘woolsack.’

“Ay, of the army. You are a shrewd guesser for a Jerseyman, Sir Tonsor.”

“Seldom wrong, my lord, in matters where the judgment is concerned. • Set that down.”

“I presume not; a man of sound judgment, undoubtedly. But did not the eyes assist somewhat at the accouchment of this sage opinion? You see we wear the uniform, Mr. Suds.”

“Lieutenant Mansfield, my lord, that I have shaved you does not tolerate you in using unruly freedoms, but only in gentlemanly pleasantries. Sir, my judgment is never doubted. It was but

last week as I was shaving Dr. Trepan, who, by the bye, was in my class at college, and graduated with much applause, having for his exercise the Romish divinity question, whether it is worse, to steal a thing *sacrum pro sacro*, *sacrem ex sacro*, or *sacrem in sacro*. Well, as I was saying, surgeon Trep. says to me, 'few men, Mac Colum, have a sounder judgment in political affairs than you.'

"The doctor was right," replied his quizzing customer. "But if your razors are all of a piece with the one you are using upon my lip, you are a miserable judge of edge tools, Sir Tonsor. Do bring the nose of that to the grindstone, or, by the bones of the immortal Warren, I shall think you are flaying me alive."

The ex-graduate complied with the expostulation of the young officer, and forthwith produced a razor which was kept, as he informed the young men, for first rates only, with which he succeeded in removing the beard from his customer's chin. After many long stories from Archy, college tales (for he had really taken a sip at one of the most ancient fountains of learning in our country) and those not of the wittiest kind, verbal biographies of distinguished men, who, at different times, had been made smooth by his provident cares, together with judicious and pleasant anecdotes of himself, Gilbert was befriended of Mr. Mac Colum, and with Alick bade the man of the pole good bye.

When they were in the road for the quarters of the commander-in-chief, Alick said, with a laugh, which was soon exchanged for a grave and composed countenance,

“Greaves, you will soon be in the presence of Washington, and you must pardon me if I give you a few hints to the rightly ordering yourself on your presentation. You smile, lad, as if you needed no lesson. Be not too confident that the having been the companion of travelled nobles and gifted commoners, all that qualifies for notable 'haviour before our linsey-woolsey republicans, will give you ease and self-possession in the presence of George Washington. The gay and garrulous manners of voluptuous courtiers find no favour in his eyes. And yet no man was ever so eminently gifted with real politeness, and the essentials of good breeding, or ever so soon won the heart to him by kind courtesies. Before he has signed you to a chair, if you do not confess all this, then am I a most misjudging youth.”

“You will intimidate me,” said Greaves.

“You jest, surely,” said Alick. “Gilbert, when you are carried into the presence of the general, have a good heart, but remember what was written in the enchanted chamber of Brittomarte, ‘*Be not too bold.*’ Tell a short story. Above all, indulge in no invective, nor utter any tirade against your late friends, for in that case

you may chance to hear the fable in *Æsop*, which it is said the general once repeated to a certain Bobadil of our army, who yet lives to disgrace it as a major general."

The advice was thankfully received by our hero, though he was interrupted in the expression of his gratitude, by Major Fairfax, who met them, and announced that the general would see captain Greaves immediately. Fairfax had exchanged the cold and formal manner wherewith he, at first, had greeted our hero, for a shake of the hand so determinedly friendly, as to draw many remarks from the lively Alick.

"Ah, my chicken of the oyster flats, and fever-and-ague regions, what is in the wind now? I'll be sworn that somebody hath lauded our friend Greaves, or else that thou hast discovered a vein of the Powhatan blood in him. Never did true son of the ancient dominion shake suspicious fist, and thou art one even to the taking the devil by the beard, and guzzling Tokay. Out with it, man. Tell us the short and the long of the matter."

Fairfax smiled while he said, "The more praise to myself that I am careful in selecting my friends, and the greater compliment to Captain Greaves, since I only attempt to make friends of those, whom honourable and honest men countenance. Captain Greaves you are likely to experience a friendly and obliging reception at head

quarters. When I named you, there was a leap from chair of all the company, save him who never gave outward token of emotion. "'Tis the son of the only honest tory that draws breath," said one. "He was the very best officer, notwithstanding his youth, in the royal army at the Flatbush rout," said Colonel Hamilton. "As I have heard, it was this beardless stripling, who improved our neglect to take possession of the heights upon the Jamaica road, and who put Lord Piercy up to the trick of cutting off the retreat of Smallwood's Marylanders. He is a noble youth, from all accounts."

"I think I have seen him once," said General Heath. Even Morgan clapped his handkerchief to his mouth when Heath was about to offer his testimony. "When I was in the front at ——," "I believe General Heath," said Washington, "that you never was in the front but once, and that was in the retreat from White Plains."* The general never smiled while he said this. I declare to you, my friends, that I heartily pitied Heath, however much I despise him and his conduct as an officer. I reckon the general repent-

** Note by Counsellor Sparrow.*


Captain Murgatroyd has rather violated historical truth in the when and where of this remark. It was at a later day, and on another field, though at General Washington's table, that a rather swash-buckler expression of General Heath drew the identical observation from the commander-in-chief. The anecdote may not be demurred to, for want of verity, I assure the reader.

ed, and I saw that Lincoln turned a kind eye on the craven crested party, but it was meat and drink to Lee, Hamilton, Putnam, and the others.

I heard Count Pulaski ask, "Vat is te goed vord, tey haf gibben te gran poltroon?"

The three officers were now at the door of the tent which contained the American hero. It was opened by a tall, good looking, handsomely attired negro serving man, a slave to the general, and they were bidden enter. Behold then our hero for the first time in the presence of Washington. Colonel Hamilton came forward, and after Fairfax had whispered a moment in his ear, stepped up, and introduced Greaves to the commander-in-chief. All the tales which had been told of the general's austerity crowded to his recollection, and for a moment he regretted the step which had brought him in contact with such chilling influence. But Gilbert Greaves was a youth of twenty-one, full of courage and resolution, a conquerer too in a recent combat, and withal he felt a conviction pressing upon him that he had now enlisted in a right cause. His spirits were buoyed up by these considerations, and recovering his composure, he went through the scene bravely.

George Washington, commander-in-chief of the continental army, was at this time in the forty-fifth year of his age. To say aught of his person, we know will be accounted a work of

supererogation; but we have a suspicion that this book will have some few readers who, like ourselves, can bear the hundredth repetition of the most trifling circumstance respecting that man, with as much zest as the maiden peruses a honeyed billetdoux from her lover, and we dedicate this paragraph to them. He was tall and well made; his step firm, but very graceful; and his countenance gifted with much benignity and sweetness. His eyes were of a light blue; his nose that which may be termed long when attached to a 'thin face.' His hair was rather dark; his eyebrows large, and finely penciled; and his mouth remarkably expressive of dignity. So much for 'analysis.' Though taken disjunctively, the features of his face were said to be 'homely,' (we hope no metaphysician will set eyes on this passage,) yet no person that ever saw him pronounced him a homely man. The charm was in  manner, which was made up of all that represses impudence and boldness, and that invites friendship, respect, and esteem. He was on the whole, perhaps, the most dignified person ever seen. His erect and commanding form, and majestic port; his voice which cannot be described, never failed to command homage from every person whether friend or enemy, foreigner or native, noble or peasant, that ever came into his presence. Boswell said that he felt more timidity in the presence of the Corsican

general, Paoli, than he ever had done in the presence of crowned heads. There was in our own Washington, a something which equally impressed with a respect approaching timidity.

The dress of the General fully corresponded with his manners. It was of the finest texture, of the simplest cut, and of the least gaudy colours consistent with the rules of army appareling. Buff waistcoat and breeches, and blue coat, which was the uniform of the Virginian regiments in the old French war; a plain stock and mixed hose, with nicely brushed shoes and plain buckles were the vestments wherewith he was clad. It is said that this dress he adopted when called out on the first expedition to the Indian country, and we know that he never left it off to the end of his life.

When Greaves entered the council room, he found several of the general officers seated, and in conversation with the commander-in-chief. General Lincoln, a fine looking, though rather corpulent man, with a face as replete with good nature as his chin was stocked with super-abundant flesh, sat on the right of the hero, in whose good graces he stood so high as to be recommended in a secret record of opinion, the publication whereof was to be posthumous, the successor, *morte* Greene, to the office held by himself. On the left side sat a dark complexioned man of moderate stature with dark hair and mustaches,

rather, aquiline nose, sharp chin, dull eye, and rather finical in costume as well as behaviour. This was General Heath, or Granny Heath, as he was pretty frequently called after his famous retreat from the Hessians at Westchester in the month of November '76. General Lee, whose face was none of the handsomest, but whose manners were highly refined by his intercourse with the best society of the European capitals, and who at this time commanded from the great body of the American people a larger share of confidence than any officer in the service, always excepting Washington, was one of the circle. There was, besides, General James Clinton, a good, amiable, honest man, but better suited to the predicament of "capering nimbly in a lady's chamber" than of mounting barbed steeds. Putnam, whom every body knows to the colour of his cravat, and lacing of his brogues. De Kalb, and others of whom, though able, we are not willing to go into a particular description, inasmuch as we prefer being thought delineators of character, and historians of intellect, rather than of personal features and points of dress. When all were quietly seated, and each had composed his features into a posture indicating respectful attention, the commander-in-chief commenced the work of interrogation.

"I understand, sir, that your name is Greaves, by birth an American, and that you have very re-

cently been an officer in the royal army. Have I heard right in these particulars?"

"You have, sir," replied the interrogated party. "I was born in the state of New-York, and until last night, I held the commission of captain in the ninety-second, or North Britain Fuziliers, to which I was translated from the Sixtieth Royal American."

"How came you to leave the British service?" asked the general.

"Your excellency would hardly spare time," replied Gilbert, "to hear the story of the doubts, and anxieties, half kept resolutions, and half broken relentings, which arise in the mind of one, who, bred up as I was, come at length to think as I do. I was educated, sir, in sentiments of enthusiastic love for Great Britain; and was taught to believe that I owed implicit obedience to her laws, and unfaltering loyalty to her sovereign."

"I hope it will not befall the captain," whispered Lee, audibly, "as it befell Bill Bowling, of Culpepper, who paid his devoirs to a discorteous and unyielding mistress, while another and a prettier proffered good humour and all manner of joys. Billy, sure of Sweetlips, showed Termagant a pair of heels; but when he approached the nominated successor, lo! she shut the door upon him."

"I should think," said the general, "that a

considerable change of opinion could not be effected without some heart-burnings."

"I assure your excellency, from my own experience, it cannot," said Gilbert. "I said, sir, I left the British army last night. Though it has long been my intention to throw up my commission, I must not dissemble that fears for my personal safety brought me off from the royal camp before a resignation was tendered. I am a deserter, sir."

"Why did you leave them so suddenly?" asked Washington.

"To this question a respectful answer was returned, briefly narrating events and transactions, which we cannot again recur to without embarrassing repetition. The officers around the general laughed heartily at parts of the narrative, but nothing like a smile visited lip, cheek, or eye, of Washington during the recital. Various questions of a general nature were put to Gilbert, to all of which he returned clear and pertinent answers; and to one, for the rightly understanding of which much professional reading and study was necessary, he gave an answer which elicited warm applause from all present, except the commander-in-chief, whose only permitted token of approbation, at any time, was an encouraging nod.

"What may be the number of royal troops now in the city?" asked general Washington.

“Your excellency must excuse me from answering that question, and others of a similar nature,” replied Gilbert. “I cannot answer any question which relates to the numbers, temper, disposition, and future movements of the army in which I have served.”

“You are right, sir,” said the hero; “I applaud your caution. Do you think of remaining with us?”

“Certainly, sir, if you will accept my services, placed as I am in a suspicious character,” answered the youth.

“We will forget that,” said the general. “In few days I hope to present you with a majority. In the mean time, allow me to name you to a captaincy in the seventh, last night made vacant by the translation of Captain Paul Butler to a more peaceful world. Use, my dear sir, but the conduct in a good cause, which has procured you reputation in a bad one, and we shall have made an acquisition. You may retire.”

As Greaves was leaving the council room, Colonel Scammel entered to say that the scouts had returned with intelligence of the movement of a large detachment of the royal army on Kingsbridge. “They carry a very high hand in the city,” said he. “Last night some incendiary, suspicion fixes the act on an agent of the commander-in-chief, burned to the ground the fine mansion of the noted loyalist and contractor,

Keith, whose daughter has disappeared, no one knows whither."

General Washington made no remark on this information, but the officers around him freely calculated the benefit which would result to the Americans from these mad proceedings of the royal commanders. Lincoln talked of a great secession of the loyalists, whilst Lee and Hamilton chuckled at the detestation in which the fair would hold their late gallants: Our hero heard the intelligence with a sorrow proportioned to the interest he felt in Ellen Keith. If the report just mentioned was correct, she had not escaped to a place of safety, but in all probability was in the power of the commander-in-chief of the royal army. In whatever situation she might be, it was impossible that he should succour her at present. To quit his regiment clandestinely on the eve of battle was not to be thought of; nor should he ask leave of absence ere some action was performed by him, which in some sort should entitle him to favour.

Alick Mansfield met him soon after he had left the general's. He was as full of mirth and drollery as ever. "You are now Gil where you should be," said he. "We shall meet the enemy to-morrow, and it will be truly romantic, if you should flesh your weapon in the arch ravisher, discover the castle in which the wretched princess is confined, and carry her off to some ac-

commodating clergyman for the words of power. I will dress up your story into a neat duo-decim, paint your Angelica on canvas of five feet ten :— Oh you frown ; well she is a tiny thing, then. When the ‘ wars are over, and the king wants no men,’ you will carry Madam to the West Bank, and I, (then also possessed of a wife and repentance) to be a spectator of your connubial felicity, will build a snug ‘ low double’ on the very top of Cowscream Hill, which stands behind the mansion of your father, whose tory principles and practices, G—d confound, no offence Gil, my dear friend.”

Here the young lieutenant, who had exhausted his stock of wit, was called to his duty, and Gilbert Greaves was left to review the volume of his life, which the last two days had so plentifully stocked with incidents, and in which they had written out a tale of dangers and disappointments. He too retired to his post, and was gayly welcomed by the warm hearts of the seventh regiment.

CHAPTER II.

These are the hardy souls are cast
With nerve to face the Baltic's blast ;
To drag the codfish to the shore
At Esquimaux and Labrador.
Their hearts are resolute and stout,
Strong limbs have they to eke them out ;
And patience which supports them through it,
When high-toned minds have failed to do it.

Barnstable Rhymes.

In the fourteenth chapter of our first volume we left Ellen Keith on the eve of a flight from Orchardleys' Hall, in quest of the peace and security whrch could not be found at her present residence. And we then and there informed our readers that Mr. Samuel Bryce had volunteered to become her guide and chaperone. A better could not be had, for Sam Bryce, bred a woodsman, and by nature shrewd, subtle, and sagacious, had, since the commencement of the revolution, been employed on so many errands, which could only be transacted in the depth and privacy of darkness, that he had become thoroughly conversant with all the routes, roads, and by-paths, of the surrounding country, and could traverse and travel them to any given point, in the absence of all the planetary bodies.

And withal Mr. Samuel Bryce was very

proud of his reputation for integrity, and felt with a strong emotion of pleasure the distinction conferred upon him in the valuable trust of the daughter of Orchardleys. He was, besides, a man who, though he could be strongly, ay, vehemently angered by injuries, was grateful to an uncommon degree for any kindness rendered him, remembering both the injury and the benefit with a pertinacity which wrought his friends much good, and his foes much harm. It will be remembered that Gilbert, at the hazard of his life, had rescued the daughter of Bryce from the flames, and though the act had not preserved the life of Mary Bryce beyond a day, her father now expressed, and probably felt, as much gratitude to her deliverer as if his child had been living to thank him in person. From the various considerations we have mentioned, Bryce set blithly and earnestly about the removal of his charge to a place of safety.

When Gilbert Greaves took his departure from the Orchardleys' mansion, Sam Bryce began to take his measures for leaving it also. Arleston had recovered from his blow, but from fear of disgrace, of farther punishment, or with a view to early vengeance, had stolen away in a very silent manner. Sam Bryce urged to his charge the probability of his speedy return, as a reason for abridging the stay of Miss Keith to a brief five minutes.

“But I must have time to pack up my wearing apparel. You know, sir, I must look smart or I shall catch no beaux, Mr. Bryce.”

“I mistrust you have one already engaged, and that is enough for any woman who is not a coquette,” said the fireman. “I minded when the captain left you, that you looked as though other men’s applause was not of much value compared with his, and that a gay wardrobe would be little wanted when he was absent. Howsomever, they say that when the Britons left Boston, Crean Brush, by royal authority, carried away every gewgaw worth naming. Pack up, my lady, but do not load the horses with your finery.”

The affair was speedily arranged by consulting Mr. Bryce, as to the weight and bulk of the portmanteau to be used for the transportation of Ellen’s wearing apparel. And now came to be debated another important affair, to wit : that of nominating a faithful and trusty male attendant. This, too, was quickly despatched by the appointment of Brotherton Daggett, who had acquired a strong hold on the affections of the Keith family, by his fidelity and amiable disposition, both sufficiently tested in a service in the family of more than thirty years. The moon was just climbing the highest hills, as Burns says, when the trusty Brotherton, mounted on a white pony, Bryce on a gray filly, and Miss Keith on

the back of black Giles, set out for the metropolis of New-England. It may be remembered that Bryce had contracted with a Pettipague skipper to come into Van Pelt's creek at an early hour in the evening, there to take on board our fair subject, and her attendant. Great perils were to be encountered in this journey. The road to the point of debarkation lay through a territory occupied or controlled by a hostile army. Marauding bands, and corps de observation, were continually traversing the north part of the island, and there was much danger in the expedition they were about to undertake, that they should fall in with one of these parties.

The cove or creek where Bryce expected to find the Peace and Plenty, boat of the sloop-rigg at anchor, was situated some four miles from the Keith mansion, and towards this point our party proceeded silently but swiftly. The guide was so well acquainted with every foot of the ground over which they were travelling, that although they were canopied in an equal degree with that sky of incertitude which we have said occasioned so much trouble and bewilderment to Gilbert Greaves, he seemed never at a loss for the easiest path or shortest cut, but to the astonishment of his companions, opened gates and bars, and turned corners without the least apparent hesitation, but with a deal of explanation and comment. "This was David Golding's corner"—

“That Styer’s—Hollow-gate”—“Yonder was Upson’s Hill”—and with every spot he appeared to be practically and thoroughly conversant. “With such a guide” said Ellen, internally, “surely there can be little danger of our capture.”

“How did you acquire this accurate knowledge of the country, Mr. Bryce?” asked she.

“By travelling it at all times of the day and of the night, madam,” answered he, “and that too at periods when my life, and the lives of others depended on my critical observation of metes and bounds. Why, I have gone over these fences and down the crooked lanes, with a dozen dragoons with drawn sabres at my heels, more than once. I remember one night in partic’lar, when I had a precious secret in my keeping, and didn’t care that ne’er a Briton should twist it out of me. I saved myself and my secret by a rolling jump over that very high gate we have just passed. I got a slash on my hip though, so near were the dragoons to me. Whip up! We shall have a bad spot to pass presently—a dead level where we may chance to see sights and hear noises.”

“I hear one already, Master Bryce,” said Brotherton Daggett.

“And so do I, servitor, and it sounds like the tramp of horses on a smart trot,” answered Bryce—“Hold on your bridles.”

The command was obeyed, and presently the noise ceased, but whether from the removal of its cause to an out-distance, or from the halting of the enemy, (for such they probably were,) could not be ascertained.

“Now mind me,” said Bryce; “do you stand here while I go and bring the tidings. Upon your lives make no noise, or you’ll bring a hundred redcoats upon you.”

And with this well-considered hint to silence, Sam Bryce departed to reconnoitre the supposed foe.

He had been gone some minutes, long enough his impatient ward and her attendant thought, for the procurement of the required intelligence, when the report of a fusee reached their ears. From the circumstance of its coming upon them from a quarter other than that where they had heard the noise which had first attracted their attention, and withal as Mr. Bryce had gone nearly in an opposite direction, neither Ellen, nor her simple servant, Brotherton Daggett, took it into their heads to imagine that their guide might be the victim of that single shot. Miss Keith, as may be supposed, was little acquainted with the wiles and stratagems of war; and her squire was a man of peace from his youth, even to the exclusion of the pugilistic combat in boyhood, and the alehouse fracas in more advanced life. It was true that Brotherton Daggett had

been seen girded with a sword on muster days, but never a man of his acquaintance had gone so far as to reckon him an effective.

"I am afraid, ma'am," said this humble follower of the fortunes of Ellen, "that daddy Bryce was killed by that shot. He has been gone a half hour almost."

"Hush," said his mistress, "I see somebody or something crossing yonder hill. It may be him. See it comes this way, and I think I can discover the stooping gait of Mr. Bryce. Yes, it is he."

"Get down, Miss Keith," said Sam in a low tone of voice as he came up, "and let your servitor also dismount. We shall have to quit our horses, I fear. The whole country is full of reg'lars. I saw no less than four troops. One of them caught sight of some object, whereupon a fusee was fired, but I guess the fugitive, whoever he might be, escaped unhurt."

"We feared it was you," observed Ellen.

"Ay, I thought you would tremble for me," said he.

"I rather suspect, sir," said Ellen, "that you think in your heart that there is little reason to suspend the trembling fit. Is it not so, Mr. Bryce? Are we not in a dangerous situation?"

"Why to tell the truth," answered the interrogated party, "I wish that we were well on board the Peace and Plenty, and that she was a

couple of furlongs past the Black Rock. The Britons, I mistrust, are on the look-out for our very selves, and seem to apprehend that we are trying our ship upon this tack. We must quit this road, and seek an obscurer path. Wyvill's Hollow lies a quarter of a mile to the north of us, and is deep, rugged, and secluded enough to have furnished a safe retreat for Goff and all other patriotic king-killers that ever lived. We must see what impediments there are thereabouts. Fasten the horses, servitor, to the old hedge."

Brotherton fastened the horses as directed, and the fugitives proceeded to this glen, which was so gloomy and dismal as to be peopled, by the superstitions of the time, with as many unearthly forms as inhabit the Highlands of Scotland or the forests of Germany. Down this valley they proceeded in deep silence. They were kept in a state of continual alarm by sounds so numerous and diverse, that they seemed to fill all space. It was with great difficulty that Miss Keith could travel at all through the dreary region of Wyvill's Hollow. She was trembling with fright and fatigue, and she could receive no support from her friends; for the path in which they were travelling was so narrow as not to admit of the mode of support usually given by a male attendant, and the path, besides, might be said to be fairly walled in with briars and other

vicious impediments, which nature, to give consistency to her works, has planted in the wilderness, in imitation of those she has planted in man. The wet grass and damp air had chilled her frame almost to fainting. Nevertheless, assisted by a strong desire to escape from her pursuer, she continued without repining to tread the murky path through the Hollow. When she had fallen a space behind, Bryce would cheer her with an assurance that in a few minutes more they should surmount all their present difficulties, and have a field like a pavement for their farther peregrinations.

They came at length to the bottom of the glen, and looked out upon a fair, level field, upon which the fitful moon had condescended to bestow for the present an ample allowance of light.

“Now,” said Daddy Bryce, “we are in the very focus of danger—the very munn of the enemy. If we can cross this plain unobserved, we shall pretty surely escape the halter for once. Here, servitor, you may return.”

“Daggett objected to this arrangement with some warmth. “Why could he not stay?” he asked. “He would be faithful.”

“Nobody doubts your faithfulness,” said Sam Bryce; “but I must order things my own way. You will not be wanted while I am with your lady—you cannot go on board Skipper Martin’s boat. Take the horses, and return to Orchardleys immediately.”

Daggett ventured no more expostulation, but departed, leaving his youthful lady and her guide to their destiny. Nothing occurred to perplex them in crossing the plain, and they reached the further side in safety.

"God be evermore praised!" ejaculated Bryce. "I do humbly conceive that we are now safe. We take a road around the brow of the hill on our right, and it carries us at once to the nether ford of Van Pelt's Creek, where uncle Reuben Martin waits for us."

But the sequel proves that security is not always at the elbow of him who deems himself secure. Sam Bryce had hardly breathed thrice, after his exulting declaration, when he and his charge were surrounded by at least fifty of the servants of the king. They were part of a detachment sent out for the purpose of apprehending him, to which commission was appended another and a more important one, whose object may be guessed. They had scoured the country thoroughly, and were on the point of giving up their search when accident made them masters of the Peace and Plenty and her skipper, and a little solicitation, a little money, a few fair promises, and a few heavy threats, of the object, which uncle Reuben had in view, in his present voyage to Van Pelt's Creek. Once in possession of the secret, it was easy to plan and effect the capture of the victims of the peddling skipper's treachery.

But though surrounded by the troopers, Bryce surrendered not his sword; nor was it taken from him until he had bathed it in the blood of at least three of the Britons. His own might have been spilled as a sacrifice to the manes of his enemies, if the sweetly pleading voice of Ellen had not begged as a boon, the life which the daring rebel disdained to ask for of himself. Persevering in a most obstinate silence to his enemies, amidst their taunts, threats, and reproaches, he contrived to gain the ear of Ellen for a moment, and bade her "not despair, for that before twelve hours had passed, he assured her her friends should know of her situation, and hasten to her rescue."

And now the troopers affixed a light chain to the arms of Mr. Bryce, securing them behind him, and twenty, more or less, of them, nominating themselves his escort, marched him off in a direction for the city.

The rest of the company, who remained with Miss Keith, after deliberating a few minutes, placed their weeping and timid prisoner on the horse of one of the troopers, who dismounted for that purpose, and commenced their return to head quarters by an unusual route, at least, so thought our heroine. It is a difficult thing on a dark night, especially in a country we are little used to, to remember the path one has travelled, or to use an approved nautical phrase, "to lay

down courses and distances." Here was none of the sagacity, or of the thorough acquaintance with metes and bounds, to use his own language, of Sam Bryce. To Ellen, it appeared that they were going far to the north of the path by which she and her guide had reached the present precarious spot. "Whither were they going?" she ventured to inquire, and received for answer, twice distinctly repeated, "to a fair and stately mansion not far off, where friends were waiting to receive her." Sick, exhausted with fatigue, and much terrified with these dark and ambiguous replies, and by the suspicious conduct of the soldiers, Ellen wept audibly, and in a tone which denoted the depth of her sorrow, begged they would release her.

"Whither now would you go, my fair lady," asked the commander of the detachment, "if you were release ? It is a dark and lowering night, and we don't know the way ourselves—then how could you, poor bewildered maiden, find it? You would die on the waste, and be celebrated in the immortal stanzas of some future poet, as a fair martyr has already been by one of your brilliant rhyming geniuses, as

"The lovely victim of royal tyranny,
Whom the Indians killed without any irony."

"Then let me die, sir," said the poor disconsolate girl. "I prefer dying to living a prisoner—indeed I do, sir."

“A prisoner! pshaw! What goblins are you conjuring up? You go, madam, to impose fetters upon others, not to wear them yourself. Heard ever any body before of so little vanity in so fair a lady?”

“Oh, sir, for God’s sake, let me go,” continued Ellen, upon whose fears every word he had said stamped the assurance of her being in Arleston’s power. “Let me go, and with my dying breath ——”

“I will first see, my lady, who are those riding this way so rapidly. If this was the age of chivalry, I should expect to tilt with one of the twelve Paladins, or Sir Tristram in no time. Hoa, who goes there?”

The persons thus interrogated as to a material circumstance, lost no time in answering, “we will tell you at our leisure;” and they rode up, three well mounted officers, wearing the royal uniform. One of them, who appeared to be of a higher grade than the others, made use of a periphrasis said to be common among our eastern brethren, (we mean nothing like sarcasm,) answering the question put him by administering the counter, “who are you?”

“Lieutenant Ross, and a few lads of the North Britain with him,” answered the commander. “We have been out searching for the notorious whig, Sam Bryce, whom, by good luck, we have caught, and sent to quarters, where he will receive his deserts.”

Here Ellen, who had been waiting for an opportunity to thrust in a petition, spoke her prayer for help, and with a strong hope of having it answered, as she fancied she knew the voice of one of the officers.

“ Oh sir—gentlemen, whoever you are,” she cried, “ save me from these men.”

“ Who have you there, Ross ?” asked the officer.

“ A Lady,” answered he, “ whom I am commissioned to conduct to the finest drawing-room and neatest *chambre à coucher* in the city.”

“ And it seems much against her will.”

“ That is no concern of yours, sir,” replied Ross.

“ I may show you that it is, before we part,” said the officer calmly. “ I did not think, that our very woods were to echo with the cries of distressed women, Ross. These effects of our loyalty, and of our subscription to ministerial measures, were not foreseen by those colonists who advised negotiation in preference to arms. There will be some changing of sides much to the disadvantage of our sovereign, Ross.”

“ That voice I should know,” cried Ellen, convulsively, while springing from her horse, and bounding to the side of the officer. “ It must be—it is Frederick Keith’s.”

“ I am Frederick Keith, and you seem to know me, madam.”

“ I should,” answered she, “ for the same mother bore us.”

“ Gracious Heaven ! It is my sister. But what d——d treachery is here ? Captain Nicholas,” said he, speaking to one of his companions, “ do have the goodness to hold my horse. I need not a word of explanation from your lips, Ross. Dismount in a moment.”

“ Oh, do not fret yourself, sir !” said the unabashed lieutenant of cavalry. “ I went by the order of a man thirty-nine degrees higher than yourself. I am on the safe side of the hedge, and mean to keep so : I shall not fight you, sir.—Boys,” said he, addressing himself to the soldiers, “ we must leave our prize here.” And bidding the gentlemen good night, with the utmost calmness he gave the word for marching.

The worthy minion of royalty moved off with the loud malediction of the three officers. We cannot attempt to portray the feelings of Miss Keith on her liberation from her most hated and dangerous thralldom. She sobbed her thanks on the bosom of her brother, whose eyes repaid the watery tribute. And here it is necessary that we account for the sudden appearance at this fortunate juncture of Captain Frederick Keith.

He had left New-York, as may be recollected, at the order of the commander-in-chief of the

Royal army, to attend a convention of the principal tories of the Carolinas. The enterprising efforts of the whigs of those provinces had frustrated the proposed convention ; and now, having left the object of his journey of necessity unaccomplished, Frederick Keith was on his return to head quarters. Burning with impatience to embrace his sister from whom he had not heard during his absence, and whose peace of mind he thought materially endangered by the libertine attempts of the general, he had driven at a furious pace for the last few days, and found himself, just at the occurrence of the interrupting incident, within a short three miles of the paternal mansion. That he was thus far distant, and that he arrived so opportunely to the rescue of his sister, were to be attributed to his having attended a brother officer and the fourth of the party, to the house of that officer's father, which was situated on the eastern part of the island.

Right glad was Captain Keith to have his sister under his care once more. He had endured great agony of mind on her account, for though she was to enjoy the protection of Sir Maxwell Greacen, he could not help recollecting that she and her guardian might be separated, on any, the most trivial pretence made up in the shape of a call to duty.

“ My dear Ellen,” said the fond brother, “ you must not be hazarded again without some

such guardian as a husband or a brother. I shall throw up my commission immediately, and until our father returns, attend you so carefully, that his worship of Edmondsbury may bless his eyesight for another view. What do you say, gentlemen?" addressing himself to his companions. "It will not be a mile out of your way to accompany this strayed lamb and myself to the Orchardleys. There is no necessity, you know, of our reporting progress at quarters to-night, and unless matters have gone very wrong at the paternal mansion since my departure, I can give you a glass of as good wine, a bit of as sweet a loaf, and as soft a bed as you can get at Mrs. Trask's. How say you?"

The gentlemen signified their acceptance of the polite invitation; and Keith, who had lived from infancy on the spot, bating four years at Magdalen, and three of primary instruction by the Reverend Dr. Longcloth, at Bexley, soon found a path to lead them out of the present difficulty. They were speedily in the broad road in which travellers to and from the respective ends of the island usually passed, and quickening their pace, had soon the satisfaction to approach the point which was intended to be the gaol of the party, as it had been a starting post to some of them. There appeared to be an unusual commotion at the mansion of the Keiths; lights were dancing in the windows of the house, and around its ex-

terior, and shouts and sounds of no pacific promise were heard by our friends.

“To all appearance they are about illuminating your mansion,” said Nicholas to Keith.

“So I think,” answered he. “Can you tell me what all this stir means, my sister?”

Ellen answered, that she knew of nothing which required so many and such quickly moving lights, or such an abundance of noise. “Unless,” said she, pressing to the side of her brother, and speaking in a low voice, “the anger of the general at his failure should vent itself in the destruction of the mansion.”

“I need not inquire what has angered him,” said her brother. “I believe I have the key to the whole story. Who assisted you to escape?”

“Sam Bryce and Captain Greaves—Gilbert Greaves, I think you know him.”

“I do,” answered Frederick Keith, “and I know him for a brave and most noble-minded young man. It seems to me, Nicholas, that they are firing the building. They are for a certainty; the flames are now issuing from the roof. Grateful and deserved reward of our loyalty, Ellen. Do you see, my sister, that they are burning our father’s house to ashes, in return for the sacrifices he has made in their behalf? I should like to take a peep at the actors, but I cannot do it without endangering your safety, and must therefore defer it until you are housed,

when I will endeavour to put my eye or my hand upon the incendiary."

A farther ride of half an hour brought them into the city. Miss Keith bethought herself to acquaint her brother that their father's ancient and venerated friend Dr. Sydenham was at present in the city. These were glad tidings to Captain Keith, who saw in the eminent physician's protection a source of safety he had not dared to hope for. And there, with the full approbation of the learned doctor, he bestowed her for the night, and repaired forthwith to the quarters of the common friend of all in distress, Sir Maxwell Greacen, who, as he learned in an accidental rencounter with a military acquaintance, had just returned to the city from his expedition into the Jerseys, and was now at his lodgings. He communicated to the baronet such particulars respecting the late transaction as his sister had mentioned to him, or his own observation possessed him withal. He concluded with expressing his determination to quit the service immediately, and set down to the guardianship of his sister.

"That will not do, Frederick," said the baronet. "You are not in the secret that a new commander-in-chief is coming out to take Arleston's place. I know you are not disaffected to the royal cause, and your disinclination to the service proceeds only from dislike to the general. And I assure you that nothing but his removal

could keep the yellow badge on my shoulder." As to the protection of your sister that is cared for by your father's providence. I found a letter on my table this evening, which directs me to send her to England by the first good vessel. I have inquired, and find that the Hyder Ali frigate sails by an early day. There will be some watery eyes, I think, on the departure of our baby."

"I suppose I must understand," said Frederick, laughing, "that Ellen has made another conquest. But is she as much disposed as ever to sing the song of 'prithee no more come to woo'?"

"I think not. I believe she is as deeply enamoured as her lover. Young Greaves is the man."

"Ah, then her lover has been her deliverer, which is in true romantic keeping. She told me that she had been rescued by Sam Bryce, the noted whig spy, and Captain Greaves."

"As late as it is, I must know the story of the transaction," said the baronet, and he departed on this errand of curiosity. It will not be necessary for us to accompany him, as we are already in possession of all the details of the previous occurrences of the night, which, in any wise, related to the fortunes of Ellen Keith.

CHAPTER III

“ Oh, these are sad and cruel times, and I wish that they were done,

For the son is against the father, and the father 'gainst the son.

Earl Oswald and his son met on Bosworth's bloody night;

The Earl wore the Red rose, and Lord Robert wore the White ;

They measured swords, this sire and son, each bore him like a chief,

And the father took the life he gave, and died himself of grief.”

Ballad.

OUR story now returns to Gilbert Greaves, whom we left not far back a duly commissioned officer in the American army, and burning with the usual impatience of a youthful soldier to try his weapon in the new cause. His reputation for courage and military skill made every one anxious to procure his acquaintance, and withal it was good policy to conciliate the disaffected of the tory party. Hence from the many attentions paid him, and the multiplicity of calls on his friendship for acts of reciprocity, Greaves passed very agreeably the two first days of his residence within the American lines, and thought the rebel officers quite as gentlemanly and high-minded as those of the set that sported the gayer uniform. There wanted only, he thought, a greater portion of the spirit of subordination and

obedience to the commands of superiors, to make the American army perfect in its temper and discipline. His remarks were just, for we know that we wanted, in an especial manner, at the commencement of the revolution a disposition to sacrifice our pride to the public good. Men of wealth and of birth were very unwilling that men with pretensions to neither should be placed over their heads, though possessed of every *other* qualification to the delegated office. We were at first rather inclined to a pure democracy, than to temperate and partially restrained liberty—giving into the opposite extreme of a turbulent and self-willed enjoyment of our rights. But the evils of insubordination were soon too apparent for the farther prosecution of our revolution without the giving of metes and bounds to the popular passions; adopting as a political commandment and rule of military conduct, thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Hence, at subsequent periods of our revolution, our soldiers were as quiet and tractable as those of the best regulated armies of modern times.

The first position which was taken by the Americans, after the abandonment of the encampment at Kingsbridge, and the position which they occupied at the time of the enlistment in their cause of our friend Gilbert Greaves, was this, to wit, the right wing rested upon the heights of Valentine's Hill, the left wing occu-

pied a post at White Plains, and the centre filled the space comprehended between these two points. The river Bronx lay in front of the American army, separating it from the enemy, who were encamped in force upon the left bank of this stream. This was a favourable position, as thereby the Americans were able to draw supplies from the upper country, and Connecticut, of provisions and munitions of war. This, however, was not a position in defence of which a battle was to be risked, but temporary, and to be abandoned should the royal army give indications of a farther march upon the right bank of the Bronx, or of an intention otherwise expressed to occupy the rocky grounds which lay to the north of their present post, and upon the left of that river.

Two days passed in the American camp in preparation for a renewed warfare. The British force acting upon the main land had been materially strengthened, and their opponents expected hourly to be warned by the voice of prudence of the necessity there should be for a farther retreat. In the mean time, the American general determined that light parties should be detached over the Bronx, and kept skirmishing with the royal troops, hoping by such a measure to accustom his soldiers to fatigue, and habituate them to action—to superior numbers, and royal discipline. The most trifling ascendancy ob-

tained by the American soldier over an enemy in possession of such visible advantages, would inspire him more than the most decisive victory would the European martialist. Our troops had physical strength and mental energy, but they wanted a modest confidence in their own powers. This the American general knew, and therefore he was anxious to show his men that the phalanxes of Britain were not altogether invincible; that water would drown them, fire burn them, and bullets and bayonets properly pointed, produce an extinction of the vital principle. With this view a detachment, which, in the warfare of a few meagre colonies against a mighty empire, was denominated numerous, was ordered to cross the Bronx, and hazard an engagement with a body of Britons, who now appeared upon an eminence a short distance to the east, and gave indications of a wish to play with other weapons than foils. Gilbert requested and received permission to accompany the gallant commander of this detachment, the consent of the general being couched in language considered as highly complimentary to our youthful friend from the West Bank. The offer of the brisk volunteer was called very patriotic, and he "intrepid"—"an acquisition," &c.

Upon this, a detachment of American troops attempted the passage of the Bronx. They succeeded in effecting it near where the heights of New-Rochelle slope away to the very brink of

the before-named river. There soon appeared in the southern shade of these hills a body of British troops who were on their march from New-Rochelle, by the way of East-Chester creek. As far as could be judged by the Americans, making the requisite allowance for a strategic display, extension of front, or *deploying*, they were far superior in numbers to themselves. But whether in spirit, and valour, and devotedness, remained to be seen. This, the brave Colonel Ratzemar, who commanded the Americans, proposed to try quickly, and of the opinion that the sooner the better, was our friend Greaves, who remarked "that there was a critical moment—a crisis in enthusiasm as well as in other fevers." The gallant commander of the detachment smiled at the observation. Throwing his force into three divisions, so as to be a miniature representation of the march to deadly encounters of numerous and well appointed armies, Colonel Ratzemar, of the gallant New-York line, bade Gilbert lead the right wing, appointed a fitting head to the left, of the centre himself, assumed the command, and said, "my brave fellows, few words and many blows characterize good soldiers. Let us beat those redcoats into the Sound, without more ado."

The soldiers answered with a joyful shout, and demanded to be led against the foe. Gilbert now departed to his post upon the right. His

heart was true to the cause in which he had embarked ; he believed it one approved of heaven ; he believed with his whole soul that America had been bowed into the dust by oppressive taxes, fettered by unwarrantable and grievous restrictions, trampled upon by the representatives of the royal authority, and he felt as much zeal in her defence as human nature is capable of feeling when exercised, without hope of pecuniary benefit, in the cause of suffering humanity. And yet Gilbert Greaves departed with a heavy heart. A gloom entered his mind to poison all his joys at the recollection that his beloved father was serving at the very moment in the army opposed to himself—perhaps heading the very detachment with whom he was presently to measure swords. He hastily put up a petition to the Supreme Controller of all human events that he might never meet his parent in the ranks of Britain, and scarce had he withdrawn his eyes from the posture of mute supplication, when the Americans were attacked sword in hand by the whole British corps. They stood firm as a rock pelted by a torrent ; not a man turned back, but undismayed they abode the proverbial wrath in pell-mell encounters of the sixty-ninth regiment. Gilbert, having first measured the royal ranks with a most curious eye, and tolerably well ascertained that the Honourable Brigadier General Greaves had stayed away from the

battle ground upon this day, received thereupon a wonderful acceleration of the principle of action, and fought like a dragon of olden times. The Britons were compelled to fly, and fled pursued by the victorious Americans. Unfortunately the latter forgot that there is method to be observed in the conducting of a pursuit;—that helter-skelter is a bad order of march in either the victors or the vanquished. The Britons fled precipitately,—the Americans pursued tumultuously. But a check was soon given the latter by a body of British horse, who opportunely came at full gallop to the relief of their discomfited brothers in arms. It was now the turn of the Americans to use their legs, and they did use them; though, to their honour be it spoken, with far less speed and much more bottom than their opponents. They formed their detachment into a hollow square, and so were enabled to resist the efforts of the British horse. But they must have been destroyed if their situation had not been perceived from the American camp, and immediate aid afforded them. Succours came up, and once more the king (a bad pun) was in check. We cannot farther particularize. After much hard fighting, the arrival of a detachment of the Border guards decided the fate of the day. Britain was triumphant, but never had the Americans made so noble a stand for victory since the morning of Bunker's hill fight. The bare fact

that a detachment of the New-York troops had dared to look a corps of Britons in the face, set half of the army frisking like a nursery of unweaned lambkins on the eve of a storm. Tommy Scarsdale declared to his comrades that the English commander had a brandy nose, and big mustaches, and as Tommy's visual orbs were known to be diseased, it was taken for granted that he had shaken hands and bumpered in the very shambles with the distinguished personage who led the Britons. And when it was known that Colonel Sir Toney Gubbins actually had an inflamed nose, and wore parade mustaches, a deputation of privates waited, cap in hand, upon Ratze-mar, requesting him to make an ensign of Thomas.

Gilbert who was not conscious of having done any thing more than a soldier should do, or of having exceeded the expectation of his superiors, departed silently to his tent. Presently one in the habit of a servant to a military man entered, and said that Colonel Ratzemar wished to see Captain Greaves at his tent. "What's the matter now," said Gilbert, rising, "are we going to attack the enemy again! say!"

The lad, of course, did not know, and Gilbert followed him to the tent of his master for the time being.

He entered the tent—behold! it was crowded with American officers of the first rank. Ratze-mar rose, and began naming his youthful friend to his company.

“ Captain Greaves—Colonel Hamilton.”

“ I have the honour to be known to Colonel Hamilton,” said Gilbert. “ Colonel, I am happy to see you,” taking the proffered hand of that truly great and ever-to-be-lamented man.

“ General Putnam,” continued the master of ceremonies.

“ And no American should say he does not know General Putnam,” said Gilbert.

“ How are you ?” said Putnam, roughly, (for he was no courtier ;) but he meant to be kind, and that was enough. “ How d’ye ?”

Ratzemar continued naming his friends, and “ Mac Dougal, Rawlings, Smallwood, Cadwalader, De Kalb,” were severally presented to Gilbert. Colonel Ratzemar had imposed on himself a work of supererogation, for Gilbert pleaded acquaintance with each individual of the company.

“ How the devil did you make all these friends, and when did you find time to do it ?” said Ratzemar. “ You have been but two or three days in our army, and one of the number, to my certain knowledge, has been quite a busy day. Yet you are hand and glove with the nine worthies.”

Colonel Hamilton observed jocularly, “ that men of worth were drawn together by secret sympathy. Hence a mutual regard between Gilbert and the gentlemen to whom he had been now presented.”

Gilbert replied in character, and the gentlemen fell to discoursing, in a lively manner, upon the principal events of the day. The deference paid to the opinion of our hero, if it had been shown two months earlier would have turned his head. But he recollected that he had been reckoned at one time not less the favourite of the royal officers than he now appeared to be of the rebel. And having had convincing proofs of the versatility of public opinion, and of the instability of court-favour, he had not yet unlearned to account all praise as pseudological cunning.

Colonel Ratzemar now informed Gilbert that the object he had in view in sending for him was to give him an opportunity to improve his standing with the commander-in-chief. "There have been," said he, "applications made in your behalf for a majority. Kiss Hamilton's hand—he's at the bottom of it. And now we'll go and see what the general says."

General Washington received them kindly, and after some compliments to Gilbert, named him to a vacant majority, in the ——— regiment. He afterwards entered into discourse with Major Greaves, and in the course of conversation spoke of the brigadier in very respectful terms.

"Ah, while I think of it," said Ratzemar, "why did you make a momentary halt when the Philistines were upon you, Gilbert, my dear friend?"

“ I was looking to see if my father was in the royal ranks,” replied Gilbert.

General Washington fixed his fine eye upon the youthful officer with an appearance of intense interest. “ If you had seen your father in the opposite ranks, how would you have conducted,” he asked, a slight smile crossing his features.

“ Had an especial eye to his safety, sir ;—accounted my own life of little importance when weighed against his—borne my penon aloft when not endangering his life—but dashed it to the dust, and handed him my sword the moment that we met in personal encounter.”

“ This would have been a certain sacrifice of life and reputation,” said the general, “ but it would have been right. Nothing, no possible dilemma, can free us from the obligation laid upon us by the authors of our being. Your horror was quite natural—we must send you upon some expedition which does not offer the dreaded conjunction. I use the word in an astronomical sense, Major Greaves. Your father and you must not measure swords if we can help it.”

Gilbert repaired to his regiment.

The next two or three days were spent in skirmishes with the royal troops. Though the enemy had generally the advantage in these rencounters, in the words of the historian, “ they served to dissipate the terror of the Americans, who

grew gradually more bold in defying the enemy." The adventure of Tommy Scarsdale had become so common as to excite little applause or commendation.

Presently the British, having drawn the principal part of their troops from York Island, made a rapid march upon the White Plains. Upon their approach to the vicinity of those important heights, the American general called in his detachments, and abandoning the position he held along the Bronx, encamped upon those heights, near the plains, and in front of the enemy. His position was such as to secure, if it should be found necessary, a retreat into the mountainous regions in the rear. The left wing and centre were posted upon strong defiles, but the right wing occupied a much less difficult—in fact, a tolerably level ground. And with a view to the strengthening of the right, General Mac Dougal was ordered with the regiment of Ratzemar and that of Smallwood, whereof was Major Gilbert Greaves, to occupy a rugged hill about a mile from the American camp. Such was the position of the American army upon the morning of the twenty-eighth of October, 1776.

Early on that day the enemy advanced in two columns to the attack of the American lines. The strife commenced with a war of out-posts. The Hessian light infantry soon succeeded in their object. About the hour of noon, the main

body of the British army appeared upon the front of the American camp, and soon drew up in order of battle. Let our female readers for the next five minutes turn over Brookshaw's drawings, or the coloured plates in *La Belle Assemblée*; we are to talk of matters which don't at all concern them, to wit, the order of battle observed by the British on the day of the death—no—the disgrace—no—the defeat, then, of Gilbert Greaves.

Their right occupied the road which leads to Mamaroneck. the left equally distant from the right, bordered the Bronx, (sub rosa, and in downright earnest, we have copied many of the words and the phrases of this battle scene from a veritable historian.) Perceiving that the only safely assailable point in the American chain of positions, was that occupied by their right; a position yet unassailable while protected by the strong post held by Mac Dougal; the British general determined to attempt his dislodgement from it. Ralle, the Hessian, than whom there never was a braver man, educated in the school of Frederic, and a soldier from his cradle, was ordered with his regiment to ford the Bronx, and fall upon the rebel flank. And it was settled farther, that at the same time Leslie, with his brigade, should cross the stream also, and attempt to carry the entrenchments of the rebel Mac Dougal.

The assault of the Britons was violent, but the Americans, that is, the regular troops, made a valiant resistance. When the Britons were observed to be marching upon this point, Smallwood addressed himself to his officers, and proposed not to wait the approach of the Britons, but charge them at the foot of the mountain. The proposal met with the joyful assent of the whole corps. The Americans left the entrenchments, and followed Smallwood and Ratzemar to the doubtful conflict.

They were much inferior in numbers as well as discipline to their antagonists. But the ground upon which they were to act was favourable in the highest degree to the Americans; it was of a nature altogether to forbid the employment of cavalry. The height upon which they were acting was, in fact, a mountain. A long, broken range of hills, with beetling brows, covered in some places with stunted oaks, in others with brushwood or coppice, ran away far to the north—a long way beyond the position taken by the American left. Infantry may deploy upon the White Plains, but if you would employ cavalry there, you must mount the men upon Spanish mules or Scottish galloways—your clean limbed race-horse may rest from his labours upon that chain of hills.

Thus situated the two armies, or rather the two divisions, closed in fight. The conflict was

warm, but it was brief. The British pushed on with great resolution, and though met with as much vigour and energy as human arm could assume, and notwithstanding the difficulties which the ground presented, they succeeded in driving back their antagonists, until impeded by a second and more precipitate range of hills. Here for a while the Americans made a stand, and took a position from which the Inniskillens laboured in vain to dislodge them.

“Now,” said Mac Dougal, “is the time to make a diversion. Smallwood, I can spare neither you nor Ratzemar. Who shall I send with a small detachment to attack the flank of the Twenty-Seventh?”

“Major Greaves.”

“Which is he?”

“The one upon the roan.”

“A mere boy, Smallwood—how old is he?”

“Fifty, come Palm Sunday,” answered the Marylander, gravely.

“Then the eyes of Sawney Mac Dougal are under a grievous delusion. You mean, perhaps, that he is old in understanding?”

“I do, sir. Years have not been the epochas of his life. He is a brave youth. Ask Ratzemar, who thinks him the ghost of the Cid.”

“No need of a reference to Ratzemar, colonel,” said Mac Dougal. “Major Greaves, take Bottetourt’s, and see if you cannot employ that

d——d Twenty Seventh till Putnam gets up. If you can but enable me to keep the Britons in check—only help me to keep these heights till we are reinforced, you shall ride a colt foaled of lady Lightfoot, wed a daughter of the house of Russel, and wear a coat with a general's badge upon it. Begone."

Greaves led his detachment around the brow of the hill hoping to gain the rear of the Inniskillens. But his movement had been perceived. He was suffered to advance some distance down the glen, which, as he hoped, was the path to a field favourable to his design. He heard the thunders of war rolling above him, and did not doubt there was a general assault upon the American posts. At the moment when he had gained the foot of the hill he was attacked by a strong detachment of the enemy, who had suddenly emerged from a grove of oaks which clothed the eminence. They were a part of the the dreaded Twenty-Seventh. Their commander, for they were drawing near with fixed bayonets, a man of noble port, mounted upon a fine black charger, which he managed after the most approved mode of military riding, galloped along in front of his troops, animating his men, and sounding the usual charges to them of "See the rebels," "On loyal hearts," etc. It was not with a feeling at all resembling joy that Gilbert recognized in the features of this officer, his be-

loved parent. Yes, reader, on this battle field were met a father and his only son—met in hostile guise—with swords in their hands, and with hearts determinedly enlisted in opposite causes—destinies bound to ad ersely warring kingdoms. But this was not the only instance, during the war of our independence, of the estrangement of natural affections, and the chilling of hearts which at the commencement of that strife were bound together by the strongest bonds. That was a period when all ties were delivered to oblivion which went in the least to impede efforts to be made for either of the belligerent parties. But no devotion to the cause in support of which he was now enlisted, could make our youthful soldier forgetful of the source from whence his being was derived. Hastily forming a resolution to do his utmost to arrest every trigger which threatened his parent's safety—to interpose if need should be, his own breast to every bayonet raised at his parent's, yet with a fixed resolution to do a hard battle for the States, Gilbert led on his detachment, which reinforced by a small division from the centre, was in a condition to give terms of weight (the phrase is Milton's) to the enemy. The gallant Twenty-Seventh were hard pressed, received succour, yet were compelled to retreat, and did retreat fighting like heroes, and taking vengeance much the same as did hero No. 1, of Lalla Rookh,

whose sole pleasure in a certain retreat of his, was 'slaying as he went.' The Americans followed hard upon them, and in the ardour of pursuit, forgot unfortunately all order of march.

The retreating Britons had nearly cleared the range of hills and were on the point of forth issuing to the plain, which lays between the Bronx and the rocky ridge, when the horse of their commander received a ball which precipitated him to the earth. Unfortunately the rider became involved in the disaster of his steed. They both fell, the legs of the royal officer pressed down by the unwieldy bulk of the fallen animal. The Britons were not able to halt for his defence, or even to attempt his liberation from the inglorious thralldom. As the Americans came up, two of them with drawn swords made for the dismounted and enfeebled chief, who was vainly striving to get the pistols from his holster. The intention of the two veterans, who were about to do battle upon the pinioned brigadier, being suspected by Gilbert, was rendered abortive by his prudence and filial affection. He dismounted and rushed through the friendly troops to the side of his father, and making a most respectful sign to him of his determination to defend him, drew his sword, and would have put it to immediate proof of temper but for the speedy retreat of the two marauding rebels.

The Americans passed on in eager pursuit of

the Britons, and Gilbert was left alone with his father. He attempted, but attempted in vain, to move the horse from off his fettered limbs. The noble steed lay in the agony of death, and it was dangerous to approach him. The "last gasp" had not yet "burst his bloody girth," and neighing faintly, he occasionally gave into those convulsive struggles which alike in man and beast, and we believe in the sensitive plants, mark the approaching divorce of the vital principle—the spirit from the clay. After some few struggles, the poor animal appeared to be resigned, and remained passive, while Gilbert went through the difficult task of removing him from off his father. The while the eyes of the brigadier had remained closed.

"Are you wounded, my dear father?" said Gilbert.

The brigadier opened his eyes, and bent them upon his son with most ineffable contempt, but answered not until Gilbert, with an anxiety, not in the least abated by the withering frown of his father, repeated the question.

"No," answered he, sharply ; "not wounded by rebel steel or lead, but deeply by the conduct of my vacillating—oh God! my traitorous son, who has disgraced his father and his family in the face of the whole army. Would to God I had died before thou wert born!" The veteran wept like a child.

“If you know the injuries I have received, my dear father,” said Gilbert, dropping upon his knees at his father’s feet, and striving to take his hand, while he also wept, “you would applaud rather than condemn my conduct.”

“I shall believe nothing that thou sayest, sir,” said the father. “I hear your quarrel was for a worthless woman, a street-walker.”

Gilbert left his posture of supplication, and grew upon the occasion, to the height of six cubits and a span, the stature of giants in olden time. Had the interlocutor have been any other than his father, he might have felt upon his shoulders the weight of the ‘weaver’s beam.’

“Sir, my father, they have lied to you; she is as pure as an angel,” said the youth.

“Ay—but hark! The tide is turning. Your party are upon the fly. The sounds of strife have died away upon the mountain; we have the heights.”

At the moment these words were uttered, there appeared upon the hills before them the Americans retreating, and the British in hot pursuit. They were hardly distant twenty rods. “My son,” said the brigadier, much agitated, “fly, for God’s sake, quickly. Do you know your fate if you are caught? You are a deserter.”

But the escape of our hero was rendered altogether impracticable by sundry circumstances. For one, his horse had strayed from him; and for

-another, the retreating Americans had gone off to the right, with the hope of securing a certain defile until they should receive assistance. This manœuvre cut him off at once from his brothers in arms, and his hopes of escape. Notwithstanding the cruel words the brigadier had used to his son at the first moment of their interview, he now testified as much emotion as belongs to the fondest paternity, at the approach of the party who were to deliver him from his enemies, and enwrap his son in bondage and death. Turning to Gilbert, he said, "resistance will be fruitless—do not attempt it."

"At your bidding, I will not, sir," said Gilbert; "but I had rather die than be taken."

By the time the sentence was fairly closed, they were surrounded by the Britons. Gilbert handed his sword to his father at the moment that General Leslie dismounted at his side.

"Brigadier, we have saved you, or you have saved yourself," said Leslie. "And is this a prisoner to your bow and spear? Good God! why it is your son. Most unhappy mischance! And it falls to my lot to order chains upon the misguided son of my brave friend. M'Millan, take with you twenty of your men, and march the prisoner to the city."

CHAPTER IV.

Officer. Thou look'st like one who is but half subdued ;
Thou may'st not die to day.

Amawian. And why not, since
I am to die ? Ye have no other means
To waste my flesh, and bring my spirit down.
Ye took me from the forest, where I dwelt
Free as the viewless Manitou of winds,
And led me where my eyes must hourly see
The sufferings of my tribe. Go, fix the stake,
And let me pay my debt.

Philip, a MS. Drama.

THE battle was at an end, the continentals were driven back to their entrenchments, and Gilbert Greaves was a prisoner in the hands of an implacable and exasperated enemy. To the rebel cause, the injury sustained by the defeat of a few battalions, or indeed of a few thousands, was trifling. The royal army did not deem it prudent or advisable to attack the Americans in their lines, now protected by strong works, and having the mountainous and thoroughly defensible tract of Northcastle township in their rear, and open to them whenever pressed by a superior force in front. Thus circumstanced and situated, guarded from surprise, and prepared to improve the first moment for a safe retreat, which should threaten a dispossession of their lines by

assault, or an occupation of the country in their rear by manœuvre, they could act on their concerted system of harassing the enemy, thereby habituating the unformed soldier to danger, and to promptitude of action. The disastrous events of the early part of the campaign had hardly left room to hope for the snug position they now enjoyed.

Little scope for exultation had the principal personage of this story. He was a deserter from a cause in support of which he had voluntarily enlisted, nay, affection for the king, at the time, the special motive thereto moving, and which he had abandoned for reasons which would not furnish a legal excuse for the act of desertion, though a jury of men governed by other rules than those of belligerency might have deemed them an adequate defence. Under the peculiar circumstances in which we find him placed, it is not probable that his march to prison at all resembled a triumph. A pair of fetters, passed tight around his wrists, prevented corporeal action, but not mental exertion, which came in the shape of reflection, deep, bitter, and poignant. Not that he repented the few services he had done his countrymen; not that he regretted the staining of his sword with the blood of his late associates in arms; but he bitterly deprecated the hour, when lost to the sense of the numerous wrongs done to the land of his birth, and blind

to the infamy of serving against her, he had 'accepted a commission from her tyrants, and thus precipitated himself on his fate.

The officer appointed to guard Gilbert Greaves had been but a few days on duty, and fortunately for the prisoner, was a man of tender and humane disposition ; disposed to render him every little service in his power, and to mitigate the severity of the orders he found himself compelled, in part, to execute.

"My orders respecting you, sir," said Lieutenant McMillan, "are as strict as if you were Colonel Blood in custody for the theft of the crown jewels. I do not know the motive which leads to the exercise of such severity as I am commanded to exercise towards you. I declare to God, it grieves me to see those bracelets upon you."

"I thank you, sir, for your pity and clemency," answered Gilbert, "and doubt not your disposition to lighten my burdens. Obey orders, sir, and never fear for me."

"Ned Johns, my lad, dismount," said the humane Hibernian, "and let the prisoner take your horse. You have a healthy pair of legs, as the various fields from which they have borne you, can testify. While you, Neddy, were dozing away in Hurlbert's neglected corps, our prisoner was dealing carte and tierce, as Fiddler John played at the Killala wedding, i. e. 'with a dreadful fury.' So, some of you help the prisoner to the saddle."

Greaves thus accommodated with a horse rode by the side of Lieutenant McMillan into the city. They fell insensibly into easy and pleasing discourse, which filled up the time, and in some measure diverted the mind of Greaves from those unpleasant ideas which crowded it when left to regret the past, and imagine the future. They canvassed with freedom the general character of the martial policy of the two armies; talked, as is usual among men who make arms their profession, of Bertola and Vauban; of the taking of Bergen-op-zoom; the battle of Zama, &c., taking care, McMillan especially, to enliven the tedium of mere technical details, by frequent transitions to wine, women, European capitals, the antiquity of the Irish people, and the excellence of the Brehon law. His, was one of those jovial and generous, but misguided Irish hearts, that run riot in mirth, pleasure, and wasteful excess, but which, at any time, may be recalled to temperary gravity and decency by the voice of distress. Carousing—fighting—compassionating—relieving, were by turns businesses of McMillan, and each enacted with the same hearty good will and self-applause. He had served too in the Mysore with Griffith Greaves, Gilbert's paternal uncle; and if we suppose him gifted with the quality of verity, perfected his claim on the gratitude of our hero by an assurance that "he saved, by prudent counsel, that uncle

from the deadly gripe of a Boa Constrictor, coiled up in the thick branches of a pagoda tree." He next proceeded to relate a story of Meer Jaffier Cawn at Bangalore, and by way of episode, the taking of Hyderabad, but while in the middle of his narrative, they reined up their steeds in front of the Trinity guard-house, in our days the Trinity Church, and thereby abridged the progress of the story, as well as the march of the escort with their prisoner. Word was forwarded to the mercenary, who bore rule in the guard-room, that he was expected to appear forthwith, and endorse the exoneretur of Edward McMillan, who stood pledged for the delivery of a certain Gilbert Greaves, into the hands of him, the commandant, who was to respond the first nod of authority for the appearance of the said prisoner.

The commandant presently appeared. A Hanoverian officer, in the King's German Legion, by name, Gruben, or Kuckveck, or Volgesang, or something else—one never knows when he has struck the right nail in the crack-jawed nomenclature of these Germans. Volgesang, alias Gruben, came blithly with a number of his countrymen, gentlemen in much higher repute for sacking cities than storming them; and to him and them Gilbert was delivered. When McMillan at parting, shook hands with Gilbert, he whispered, "If there be any favour you would ask of an enemy, be sure to call on Me-

Millan, of the Inniskillen Dragoons. Mind, I say *dragons*, for sure there's the *twenty-seventh* Inniskillens, who ride to the foray altogether, you know, on Shanks' mare. You'll find none suppler than me. Besides, I am indifferently well related, and have some power. King of the Buffs is my cousin—Colonel Gladstones is my foster brother, and besides I can shake a bit of paper, which 'promises to pay' a cool thousand, at a very big man."

At the period which our story supposes, the churches by which we mean not the episcopal edifices alone, but all the buildings wherein the Most High is worshipped without reference to the faith or tenets of the worshippers, were occupied by the British army, either as stables, guard-houses or prisons. Nor were they so utterly unfitted for these purposes, as we should at first imagine, since careful removal was first made of every obstruction which presented itself in the shape of pews, benches, or other internal decoration and system. By these means the houses devoted to divine worship, in most instances, were as fully stripped of every thing sacerdotal as were those of Rome in the several pillages of the barbarians.

Among the churches which were used by the British, there were the North Church in William Street and the Brick Church. The wealthy and ancient corporation of Trinity Church, wherein I in my time have listened to many an eloquent

and soul-stirring discourse, and still (being of the established church) when not afflicted with the asthma, do repeat the regular responses, opened their doors, we by no means insinuate of free will, to receive such of the captured insurgents as were of no rank, and sometimes as black sheep are seen among white, a non-commissioned officer. Seldom however had an officer of the grade of our hero been turned over to these cold and filthy dens of misery; but when the spoils of the day ranged among captains, majors and so forth, the upper apartments of the Provost were allotted them, from much the same policy as that which prevailed in England during the treason-fraught periods of her history, when the lesser criminals were beheaded on Tower Hill, while the greater were privately despatched. Presuming from the unfrequency of the thing, that the person now before him was one who might safely be maltreated, the Hessian commandant, Gruben, thrust Gilbert Greaves, with many German anathemas, into the already over-crowded prison, otherwise the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Few of our readers will require to be told that the disastrous affair at Flatbush had thrown a great number of Americans into the hands of the royal army, and that in the campaign of '76', the city and surrounding country became the principal depot as well as charnel-

house of the captured provincials. Wanting clothing to protect them from the keen air (in this respect we speak of the winter of '76,) and suffering much from the scarcity and bad quality of the provisions, the prisoners were less in the way of their keepers than of the undertakers. It is not our intention to go into an elaborate view of the relative treatment of prisoners, or make our volume the vehicle of angry invective against a nation with whom we have exchanged forgiveness, but this much we will say, that there never was, at least, in modern times, an army, who used more inhumanity to their prisoners, or cared less for their health and comfort, than that which endeavoured to re-establish the sway of Britain over her North American colonies.

The spectacle presented to our hero when he entered the Trinity prison, was one calculated to appal the stoutest heart, and lay it in sack-cloth for the miseries of the occupants. The floor of the prison was covered with sad wretches, who, like those in the beautiful Dream of the Soldier, had retired,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

Imagine to yourself, reader, a building of the size of the Trinity church, converted into one apartment, and filled with some five hundred sick, squalid, and downcast men in every possible variety of position, along, walking, standing,

sitting, leaning and kneeling. Here lay a corpse stripped of many of its no longer needed garments, by some poor fellow who had procured a trifling temporal comfort by the theft. There lay a group still breathing the breath of life, closely buddled together in the hope of fencing off the chill blast, while to ensure an equal share, a due proportion of the renovating warmth, *insides* and *outsides* at given periods exchanged places with the promptitude and regularity of the 'watches' on board a man of war. Pacing gloomily, and at random, you might remark by the feeble beam afforded you by a few lamps, which like the poor creatures they mocked, each moment were departing, the broad belted, broad cheeked, and huge whiskered Hessian sentinel, silent save when the thrust-out leg of some sleeper presented an impediment to which "dunder and blixum" and the butt of the musketoon speedily taught retrenchment. As if we can answer in sleep for the motion of our limbs, any more than we can for the matter of our dreams.

"And I am another added to the list of those who have fallen, or are destined to fall, victims to British tyranny," said Greaves, internally, as he entered the prison. "I deserve my fate, however, but these deserve crowns of glory for their steadiness in suffering." His soliloquy in this instance was much less prolix than would have been that of most men in his

situation. He felt an overpowering inclination to try the medicine which in Macbeth's time so sweetly for the oppressed mind 'knit up the ravelled sleeve of care.' He had enjoyed the preceding night but little sleep, and that fell on limbs so pained and swollen by fatigue as to convey not the nourishment which the sleep of the healthy adult usually affords him. And the present day had been one of great exertion. As he was preparing to throw himself down without other protection from the chill air than what the walls of the prison afforded, and with the prospect of passing a most distempered night, his ear caught the broad tones of a son of the bog, who, in the true dialect of Munster, was reprimanding his defunct neighbour for the fault of appropriating the skirt of his roquelaure, and following up the said reprimand with not a few sound cuffs.

"If you are dead, Dillon, for Christ's sake creep off my gabardine. There's no use in it, honey, when it can't serve yere turn. You're dead now, man alive; the greatest snorter from the Nort pole, never'll harm ye more."

Mr. Dillon, the deceased rebel, not being exactly in a condition to notice Pat's wise remonstrance, the latter after waiting the matter of a minute, doubtless for the answer, rose up in great wrath, and gave the defunct a push which sent him some feet.

“Lie there, you d——d encroaching dog of Curragh More,” said Pat, “till the man that holds spades for trumps comes arter you.”

Gilbert walked up to the soldier. “Will you permit me,” asked he, “to occupy Mr. Dillon’s place?”

“And of a certainty will I, sir,” replied the warm hearted Irishman. “But first I’ll tell you the manner of our quarrel. He asked me, that’s when he was alive, he asked me, to let him lay down under my cloak, and because I knowed him to be a true Irishman, I lets him. But its now that he’s dead that he wunt get off. I’ll always open my loof to a living man, but by Jasus, I’ll keep it clinched to a dead one. Creep under my cloak, stripling, and we two will lay as snug as pent in a bog.” Greaves obeyed the direction of the Munster volunteer, and sharing the welcome covering, slept soundly till the beams of returning day visited the deserted of liberty through the eastern casements of the church. Then arose the wretched inmates of the Broadway prison-house, the meagre, sad outline of the broken regiments of Smallwood, Hatche, and Miles, and the ‘fortunate remnant’ of other fields. But they arose not as soldiers, grasping swords, but as invalids handling crutches—so joyless and despairing appeared their movements.

Gilbert Greaves also arose from his coverlet of Irish fabric, and prepared to see if the morning

skies wore the hue of his fortunes. Amply secured against escape by other outlet than the principal gateways, the guards did not bar him access to the cemetery, or burying ground, and he was permitted to walk undisturbed over the bones of many an Octogenarian sleeper. Seldom does this spectacle of the end of all terrestrial things suggest unpleasant ideas to the troubled and surcharged heart. A passing speculation on the lesson of mortality in no wise unfitted Gilbert Greaves to take especial and merry note of a singular and queer looking mortal, who now advanced to him from that part of the cemetery which affords peaceable neighbours to the inhabitants of Lumber-street.

There were sundry points about the strange gentleman, which were ill-calculated to put the muscles of the face into the respectfully grave comportment, which the sudden confrontation required. The casual remarker would have said at once that he should have lived earlier, when an elongated visage (conveying the idea of superior wisdom acquired by hard study,) was an important step in the ladder of state preferment, to say nothing of the church where the predicament 'buys golden opinions of all sorts of men' yet. His portrait would have helped complete the *tout ensemble* of that splendid 'convocation of notables,' which graces the halls of an 'institution,' whose location shall be nameless. Seldom

did the eye light on a human being so well fitted as he to sustain the identity of one 'sent half made up into this breathing world.' To use the language of Shakspeare still farther, and, we confess, to a too liberal use of him already in this paragraph, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart would not have greatly soiled the reputation of the canine race for sagacity, if they had raised their voices to an 'octave above the natural A A,' at the far-famed original, who presented himself in Colonel Ethan Allen.

Ethan Allen was born, if we are rightly informed, in the town of Litchfield, in the state of Connecticut. Little is known, at least by ourselves, of the early life of this singular man ; and to the numerous inquiries which we have directed at the surviving heroes of the revolution, from whom we expected much information, we have ever received the general answer of '*ignoramus*.' We learn from history that he was a gentleman, possessing very good natural abilities, but blustering, noisy, swaggering, and profane, promising much, and performing little. To speak of his personal features : he was tall, say six feet two inches, very awkward in his walk, stooping in his gait—of a swarthy complexion, with black hair, resembling an Indian's in its colour and sleekness. His eyes were black and remarkably bright. Hence it was said by his enemies that he gave full proof in their unearthly brilliancy, of

his league with the arch-fiend. For it was an opinion common among the vulgar, that "he had to do with the devil." Allen scrupled not to encourage this belief by giving into discourse proper only to be used in the presence of his supposed master. He was used to boast that he derived great advantages from the prevalence of this belief.

Previous to the Revolution he removed to Sunderland, in Vermont. He died at that place some time in the year 1800. The military events of his life are well known, though it is said that little dependence can be placed upon the written account he has given of them. We allude to his "Narrative," which is supposed to contain a very moderate share of historical truth. It is, however, a full commentary upon the character of the author, exhibiting in a strong light the various traits of his humour, his insufferable egotism, vanity and impiety.

When Allen had approached to the distance which gives scope for the employment of the optical faculty, he held his large, bony hand over his eyes to collect the rays of light, and in that position remained for the space of a minute. When, to use an approved nautical phrase, he had made out the ship to hoist friendly signals, or in other words, the rebel uniform, he quitted his posture of critical observation, and bore down upon our hero at the distance of five rods, hold-

ing out his hand in token of amity, cursing audibly the whilst. At first there was only an indistinct muttering, but it swelled like the egg in the Arabian Nights, until at last it became a loud, threatening discourse, interlarded with oaths, and those not of the most approved cut among the hard-swearing gentry.

“By the pillar of fire!” he exclaimed, “here is a fresh victim.”

“How do you know that sir?” asked Gilbert.

“Because,” answered the *Verd-monter*, “you have a ruddy cheek, a shaved lip, and untattered garment. All these, by the Bulls of Bashan, get leave of absence hell-fired quick from these regions, let me tell you, friend, unless to be sure among the King’s officers. You have not been hereabouts but for a day or some such matter, say?”

“I was brought in a prisoner last night, sir.”

“Name, say?”

“Gilbert Greaves.”

“Son of the Brigadier? But no, he is a tory.”

“Yes, sir, son of the Brigadier.”

“God’s firelock! you dont say so? Father against the son, and son against the father. Evidence for the Prophets, say, ha! ha! a good thought.”

“Bitter disunion, sir, and sundering of the bonds of natural affection,” replied Gilbert.

“That there is,” said Allen. “But I am sorry

you are here. You had better be on Mount *Ætna*, whipping sillabubs of brimstone for the devil's dessert, than to be in this abode of hypocrites and Iscariots. *Entre nous*, I tell you, sir, this is an abominably blasphemous place ; a Sodom whereupon I pray that God may rain fire and brimstone, provided he do it shortly."

Greaves readily assented to the charge of blasphemy, having so prime a culprit at hand to verify it. But Allen had gone to something else, and inquired how he was taken, "whether fighting or sleeping, say !"

"Oh, I did not come here without hard tugging, I assure you, sir," answered Greaves.

"Nor I neither, by the Twelve Mischief Makers !" said the strong-lunged Colonel. "I fought, by-the-bye,—my name is Ethan Allen—surprised, say ?—hope to be better known to you, sir,—Yes I am he—known at Ticonderoga and elsewhere for the damn'dest—but I never brag. I fought the Britons in that last business two hours, bating sixteen minutes, and the snap of a musket. I peppered Carden, and that rascally counter-jumping, quill-driving, Patterson, besides ten or twelve others, with my own hand. But we were overpowered, friend ; fairly overpowered. I had men, sir, that, toe to toe, would have taken thunder alive. What signifies valour like mine, d——n my eyes, when your foes are ten to your one ?"

"I believe you are a Hampshire-Grant's man, sir," said Gilbert, growing a little curious to know something more of this singular and eccentric being.

"Ay, am I; but not by birth. Born in old Connecticut, upon a d——d fine January morning—hence my valour. The British know that Ethan Allen never flinches. That, give him elbow-room, and the Green-Mountain boys will follow him as a flock of sheep the bell-weather. That is why they won't exchange me."

"Will they not exchange you?" asked Gilbert.

"Won't they exchange me, ask you? Sooner exchange one of the vials of wrath, if they had it, for a Dutch crucible. They might, perhaps, offer me as an equivalent for Stoney-Point or Fort Washington; nothing less than that, I assure you."

"They estimate your prowess at a very high rate," said Gilbert.

"That they do. I am offered a regiment if I will wheel about. May the earthquakes of damnation light upon them for the attempt to seduce an honest man from his duty! See, sir, they think I am preaching treason to you. Good bye. I must keep out of the reach of that d——d pike-staff."

Allen succeeded in effecting a retreat, notwithstanding the swift pace of the sentinel with rais-

ed pike after him. A flight and pursuit, so well calculated to provoke mirth and merriment, had seldom come under the observation of our hero. And the loud laugh, which burst from all within ken of the foot-race, proved others of his opinion. Allen manœuvred like a second Xenophon, animated by the encouraging shouts of the prisoners, some of whom advised him not to retreat, but to fortify himself behind Doublewig's monument. Managing so as to keep six or eight paces ahead of the German, Allen continued, until fairly out of hearing, to vent his wrath in most uncouth terms of opprobrium and imprecation, amply supporting throughout the reputation he had acquired of being confederated with the rebellious powers of the air, as well as of the earth.

Greaves had hardly time to witness the termination of this trial of speed and bottom, before his attention was called off to matters more nearly concerning himself.

This was the approach of the deputy provost marshal, Keefe, with a file of soldiers. After conversing a moment with Gruben, Keefe, attended by his satellites, walked up to Greaves, and in tone and language the most insulting and provoking, announced the possession of an order to carry him to the Provost. To reason with men of his stamp would be a foolish undertaking, and equally so to oppose them with harsh and reproachful language. Gilbert, therefore, bore

patiently the taunts and insults of the minion of royalty ; and in a short five minutes' marching by the usual route, which was the King's road, now, as we have said, our noble Broadway, found himself at the entrance to the Provost dungeon.

The house then known as the "Provost," is the same with that conspicuous, blue-painted, building, which stands a little to the west of our City Hall, to wit, Bridewell. An object which the saunterer on the park grounds, from its antiquity, past uses, present purposes, and the exceedingly pleasant ideas of city thrift it inspires, always views with great awe and veneration. (May it continue to ornament those grounds for centuries to come!) But material improvements have been made upon the building since it has been selected as a lodging house for swaggering youths, and drunken Cyprians, the Blowselindas, the Corinthian Toms, and other sinners of the day. The outside walls, thanks to our city government, are now kept as neat as a country farmer's parlour. At the day of our revolution, little could be said in praise of its condition. Additions had, indeed, been made to it in the first part of the war ; but the architects were not authorized nor directed to make repairs, and contented themselves with raising it a story higher, and adding a few feet to its length. So it stood

at the day of our story. But the upper apartments of the prison, however gloomy to him, who had never been confined to worse, were mansions of bliss, and bridal chambers, in comparison with that to which Humphrey Keefe, with drawn sword, and Simmons, the turnkey, with lighted lamp, conducted their prisoner. As the ponderous keys grated in the double locked, treble bolted, and fourfold clasped door of the dungeon, Greaves, not apprehending human evidence of his weakness, could not withhold the exclamation, "From these four walls I shall not depart till I am led forth to execution!"

"So Flahaven and Eddy thought," said a voice at the farther end of the dungeon; "nevertheless they are both off, and sowing buck-shot and slugs among the geese from Britain." With this exclamation, a young man stepped from the farther end of the dungeon, apparently well pleased to have a companion in misery. His squalid and destitute appearance, with tattered and dirty garments, long beard and matted hair, told of a long duration, as well as deprivation of even the cheaper comforts of existence. This was Captain Travers of Virginia, one of the bravest young men the revolution produced. Not in the least had imprisonment damped his spirits; and a keen eye and laughing cheek looked out from a ragged roundabout, fringed Belcher handkerchief, and dirty red woollen night-

cap, worthy the tatterdemalians one sees in the vestibule of the Pawnbroker's bank or bargaining for cast-off habits at the Jew Mordecai Solomon's. But Travers was a man whom want of any kind buffeted to little purpose; one upon whom the insults of his foes sat as light as the perils of their battle.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, laughing, "that I have no better apartment than this to which I can invite you; but to speak the truth, my drawing-room is in the rough yet. And for the furniture, it is of a piece with the apparel of the servants in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and went before my time to be 'new pinked with Gabriel's pumps and sheathed with Walter's dagger.' You will have the goodness to make allowance for my roundabout; and my *tights* are respectfully recommended to mercy. My linen lacks a sound drubbing, but this doubtless you will note. Of that badge of maturity and wisdom, my night-cap, supposed apt companion of the 'lean and slipper'd pantaloon,' I shall say nothing. And now, as the parrot said to Tom Moore, 'what brought you here?'"

"I suppose I may answer you as Tom answered his feathered questioner: 'Bad company by G—d.' At all events, I may say that imprudence did. I became a tory to please my friends, and apostatized to whiggism to please myself, and now am in the clutches of the first named

party, on a charge of desertion, it will be somewhat difficult to disprove. So, no doubt, I shall swing or be shot."

"I'll bet you a prime field hand," said Travers, "a blue-skin worth a hundred sterling, that you die at ninety-three, with nine score descendants, although you deserve a long-legged abridgment in both particulars for ever having been a tory. Will you give me your name, my dear sir?"

"Gilbert Greaves, late captain——"

"Heu! and mine is Travers—Archer Travers of Bottetourt—very much at your service, Captain Greaves. I know you well, sir, by report, and have heard your story, or at least part of it. I believe you are too stout-hearted to be set trembling in your knee joints by my opinion that you are a lost man. I communed the other day with one who heard Commissary Loring and Jo. Galloway pass sentence of death upon the deserter Greaves—so you were called. Ned Bowling heard them say that you had behaved valiantly in the royal service, and equally so in the rebel. But you had filched important secrets, they said, and laid them at the feet of the rebel commander-in-chief. Unless you contrive to escape, I think you are sure of a check-mate."

"It is useless to fret at the mischance," said Gilbert. "I am a soldier, and care little for myself; but I have a father who will grieve full

sorely ; and there is another person in whose welfare I am interested, and who may shed some tears at my demise."

"Some bright-eyed city belle for a wager," said his lively companion. "There is no withstanding these coaxing, sweet-tongued metropolitans. At first sight, you are half captivated by her faultless form and fascinating manners. Then comes music : Miss plays you a favourite tune on the harp, displaying a beautiful arm, warbles a canzonet, and you are a done-over tailor. I got in an entanglement with one of these fair ones, on my first arrival from the Ancient Dominion ; and by the life of Pharaoh, she persuaded me to turn tory ; because, as she said, her daddy was one, whereupon I moved *allegro*. I had to turn over a new leaf with my foolish fond heart, or I might now have been at loggerheads in defence of king, lords and commons."

Before the day was gone, the two prisoners were on the best possible terms of friendship, and in full possession of each other's confidence. The evening came, and passed with more satisfaction than the inmates of a dungeon generally enjoy, especially when placed in the peculiar situation of one of the parties. Travers produced an old iron candlestick, and piece of candle, with the apparatus for obtaining fire. Also a pack of cards, wherewith, by careful enumeration, he had played, since his confinement, three hundred and

ninety-one games of *solitaire*, and a game of six card cribbage, with three for the deal, (a discountenanced rule,) was the nominated amusement. Greaves was disturbed in a task which would have made one of your card-playing dowers chant Rule Britannia, to wit, counting up a hand of two sevens, eight, nine, seven turned ; crib, two fives, six, eight, by the voice of the turnkey, at the door of the dungeon, and the grating (but this is Scott's) of the ponderous obstacles to freedom. The cause of this interruption should be here narrated, but paying great deference to the critics, who demand an orderly division of the story into chapters, &c. and lash authors unmercifully who disobey them, we defer the denouement till the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The friendships of this world are brittle things.
Men should consider them a cheap adventure
Sent uninsured into a stormy sea,
Where founder ten to one brought safely back.
Not all are fickle—there have been who stood
The shock of injury—misfortune—guilt,
Who e'en, when kindredship became estranged,
Held firm, and saved a sinner for repentance.

The Wife of Three Husbands.

WHEN the door was opened sufficiently wide to admit a person through it, two figures, muffled up in large scarlet roquelaures, which effectually disguised their features, glided into the dungeon. The taller of them, passing Travers, who had approached to do the honours of the dungeon to the stranger guests, came up to Gilbert; and said in a whisper, "is your chum to be trusted?" "He is," replied Gilbert, concisely. "Then," said the muffled visiter, throwing aside his disguise, "I must have a little chat with you."

"My God! Sir Maxwell," said Gilbert, "how did you gain entrance to this dungeon?"

"By the help of the yellow key," answered the baronet, "and a moving tale, my boy."

While these few words were passing between Gilbert Greaves and Sir Maxwell Greacen, Tra-

vers was employed in an apology to the companion of the baronet, which varied little as it regarded the dress of the master of ceremonies, from that made to our hero, save that he now gave the "chill air of the unwarmed apartment" as his reason for wearing his blanket fastened with a wooden skewer over his 'court dress.'"

"Let me help you to a chair, sir," said he, "or rather to a stool which has as many legs as curate Muddybrains' mule, to wit, three. Indeed, I am hasty tempered, God forgive me for it; but I sent the other leg at the scoundrel turnkey, who brought me a dish of pork and peas, the pork bearing about the same relation to the peas that Alcibiades' estate bore to Attica."

"Nevertheless, sir," said the stranger, to whom Travers particularly addressed himself, "the heart of that same turnkey melted at our tale, and he gave us access to this dungeon."

"Then I grieve," said the placable and warm hearted Virginian, "that I was offended with the worthy supervisor of dungeon dainties, and rejoice that the redoubtable missile went at least a Flemish ell from Mr. Lockmeup's noddle. I will surely draw on factor, as we spendthrift tobacco planters say, for a remuneration to my injured keeper."

"Captain Greaves," said Sir Maxwell, "I need not say how bitterly I lament your situation."

“I doubt not your regret for my mischance,” replied he to the kind condolence of his friends, “and that considerably softens my own feeling of sorrow. But I am happy to see you, even in a dungeon, and deprived of my good name.”

“I do not know, my young friend, that our exertions can save,” said the baronet. “I am privy to your noble rescue of Ellen Keith, and here is her brother to thank you, and proffer any aid in his power.”

Captain Keith threw off his cloak, and a kind recognition and embrace took place between them. They were interrupted by the baronet, who said, “My young friends, the turnkey grants us but ten minutes. We must improve them. Greaves, the principal charge to be brought against you is, that you have corresponded with divers of the rebels, and in particular, with one Sam Bryce, a notorious whig negotiator of plots and conspiracies, whose escape, it is said, you once connived at. And farther, that you suffered Washington to escape from you at Kip’s bay, and have since put him in possession of intelligence which he has used to the thwarting of the royal army. Is there truth in these charges?”

“Not a word of truth,” said the affronted youth, passionately. “Never did a line or cypher pass from me to the Americans. I never connived at the escape of Sam Bryce, or General George Washington. Never did a syllable

which could harm the royal army, or benefit the rebel, escape my lips, unless by my advice given in capacity of an American officer, after I had joined the American army; and even that advice predicated on no disposition, known or anticipated, of the royal troops, but on the general rules of war."

"Washington might be referred to, then? His bare testimony to your innocence would relieve you of the charge. Will you allow me to name him for reference?"

"Most cheerfully. I name him, and rest my fate on the answer he may give to this simple question, 'What information did Gilbert Greaves give you of the plans, organization, numbers, &c. of the British army?'"

"My acquaintance with your character and principles taught me to disbelieve the report. But, Captain Greaves, you should have braved a court martial, and not have gone over to the enemy at the precise period of time when your supposed treasonable acts were dated."

"I acknowledge it," said Gilbert; "it was a ruinous mistake. But I listened to the sweet persuasion of a tongue, whose accents were too seldom heard to be neglected. Besides, I understood there were warrants out against me. If they were base enough to get up false charges against me, they were base enough to support them by false evidence. To sum up, they had

determined on my ruin, and this was the course which was to effect it."

"Well, my dear Greaves," said Keith, affectionately, "we shall do our best to save you."

"Thank you," said Gilbert. After a moment's silence he resumed: "I do not perceive that you have spoken of my father as having taken part in measures for my release. I fear my kind parent bears the misfortune with little firmness."

Keith turned his eye to the baronet, who drew down his eyebrows, as if to check the disclosure intimated by the glance of his friend. Gilbert noticed the action, and suspicious that it referred to the illness or other disability of his father, but with no appearance of attributing it to the proper cause, said anxiously,

"Is my father well? He is living, is he not?"

Again Keith looked imploringly at the baronet, who, after a moment's silence, said,

"My dear Greaves, I would keep you in ignorance of many unresolvable problems in the world, but I fear a harsher and less friendly tongue than mine may propose them to you. Your father conducts strangely—give not a thought to it. To be plain, he has lately been reading the Roman history, and finding a story therein of a father, who, for a breach of discipline, gave up his only son to death, he has determined to play the lion-mettled patriot, and offer his a sacrifice. He gives you up."

THE REFUGEE.

The swiftest bolt that ever came from a gusty thunder cloud floating over the sea could not have had a more immediate, and more appalling appearance, a more deadly effect than the communication of the baronet on the hero's tale. He was falling senseless to the ground when Travers caught him in his arms, and bore him to the wretched pallet of straw, which served them for some of the purposes of a bed. They laid him thereon, and with great haste performed such of the kind acts usually done to persons who have fainted, as their means furnished them withal.

"This is your work, Keith," said the baronet angrily. "Never mind me, Frederick, I am kindly meant; but the tidings have overpowered him. Hist! he is recovering. Good heavens, dear fellow, how do you do?"

"The chill air of the dungeon has made me sadly nervous," answered he. But the effort to conceal his emotion was unsuccessful. His voice faltered, and a big tear rolled to his eye. "I wish that I should be a woman. Gentlemen, believe I need no excuse for being overcome by parental neglect. I could, and in some respects have borne the neglect of friends without complaint, but to be cast off by a father, before he has shown uncommon tenderness, unmans me. This, however, is the last tear I shall shed. I have been a man, and I will die like one. I shall

your intercession no farther, my friends. You are entitled to, and do receive, both of you, my warmest thanks for your kindness."

"Captain Greaves," exclaimed the baronet, "you surely do not mean to take angry counsel with your heart, and reject our services to procure, if possible, your acquittal?"

"I do, sir," answered Gilbert. "If my father entertains so firm a conviction of my guilt, as to give me into the arms of the military power, without a struggle, I have no wish to live longer. This is no vaunt of mistimed resolution. I know the value of life; and I had before me a prospect of making it rich in felicity. Gentlemen, my friends, the turnkey thumps his warning on the dungeon door."

"Think not that I shall give you up, Greaves," said Sir Maxwell. "What I have seen and heard now make me doubly solicitous to save you. I will bear steel ere a hair of your head receive injury. Even I, who learned discipline under the hang, draw, and quarter system of the Second Frederick, will do it."

"My resolution is taken," said Greaves.

"Keith," said Sir Maxwell, "I thought you had a commission to discharge from an absent favourite of this headstrong boy. Peace! Simmons," he cried, for the turnkey was becoming noisy, "we are coming with the brush of the fox."

“Captain Travers,” said Keith, “I shall trust to the seldom-forfeited honour of a Virginian, and say my say before you. Greaves, my dear sister on her departure for England, left this portrait for you, with an assurance, that memory has sketched its counterpart, which will be fondly preserved, on the belief of the obliging reception of this present. If you had been free and prosperous, long and protracted, with all due maiden reserve, would have been your suit for a boon which now the dear girl proffers unasked.”

Greaves should have replied, but was prevented by Travers, who asked, “Has she a sister? Because if she has one with eyes as bright as hers must be, and heart as affectionate as it certainly is, whip comes the offer, by way of marriage settlement, of two tracts of the finest land on the Little Big Muddy, one hundred negroes little and big, and sundry chattels, such as —— don’t look so imploringly, Greaves. I cannot feel sorrowful long at a time—five minutes or so. ‘Old Virginia never tire.’”

“Greaves,” said Keith, rising to go, “live to receive the hand of my charming sister. We will fathom your father’s heart, and all will be well yet. Good bye.”

The visitors left the dungeon, and the doors closed once more upon the prisoners. The game of cribbage was not resumed. Travers

retired to his pallet with a heart which made light of his own sufferings, but which grieved sorely at those assailing his friend. With the portrait of his fair mistress in his hand, Greaves, till a long way past the hour of midnight, paced the stone pavement of the dreary apartment to which the fiat of military power had consigned him ; nor could the entreaties of Travers moderate his grief, or procure a temporary use to be made of the ‘oblivionating medicine.’ His father had given him up—just cause for grief, all will say. The assurance before tacitly, and now openly expressed, that he was beloved by a woman of such virtue, and such mental and acquired charms, as Ellen Keith—one so worthy in all particulars to be beloved, at another time, and in prosperous hours, would have conferred upon him felicity almost unalloyed ; at present, she was the fair, far-off land of calm and sunshine, which the mariner descries just as his ship becomes ingulfed in inevitable destruction. At length, and when nature had wearied herself out with these prolonged exertions of mind, he fell asleep to dream of Ellen—Ellen, his wife, wedded in the face of the world, and in the presence of his appeased father, who smilingly witnessed their union, and the mantling bowl was drained by numerous and honourable friends. How many such dreams have been broken by the beams of the morning peeping through the windows of a prison

We now return to Sir Maxwell Greacen, and Captain Frederick Keith, and our narrative takes them up at the time of their departure from the Provost dungeon, and on the eve of a visit to Brigadier Greaves. They set out, as our readers have doubtless surmised, with a view of winning the brigadier to a course more consistent with the relation in which he stood to the tenant of the Provost dungeon.

At the junction of ——— Lane, with the king's road, now the noble and elegant Broadway, there stood what, in those low days of our metropolitan architecture, was called the 'large and well-built hotel' of the Half-Pay House, opened by the good Mrs. Baker, the former landlady of the George, on the loyal plan of accommodating the king's officers with victuals and lodging at a crown piece *per diem*. Thither went the self-commissioned agents of Gilbert Greaves, and knocking at the door, were admitted by a very civil and obliging servant, who, to the inquiry "Was Brigadier Greaves within?" gave for answer that "he was;" and to the farther question "Could he be seen?" replied, "probably not, for that several gentlemen, who had called that evening, had been dismissed with the declaration, that "Brigadier Greaves was unwell, and could not see company."

"Bear to him my respects—Sir Maxwell Greacen's respects, and say that Captain Fred-

Orick Keith and myself have urgent business with him, and cannot, without great prejudice to ourselves and others, receive denial of audience."

The servant departed with the message, and presently returned, bearing an invitation to the two officers to enter the hitherto occluded chamber. James Porter took the light, and the two officers followed him to the apartment occupied by the veteran brigadier.

The houses of public entertainment and resort, in the days whereof we speak, were of greatly inferior dimensions to our present hotels and city taverns ; so that instead of the command of the landlord, "Bob take the gentleman to number 29 on the third floor," you were sure to hear the more modest direction of "show him to the little south or north bed room ;" or perhaps the order ran to the "plaistered bed room." Now we do not pretend to say that large and roomy inns were not to be found within the precincts of our city at that time. Large there certainly were ; but our sagacious and thrifty innholders have so much improved in the art of economizing space, that they now lodge half a dozen boarders on an area of such circumscribed dimensions, as were formerly considered entrenching on the elbow room of a sole tenant. The Half-Pay House was built after the roomy fashion, with long, wide galleries, and so low as

frequently to occasion injury to the upper story of the lodgers who rose above five feet nine.

Sir Maxwell and his friend had little trouble to find the apartment of the brigadier. That gentleman met them at the door, and after the usual compliments had passed, led them into a small bed-room, furnished with a fire-place, in which there was a wood fire burning brightly, and, always a brilliant accompaniment thereto, a decanter of wine on a table by it, and a volume of Livy. The brigadier rung the bell, and on the appearance of the servant, ordered pipes and glasses to be brought.

“We will not trouble you so far this time,” said Sir Maxwell. “It is growing late. Besides, we have this evening seen a dutiful son weeping the neglect of a cruel father, and think you we can taste wine while the impression remains unobliterated?”

“Did you come to cozen me out of my integrity?” asked the brigadier, proudly.

“There have been days in my life, Brigadier Greaves, when such an expression as that you used a moment since might have cost one or both of us his life; but I have no thought for blood at this time. I have come, sir, to change, if possible, a resolution, which, if kept five days longer, will five years hence wring tears of blood from your stubborn heart.”

“If you speak of my resolution to give up my

son—a son dear to me as my life, I answer that I act but as the patriots of all ages have done. The Romans ——”

“Tush! damnation, man! Don’t tell me of the Romans. A set of unnatural brutes, and borough-mongering rascals, who would at any time massacre kith and kin with their own hand, to gain one approving shout from the populace. You may outrage the laws of natural affection as much as you please. But, until you are called to personate Numa, you will be thought both a fool and a madman if you attempt to enact the Roman.”

“My son, Sir Maxwell,” said the brigadier, “has dishonoured and disgraced his father in the eyes of the whole army.”

“Your son has done no such thing,” answered Sir Maxwell. “He has reflected honour upon you—you ought to be proud of him. Where could there be found a braver or more noble-spirited youth?”

“I did not think,” continued the brigadier, apparently soliloquizing, “that one should spring from my loins to tarnish the reputation of his house by a base desertion of his post.”

“His desertion was not voluntary,” said Greacen. “I have told you before that his noble rescue of a lady compelled him to fly rather the malice of a villain in power, than the justice of his country. Besides, there were warrants out

against him on a false charge of treason, and good men and true advised him to fly, until other men guided the helm of affairs."

"Let him make his defence," said the father, "and if he succeeds in establishing his innocence, of course I shall be rejoiced; but let him count on no efforts of mine in his behalf."

"In the event of your withholding the natural duty of a parent, the brave young man resolves to plead guilty. If you, his father, believe him guilty of the crime of desertion—desertion without extenuating circumstances, and resolve to make not that effort which will imply a belief in his innocence, he prefers to die."

For a moment the patriot gave way to the father, and there shone in the face of the brigadier unequivocal marks of contrition and repentance. The feeling appeared to be momentary. The next second, his heart was invested with a double portion of inflexibility and obstinacy.

"Gentlemen," said he, rising, "I thank you for your well-meant kindness to the ingrate I am sorry to call son. The extenuating circumstances you speak of will never appear, I think. And know that I will not be farther disgraced by an identification, in the least degree, of myself with Gilbert Greaves. It grows late, gentlemen."

"We accept your hint, sir," said the baronet. "Since you are resolved, we bid you wear the

high-toned feelings of the Roman now, and the bitter compunction of the murderer—ay, a murderer—hereafter. But if your son does not stand like a fool by his present resolution, we shall save him for your future comfort yet.”

Sir Maxwell and his friend bade adieu to the Half-Pay House with a heavy heart. They were justly apprehensive of the effect which the obstinacy and unnatural disposition of the father would have on the son. They nevertheless did not despair of winning from the latter his consent to the employment of proper means for his liberation. At the lower end of the fields they separated for the night, and each went to his lodgings to ruminate on measures for the acquittal of their favourite.

The task we have undertaken now compels us to return to the Provost dungeon, and to that particular part of it which holds the hero of our tale. On the morning consequent upon the interview which the baronet and his friend had with the prisoners, Keefe entered the prison hastily, and announced to Travers, that he was graciously pardoned the offences which were thought deserving a dungeon, and was to be promoted to the society of the less contumacious rebels, who occupied apartments much more pleasant than they deserved, on the basement floor of the Provost. Travers, out of compassion to his room-mate, would gladly have pro-

crastinated his removal, though the evils of his present situation made a change of residence very desirable ; but Keefe was peremptory. To our hero, in his present state of mind, society afforded no pleasure but rather gave pain. Hence he viewed the removal of Travers with little concern, though the lively interest the brave Virginian had taken in his fortunes, had excited a strong feeling of friendship for him in the breast of Gilbert. That very friendship helped to reconcile our hero to the separation. When Travers was bidding Gilbert farewell, he whispered in his ear, that he must abandon his foolish intention of pleading guilty, and let death find a retreating, instead of an over-forward subject.

Travers had been gone but a few minutes, when the door of the dungeon re-opened, and Colonel Charles Vernon entered. The station which Vernon held in the armies of the King, for he now bore the rank of colonel, and the countenance which had been lately afforded him by the commander-in-chief, had gifted him with twice his ordinary share of pride and importance, and he at once gave palpable evidence of an intention to comment on the difference made by late events in their relative situation, as well as to remark on the philosophy of the adverbs *up* and *down*. As it was necessary to the attainment of the object which he had in view, in the present visit, that the prisoner should not be

alarmed into caution, and recover his guard, or be so treated as to cause him to preserve an indignant silence in the proposed debate, Colonel Vernon made a most gracious bow, and assuming the stool to which Travers had likened curate Muddibrain's mule, "hoped that he found Captain Greaves in good health, and prepared by a disclosure of some important facts, aid in some pressing matters, and evidence in contradiction of some unfounded aspersions, to exchange the present painful durance for a happy enlargement, and return to the full favour of his general."

At little loss to surmise wherefore the smiles and courteous bearing of the gallant colonel were assumed, Greaves asked "what aid he could afford, wherein lay his ability to disclose important facts?" &c.

"First I must observe, and I regret to make the observation, that the enemies of Captain Greaves have been industriously filling the ears of the commander-in-chief with complaints against him, which many of the officers, and myself for one, think insinuate utter falsehoods. For instance, they do not believe that Captain Greaves, previous to his leaving us, held communication with the rebel general; and they think, if they tell me truly, that he intended advantage to the royal cause by his late visit to the rebel camp."

"Do they indeed? I am pleased to hear it,"

said Greaves, with an expression of countenance totally contradicting the intimated feeling. He knew that the remarks of Vernon were untrue, for there was a general belief prevailing in the army that he was guilty of deserting his post with all the aggravating circumstances which Vernon had in fact affirmed to exist in his attempt at negation. Anxious, however, to sound the emissary of greatness still farther, he put a rein on his rebellious feelings, while he submitted the previous remark.

“Yes,” said Vernon, “and so thinks the general, from whom I come deputed with full powers to propose pardon.”

Greaves observed that “when he was removed from the dungeon, he should feel more fully disposed to negotiate his enlargement. A state of such vile restriction was ill calculated, he thought, to beget a temper of mind favourable to the discussion of important interests, such as doubtless Colonel Vernon had in view in the present visit.”

“Captain Greaves, I presume, does not wish to be considered a deserter,” said the smiling Britton, “nor can he be anxious to secure the punishment of one. He will do well, therefore, not to stand upon the local concern to the injury of the personal, but hear reason and right even in a dungeon; and especially as it has been cleared of its other occupant, for the purpose of having only stone walls privy to our conference.”

"What are the subjects to be debated, sir?" asked Gilbert, fixing a keen eye on the Briton.

"Why, first, that you will detail in full the knowledge you have acquired relative to the rebel army, their disposition and future movements."

"Briefly, then, and to spare time, I say that this article, and all others of the same stamp, are utterly inadmissible. You know me too well, sir, to suppose that I would purchase life by an act of such baseness."

"Ah, I imagine," said Vernon, "that since we have obtained the required information from other sources, we may dispense with your testimony, which, after all, will be but confirmatory of that upon which we act. Our second proposition is, that you return to your American friends, and earn a full pardon from his majesty, by transmitting from the rebel camp a minute and accurate account of all passing transactions of a military and political nature."

"The English of which is," said Gilbert, "that you would make a spy of me."

The countenance of Vernon fell before the quick glance of the fiery rebel, and moving so as to be on safety's side, he said, with rather more haughtiness than prudence dictated,

"I am not instructed to give a definition of the word. If Captain Greaves thinks the term is fairly predicated of the business, he must

suppose it applied. But we of the royal service do not think that the epithet applies to those who visit the rebel camp in the service of the undoubted sovereign."

Determined fully to sound the emissary of royalty, Gilbert employed himself for a minute in regulating his feelings, which were in rebellion, and in checking his disposition to do his best, all unarmed as he was, at harming the Briton. He at last said, with considerable calmness, "Is there any other proposal to be made? If there be, let's have it without more ado."

"I am sorry," said Vernon, "to see Captain Greaves so at war with the natural wish for life and its enjoyments. He appears to covet martyrdom as eagerly as Polycarp did. Well, sir, my third and last proposition concerns an eminent individual, whose character has been impeached; and it is in your power to cancel the debt you have contracted with justice, by bearing honourable testimony to his innocence of a crime, wherewith he stands, I think, falsely charged."

"And pray who may be the individual traced?" asked Greaves; "and what was the action which has been, in your opinion, falsely charged to the eminent individual as a crime: an action to which it seems I am somehow privy, and am to be the means whereby is to be effaced the unhappy impression men wear of its import?"

“Why, sir,” said Charles Vernon, “men have dared to say that the commander-in-chief—yes sir, the commander-in-chief—no character is safe now-a-days—in a particular case attempted an unlawful consummation of his desires, wherefrom you *vi et armis* prevented him. Such a report, credence being given it, would mar his fortunes, which hope signal promotion in a marriage with the wealthy heiress of Castle Penven-sy. It is in your power to contradict this report, and you are wished to do so.

“And what is to be the reward of my obliging contradiction of a tale, true in all its parts? How am I to be paid for the falsehood?” said Gilbert, his voice almost choaked in an ill-disguised attempt to conceal his indignation.

“Made a major,” answered the Briton.

“Where is my majority to be exercised, sir?”

“You will be enlarged,” answered Vernon.

“How will it take place? For being accused of treasonable and criminal practices, a court martial must pass upon me.”

“You will be permitted to escape,” said Vernon.

“Sign this paper,” and he drew from his pocket a prepared certificate, “and before to-morrow morning you may be on the neutral ground.”

Greaves could restrain his passion no longer.

“Permitted to escape, you contemptible rascal! Return to your employer, and say that I will neither play eaves-dropper nor spy; nor will I

utter the proposed falsehood to save myself from death, or him from disgrace. I am not to be bought to do a disgraceful action myself, nor deterred from exposing an infamous one, perpetrated by others. Leave the dungeon quickly, or ——”

“After I have given you a few words of advice, and left a few crumbs of comfort for you to pick at leisure. You are a youth celebrated for the love and the practice of virtue, and I wish you much joy of the signal benefits you have derived from it, though it is like to bring you to the gallows for the mean crime of desertion. Conform a little more to the customs of the age, my hero; and lose not your bacon for want of one glib lie. If you do not swerve a little from the ten commandments, just now, you are lost beyond redemption. Good morning to you.”

Here the valiant Englishman, who had been continually retiring, reached the door, through which he made his exit, giving our hero, as he went, a look in which the most deliberate and determined malice was visible. It was not in human nature to indure hourly so many bitter insults without occasional overflowings of the spirit. One reflection, and that not an uncomfortable one, thrust itself into the soliloquy he held with himself on this occasion, namely, that this state of suffering could not last, and in all probability would speedily be exchanged for liberty or death.

The day passed away without other visiter than Vernon; as did the night, without the pleasurable interruption fervently looked for in the friends of the previous evening. Neither Greacen or Keith came with news of the renewed affection or relenting unkindness of his father, or other word of intelligence, calculated to lighten his present load of affliction. From Ellen Keith he could expect to hear nothing: she had been for some days on her way to the arms of her father—the only circumstance which gave him present pleasure. The turnkey came at stated hours to deliver his food, and knowing how seldom his prisoner, since his confinement, had been debarred the society of his friends, naturally saw in their absence, at this hour of peculiar darkness, evidence of their voluntary desertion, and abated Greaves much of his accustomed respect and attention. Earnest entreaty procured him, however, the accommodation of a fire and candle.

It is seldom, when imminent peril hangs on the skirts of our fortunes, that we can turn over the historic page, or trace the rise or decline of political institutions with either profit or delight. To observe with a philosophical eye how men emerged from barbarism; and how civil government grew from the patriarchal or primitive form, to those which are consequent upon beneficial improvement, and a nice perception of the blessings of a regular polity, requires that the mind

be burdened with no very important personal affair—that no concern of vital consequence assumes, in our sphere, the hue of misfortune. A man in such case may make a very good prayer. Dr. Dodd's Thoughts are eloquent, and so is Pascal's Prayer in Sickness. He could, above all things, pen a very affecting farewell to his wife or mistress; but we question whether he could be sufficiently calm and lucid to string together judicious scholasticisms upon the political works, &c. of Aristotle and Cicero, or make a correct analysis of the beauties of Erskine's Speech upon Constructive Treasons. We say again, that when we are in expectation of the sudden approach of a great calamity, there are few of us who are made of such resolute materials as to philosophize at the moment on the rise and fall of empires. Gilbert Greaves was one of the few who, thus situated, could take a book treating of the unhappy dissensions of the time, and coolly read and digest its contents.

In a neglected corner of the dungeon lay a mass of printed matter, which, at first sight, resembled the pile of blotted and slurred proof-sheets one sees in the author's attic. On inspection, it was found to contain a number of prime political pamphlets, a considerable collection of patriotic songs and ballads, and a few popular romances, *exeunt omnes* covers and title pages; the latter bore upon them female names, written

on them in divers places. The name of Travers was written on the principal part of the more momentous articles ; and it seemed probable that when he left the dungeon, he had either forgotten, or in tender consideration of his friend, had omitted to take with him his collection of political tracts. There were sundry resolves, reports of debates, &c. of the Virginian legislature, in '74-5: Sommers on the Prerogative, reprinted by Solomon Southwick, (an old friend of mine who deserves the presidency, but he'll never get it ;) a speech that my lord bishop of Saint Asaph thought to have spoken in the British house of lords, but did not ; (a noble speech it was ;) two of Dr. Mayhew's political sermons ; a ballad entitled The New Chevy Chace, rewritten by deacon Jotham Steddiford ; and another, which bore the grave title of the " Proclamation of God's Vengeance upon Tyrants," executed by a Mr. Anon ; a part of the last being an evident plagiarism from the Psalms of David. On diving still farther into the pile of ragged and dogs'-cared literature, Greaves found that some former tenant of the dungeon, and probably one either of the cassock, or gifted with a taste for theological studies, and, in either case, a German, had brought to the cell a few ghostly specimens of theology, and its adjuncts. There were *Slichtingii de Bukowice Commentaria Przypcovii cogitationes sacra*, *Rosenmulleri scholia in Vetus Testamentum*, &c. &c. Weighty authors ! as a

punster would say. We shall not in round terms assert that Gilbert Greaves laid over the learned theologians of Germany till a rainy day ; but we have known a less reasonable procrastination performed on much more learned ecclesiastics.

So the space between the evening and the morning was occupied by Gilbert in examining the grounds taken by the colonies, at the commencement of the struggle ; what they required as the price of their submission, and what was implied in their threats of resistance ; the whys and wherefores of their appeal to arms ; what said John Hancock, Sam Adams, Patrick Henry, John Dickinson, Thomas Jefferson, " Old South," " A friend to Liberty," " A subscriber," and Deacon Steddiford. He found, as judicious men have since informed the world in a variety of ways, that there was abundance of fine, solid reasoning in the patriotic writers of prose, and but little of either rhyme or reason in the deacon and his brother versifiers. The style of writing then used, is one which has been common to the patriots of all ages, bold, concise, simple, and energetic. So many of the champions of resistance wrote in a manly and nervous style, adopting language suited to the comprehension of the more illiterate among their readers ; though much to the detriment of the cause of resistance, the public papers and other vehicles for the diffusion of political information.

were not sufficiently careful to bar their types of violent and declamatory harangues.

When our hero had bestowed the greater part of the night upon the politicians and ballad writers of the period, he felt an inclination to sleep, and wisely indulged it. His dreams took the direction of the previous study, and ideas and hints might have been gleaned from the subjects which underwent the process of ratiocination during his slumbers, not a whit less deserving of public attention than many which, at that day, procured reputation and the emoluments of office for men of moonshine. Still his dreams were, as dreams usually are, chaotic, though connectedly reviewing discrepancies, which had been themes of meditation the preceding evening. With the lofty language of the first Congress in their celebrated Petition to the Sovereign; in the Declaration of Rights; and in the Address to the People of Great Britain, was connected——we dare not proceed. From the firm but temperate language, and manly sentiments expressed in the correspondence of the Massachusetts' assembly, with their governors, Bernard, Hutchinson, and Gage, the optics of the dreamer glanced to the opposite page to read the 'Stipulation Act' of the same state, which regulated, or attempted to regulate the price of pigs, poultry, and red herrings, and effectually expelled, not bad men from the province, but good

mutton from the market. He was now one of the committee of safety ; anon settled in the business of a sutler ; then he led forth Josh, Tender toes, and the rest of the pack, to their well-remembered haunts on the joy-inspiring Kaatskill. The last character he was called upon to assume, was that of a lover sighing his last adieu on the bosom of his weeping mistress. While his mind was occupied with this last subject, he awoke, and found that a late hour had witnessed his slumbers. He had hardly dressed himself, and masticated his crust, when Keefe entered to carry him before the august court martial.

CHAPTER VI.

Judge. Guilty or not? Speak—answer, or the court
May judge you in the temper of your silence.

Count Lladislaus. Guilty, in this, that I have never bent
My honest purposes to please the great.
I wore my beaver bonnetted i' the presence
Of vicious monarchs ; but I doffed it low
To beggars, that embosom'd honest hearts.
No farther guilty, gentle judge, than this.

Prince Maximilian.

THE mock tribunal of military justice, entitled a court martial, assembled at the hour of ten, in the hall of the Provost, and there awaited the coming of the prisoner. That all the outlets to escape should be barred, two thirds of the members composing the court martial, were creatures of Arleston ; while, to lend to the proceeding the semblance of impartiality and uprightness, four of the thirteen members were supposed to be friendly to the accused, and were selected for their avowed belief in his innocence. But amongst the men who were named upon this all-important jury, there came the half-relenting inheritor of Roman patriotism, the father of our hero.

When Gilbert entered the court-room, he beheld an imposing array of frowning and averted

faces, from among which, however, looked out two or three smiling, good-natured countenances. The noes were, indeed, a powerful majority. In an assemblage of men, each of whom has it in prime charge to mortify you by all possible methods of contempt and silent reproach, you will seldom observe a parity of sameness in the measures taken for that end. Carruthers, Frazer, and De Heister, tried by turns, averted brows, grimaces, and whispers. Mount Cashel and Talbot bore about them too much of the principle of honour to indicate their dislike by other than straight-forward defiance. Sir Maxwell smiled kindly, but gloomily, as did old Major Dunstable. Brigadier Greaves, who, after all, was miserably deficient in the sternness of the Roman character which he was now trying to assume, with a countenance equivocally fixed between a tear and a frown, sat a judge to doom an only son to a felon's death. Another member of the court martial, Sir John Savage, who had not yet acquired the melancholy celebrity afterwards conferred upon him by the tomahawk and scalping knife, sat demurely picking his teeth, occasionally depositing his tooth-pick in its case to partake of the contents of a coral snuff-box, going the rounds of the tribunal. The last named member of the court was unknown to the prisoner. In the language of his newly acquired patriotism, he beheld in him a willing

agent of that blind, but, he hoped, impotent despotism, which was treading in the dust the liberties of the colonies, to the endangering of its own safety.

Another important personage of the court was the judge advocate, of whom nothing more will be said, than that he had been a member of the Old Bailey bar before he had exchanged the parchment roll and stuff gown for the commission and costume of a foot major ; and hence had the impudence of two proverbially impudent professions, tacked to a very comfortable stock of native assurance. He was known to be peculiarly inimical to Gilbert ; a circumstance to which he probably owed his appointment.

In the boxes or seats allotted to the spectators, sat a sly, cunning-faced man, with whom the members of the court martial, from time to time, kept up intelligence by means of shrugs, &c. ; and billets and bits of paper, despatched to and fro, evidencing strong commutuality of feeling. There also sat by the side of the last described personage, a grave man with the outward garb of the established church. The colonies knew not two more wrathful opponents than Jo. Galloway and Hugh Peters, the former of whom was famous for his treacherous desertion of the party whose cause he had warmly espoused at the commencement of the struggle, and the latter for his talents, his vindictiveness, and the spirit

and skill with which he wielded a controversial pen. But there was an essential difference in the temper, motives, and conduct of these two men. Peters was consistent, and we have every reason to believe, acted from principle ; while Galloway cared only for personal benefit, and shaped his course with an eye only to such consummation.

The court martial was not compelled to wait, as we have seen courts of law, for the appearance of a principal judge, but organized, and in possession of its main business, forthwith proceeded to discharge its weighty duty. The judge advocate now repaired to the side of the prisoner, and informed him, that though he must be considered in the light of prosecutor, he was, nevertheless, by virtue of his office, the counsel for the prisoner, and prepared to assist him whenever he should be pleased to lay before him the grounds of his defence. But Gilbert replied to the smooth harangue, " that he should request the assistance of counsel ; and only in the event of refusal, should have need of the services so politely tendered." Upon this the gentleman returned to his post, and Gilbert remained with Keefe and the grenadiers at his side. Presently the order was given to bring the prisoner to the bar, and he was led up by his attendants.

Once only, since his entrance into the room, had he caught his father's eye. He had read, at that glance, no token or visible sign of returning

love. Whatever emotion the brigadier had previously felt, he had found sufficient firmness to subdue all visible tokens of regret. His countenance bore proud intimation of a fixed resolve to give up his son in obedience to what he termed his duty. When Gilbert had made this discovery of his father's state of feeling, he naturally felt the resentment which conscious innocence inspires, more especially when our natural friends and protectors have been brought to a belief of our baseness, and refuse us farther countenance and favour. His temper, naturally choleric, suggested as an appropriate course of conduct, the adoption of a lofty tone and scornful manner, forgetting the wisdom of an opposite mode. Walking with a resolved and straight forward step to the front of the chair, which contained the president of the court, to wit, General Leslie, he made a lithe and elegant obeisance to him. When he had raised himself from his posture of dutiful reverence, he stood erect at the distance of a few feet from him. There was something so noble and commanding in his youthful presence, that the men, who had derided him, and were preparing to insult him, became as mute thereupon as a Spanish audience at a bull fight, when the mattadore is about to rush upon his foaming opponent.

"Gilbert Greaves," cried the officer of the court.

"Here," answered the prisoner.

“ Listen to the articles of accusation preferred against you by the general-in-chief, in the name of our lord the king.”

Whereupon the judge advocate read aloud the charges, the heads of which were that the prisoner had,

“ 1. Deserted.

2. Held correspondence with the enemy.

3. Acted as a spy.

4. Had not suppressed mutiny when in his power.

5. Used disrespectful words of the commander-in-chief.

6. Challenged to fight a duel.

7. Left confinement when under arrest.”

And having completed the reading of the charges, the judge advocate demanded, “are you guilty, or not guilty of the matters of charge?”

“ Not guilty,” said the prisoner. “ And I request that counsel may be allowed me. I request that Mr. Addis, the gentleman in the professional garb, sitting on the right of the president, may be allowed to stand near me for a few minutes.”

Leave was granted accordingly, and the venerable lawyer arose and seated himself at the side of the prisoner. Having conferred a moment with his counsel, Gilbert moved the court for a postponement of the trial, showing for

cause, the absence of a material witness ; and thereupon, tendered an affidavit, drawn up by his legal guide, "that Major John Andre was a witness, without whose testimony he could not safely proceed to trial," and so of the rest.

The court having deliberated, determined against the postponement.

And now the judge advocate rose to make a statement of the facts expected to be proved on the part of the king. "The prisoner had, on or about the twenty-ninth of September last, committed the crime of desertion. This, gentlemen of the court martial, we shall prove by a letter of the prisoner to ——"

"This will not be legal evidence, may it please the honourable court," said Mr. Addis, rising. "Private papers ——"

"Oh, my learned friend is about to cite common law authors," said the judge advocate. "*We* are guided by the law military, my good friend."

"The powers of a court martial are derived from the statute ; it can have no rules of evidence peculiar to itself," replied Mr. Addis. "Whenever, by a legislative act, a new court of judicature is erected, without prescribing any particular rules of evidence for its government, the common law will supply its own rules, and from them the newly erected court cannot depart. I refer your honours to the case of serjeant Grant."

“ We will not argue the point,” said the judge advocate. “ We will prove the charge by Captain Brydges, of the Twenty-Seventh, who saw the prisoner, wearing the rebel uniform, at the head of the rebel troops, actually with his sword, ‘ beat down, maim, disable, wound, and kill,’ a British soldier. And we will prove to your honours, that the prisoner held correspondence with the enemy ; that he acted as a spy to the rebels ; that he used contemptuous words of the commander-in-chief ; that he challenged one to fight a duel, and at the hour named, and at the place of appointment, did, then and there, fight such duel ; and lastly, that when under arrest upon various charges, he left his place of confinement. We shall proceed to call witnesses to prove these charges. Mr. Marshal, call Capt——”

“ I will interrupt you, Mr. Judge Advocate,” said the prisoner, “ to remark, that to some of the charges I would plead guilty, and state the extenuating circumstances.”

“ Certainly, sir,” replied the organ of the court ; “ we have every disposition to indulge you, provided the ceremonies—the forms of justice are not to be deranged.”

“ It is more your wish to observe the ceremonies—the forms, than it is the essentials—the spirit of justice, I apprehend,” said the prisoner, with more temper than wisdom. “ I will con-

fess to the charge of desertion, if I be permitted to state to this honourable court the circumstances which made the act imperative upon me."

"You will avow the desertion?" asked the judge advocate.

"Ay, sir," replied the prisoner, "provided I be permitted to connect with the avowal, the history of a peccadillo, which I heard old Hawthorn say was considered as quite near allied to crime in the army of Prince Ferdinand, where his excellency (and here Gilbert looked at the commander-in-chief) acquired the touch of the martinet."

"Is the peccadillo, the peccadillo of a rebel?" asked the president.

"Yes, of a rebel to his friend, his honour and his God; who, but for this good arm, would have violated the daughter of his benefactor."

"We have nothing to do with a charge to be made against any person other than the one now before the court," said the president. "If the prisoner confess desertion, it must be without proviso; the extenuating circumstances may appear in aid of a petition for a pardon. Proceed, Mr. Carthew, the prisoner seems disposed to give us infinite trouble."

And hereupon the judge advocate proceeded to call witnesses in support of the charges. Having heard their testimony, which, of course, was full and explicit, for it is not to be supposed that a con-

spiracy to procure the conviction of a man, will be suffered to fall through from want of accommodating witnesses ; and the business of cross-questioning having been also concluded, the judge advocate rose to speak to the case.

“ The duty they owed their sovereign demanded,” he said, “ the punishment of the unhappy man at the bar. He lamented that it had fallen to his lot to be in any wise concerned in the prosecution of the prisoner. The father of the young man was a loyalist of high standing in the colony—a man of distinguished worth, and his patriotism, who ever heard of the like ? For behold ! he sits the most inflexible of the judges, who are to pass sentence upon the prisoner. Unhappy father ! and oh most unhappy son ! This young man was received into the British army with distinguished marks of favour ; offices were heaped upon him beyond precedent ; the rules of the army were laid aside that he might earn in a day, rewards which the splendid services of many a war-worn veteran had asked in vain. Nobles with ribbons, and generals with scars, had seen themselves distanced by this youth in the good graces of the general-in-chief. He was not censuring the commander of his majesty’s armies in North America,—the appointing power was delegated to him ; but he was showing the deep ingratitude of the prisoner. And after having been so caressed and fa-

voured, he had gone over to the rebels! This obliged son of a most noble and loyal father, after having learned the most important measures in view" —

—— "thrust himself upon the moon-light love secrets of a worshipper of forbidden pleasures. Is not this a fair and logical continuation? Nay, never blanch nor scowl, I am in your hands a deserter, and you will speedily have it in your power to repay old debts in a way not altogether new." Thus unadvisedly spoke Gilbert; but in the temper of mind created by his father's unkindness, he had thrown prudence to the winds. The judge advocate took up his catchword.——

—— "deserted to the enemy, and communicated the knowledge thus surreptitiously acquired. He learned, may it please this honourable court, the most important secrets of the army; he acquired accurate information of measures anticipated; and then deserted and spread his ill-gotten treasures at the feet of the rebel general. Not for this alone is he arraigned. He is accused of holding correspondence with the enemy, and he stands convicted before this court of this charge. He is accused of acting as a spy upon us; and are not the proofs of this infamous and blasting crime—this crime of a vagabond, and not of a soldier, full upon him? When charged with infamous practices, he mutinied; when he saw others mutinying, he used no exertions to sup-

press them. Then he used ill words of the commander-in-chief, reproached, even now in your presence, the illustrious generalissimo of his majesty's armies, with crimes of the blackest die—crimes of which none dare believe him guilty. We charge the prisoner with challenging to fight a duel, this is a crime ; and we charge him also with leaving confinement when under arrest. The two last named articles are, by the rules of war, liable to the sentence only of cashiering ; for the preceding articles, the desertion, mutiny, *espionnage*, not suppressing mutiny, and holding correspondence with the enemy, we demand sentence of death. And —”

“ No proofs of his holding correspondence with the enemy, or of his having mutinied, are before the court, Mr. Carthew,” said Sir Maxwell.

I think, sir, that the minutes of the evidence on the record of proceedings will show proofs of such charges,” said the advocate. “ I shall omit to comment upon the testimony at this time, and sit down to give the prisoner an opportunity to enter on his defence.”

Mr. Addis whispered his client, “ Make no defence, your case is prejudged.”

“ Then I will tell them a few truths, and I will wring my father's heart,” replied the prisoner to his friendly counsel. “ May it please this honourable Court,” (and he rose from his seat,) “ I am brought to the bar of a sovereign

to whom I owe no allegiance ; whom I worshipped for a day blindly, and then left to be served by less scrupulous servants. I was educated in sentiments of great love and loyalty to the British monarch—taught to love him by my father, the gentleman who sits on the right of the president of the court. It was blind love, built not upon his goodness or his wisdom, (for I think he possesses neither,) but upon his kingly office.”

“ Will your excellency permit the prisoner to hold such language of our sovereign ?” asked Carruthers.

“ Te languash tat te poy ushe voud haf brought him to te plock, in mine koontry,” said de Heister.

“ Prisoner at the bar,” said the president of the court, “ speak more beseemly and respectfully of our lord the king. Proceed in your defence.”

“ I joined the royal army, because my father told me that the king was a kind master, his servants all honourable men, his soldiers all valiant, and his generals neither more nor less than Fabiuses in prudence, Reguluses in patriotism, and above all, Scipios in continence. That the colonists were base rebels, and there was an end of it. Because I found these things not so as my kind father had said, I took the liberty to change my opinion. And upon the happening of an event, which I now proceed to relate, I used my

supposed independence to the changing of my party also.

“ I am a lover of country life, and to me the fairest pastime is a walk over green fields, or through shadowy woods. My dear deceased mother loved rural life, and she taught me and my dear departed sister to love it also. [The speaker here ventured to look at his father, but could not catch his eye, for his head was reclining upon the table.] My father also loved such scenes, but it was before he wore the coat of a brigadier-general—before he proved his devotedness to his sovereign—before he tore from his bosom every sentiment of affection for his only son. [‘Daggers to my heart,’ exclaimed the brigadier, audibly.]

“ Upon an evening in September, I think about the last of the month, a fine sky, and a hope to drive away melancholy—the melancholy of a man mourning over his compelled adherence to a cause he believed infamous, attendance upon men whom he despised—I say that a fair sky, and a melancholy heart, led me by the king’s road to the country. It seems I was not the only lover of rural life who had chosen this evening as a proper time to pay worship to the sylvan, or other deities. My superiors had pre-occupied the fane. Now, national affairs are not so important but that they admit of relaxation after days of dull campaigning. General Arles-

ton, the illustrious personage who sits near the president, ——”

“I must interrupt the prisoner,” said the president, “to inform him that the name of the commander-in-chief must not be used disrespectfully before this court.”

“You stop me in my defence, do you?” asked the prisoner.

“We allow you to proceed, but we will not allow you to impugn the commander-in-chief.”

“Then my defence is at an end. The only means by which I expect to substantiate my innocence, is by a full, clear, and explicit charge of ——”

“The charge cannot be made,” said the president. “Does not the law run so, Mr. Carthew?”

“Certainly, sir,” answered the supple sprout of the law.

“No sir. Under the plea of *not guilty*, all the facts will be permitted to be given in evidence,” said Mr. Addis, “and even in justification of the act or acts alleged. To an indictment for felony, or *treason*, there can be no special justification put in by way of plea; but the accused must plead the general issue, and give the special matter in evidence. In treason the facts are said to be done *proditorie, et contra (ligeantiæ suæ debitum;)* the charge of traitorous intent is the point and gist of the indict-

ment, and must be answered by the general negative *not guilty*; and the jury ——”

“Sit down, Mr. Addis,” said the president. “We are not bound by the principles of the common law.”

“I hope,” said the counsel, “that the court will be bound by the principles of common justice; and that, I am convinced, directs the admission of any fact in evidence which goes to exculpate the prisoner.”

“The counsel reasons well,” said Sir Maxwell. “I think the cause of justification may be made to appear. I am very anxious to hear it stated. No man has a higher opinion of discipline than myself; but the prisoner speaks ambiguously as having personal knowledge of a transaction, which has made some noise, and in which it is said a certain officer acted a part neither very honourable, nor very soldierly. I allude, of course, to the destruction of Keith’s house.”

“I understand you, Sir Maxwell,” said the president, “and that you launch a malicious insinuation at the character of a distinguished officer. Understand, sir, that we are assembled, not to sit in judgment upon that individual, but upon the prisoner at the bar. We will try him first, and then if you can make the intimated criminal the subject of legal scrutiny, why, be it so.”

"That is," said Sir Maxwell, "when you have put out of the way the only witness of the crime, the criminal consents to be tried."

"You may be asked to answer this insolence, Sir Maxwell," said the president. "And beware that your attachment to the prisoner does not excite reasonable doubts of your own loyalty."

"Do you mean to intimidate us into a concurrence in opinion with yourself?" asked Sir Maxwell. This question was echoed by Dunstable, and by all the members who came to think for themselves.

"That question needs no answer," said the president. "The prisoner confesses desertion. As to the other articles, notice or proof of them is immaterial, since the punishment of the confessed crime is death, and a substantiation of the other charges could not induce a stronger punishment. Does any member of the honourable court wish to interrogate the prisoner?"

"You took arms in the cause of the rebels, did you not?" asked Carruthers.

"I believe I did, I thought I saw you capering off from a spot where they were used."

Captain Charley Carruthers administered no more interrogatories.

"Did you not throw up your commission?" asked Sir Maxwell.

"I did, sir. Major Andre had it in charge to forward my letter of resignation."

"You must prove its acceptance, and produce your discharge," said the president. "You see, sir, that to please you, we depart from all the ordinary rules of military tribunals. But you have no discharge."

And now the judge advocate rose to reply. He said "the prisoner had confessed desertion, but had shown no excuse for the act; had confessed acceptance of an office in the rebel army, and discharge of the duties incidental thereto. His malfeasances were of a nature demanding exemplary punishment, struck at the root of all discipline, and must meet with the death they richly deserved." He said much more, which we do not think worth repeating, but which was worthy the Old Bailey bar. Having closed his reply, and of course, the prosecution, the spectators and parties were ordered to retire, and the doors were closed for deliberation. The judge advocate then read the testimony, and was about to put the question, "Is Gilbert Greaves, the person on trial, &c. *guilty*?" when the brigadier, who, for the whole space of time occupied in the proceedings, had remained seated in a kind of listless and motionless insensibility, arose from his chair, and rushed to the feet of the president. The workings, the silent pleadings of parental affection had been for a while kept obedient to the stern resolve of mistaken loyalty. But nature at length resumed her sway, to the

exclusion of the artificial sentiments created by a misconceived sense of duty. The lesson from the Roman history was forgotten. He thought only of his child—his child suffering a death of infamy. The tears coursed his cheek, and his sorrows became audible. As soon as he could command his speech, fettered by his grief, he solicited, in deep and fervent language, the acquittal of his son.

“His acquittal or his pardon is due me,” said he; “it is mine of right. I have given up property—country—friends, and embarked my all in the service of Great Britain. I will keep my sword still unsheathed for her, but the price is the ransom of my son. I will promise that he shall not again bear arms.”

“Promise nothing, my excellent friend,” said Sir Maxwell, “the observance of which requires any extraordinary effort, or to the forfeiture of which any penalty attaches to yourself. I know the spirit and resolution of your son, and that he will prefer to die ten thousand deaths rather than make one concession, where a concession would be degrading.”

The judge advocate now repeated the question, “is the prisoner guilty?” The result of the votes need hardly be stated. The prisoner was found guilty of the crime of desertion, and sentenced in the common form to be shot to death on Tuesday, the ——— of November, then next

ensuing, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon." At the foot of the sentence was written,

"I approve of the sentence."

(Signed)

ARLESTON,

Commanding-in-chief.

The sentence was farther approved by a specification, under the said seal of authority, of the particular hour at which Gilbert Greaves, captain, &c., should suffer the pains of death.

CHAPTER VII.

I would ye did not pester me with bribes,
That whisper false hopes to my love of life.
I had resolved to die without a tear ;
Departing life as one that goes upon
A morning quest, and bids his bright-eyed wife
Set out his chair beside the mid-day board.
But ye do so come o'er me with soft words,
And smooth vaticiny of better days,
Ye teach me prayers unfit for dying man.

Prince Maximilian.

No longer in doubt of his fate, Greaves sat down in his dungeon with a lighter heart than he had left it. We do not pretend to say that he fell to whistling, or that he returned to Hutchinson's Correspondence, or Dr. Shipley's Speech. But a stout heart, when placed in the peculiar circumstances of our hero, derives consolation from the reflection, that the threatened pang will be but of momentary duration ; and that death affords us a safe retreat from the contumelies of men, and the grievances they have the power of inflicting. When oppressed with troubles not brought upon us by our own misconduct, and encountering disgrace we do not deserve, the stout-hearted look to the grave, as

the mariner in the tempest looks to the sheltering haven under his lee. We have been cautioned to beware of making a display, through a novel, of our faith and hopes in relation to a future state, but there can be no impropriety in our saying that the grave furnishes a sweet asylum from the persecutions of men.

The turnkey seemed at the time to be gifted with more than his ordinary kindness, and offering to place coals in the grate, received thanks and the expected remuneration therefor. When the fire began to burn brightly, and Gilbert seated before it upon the three-legged stool enjoyed all the pleasure from it which could be derived from such a gratification to a man in his circumstances, Mr. Keys entered, to say that Captain Greaves was at liberty to receive the visits of two gentlemen at the door, who were very importunate in their requests to be admitted. He was thanked for the evidence of good feeling afforded in this breach of prison discipline, and departed to announce the invitation. He soon returned, and brought with him Major Keith, and one shrouded in a plaid of full dimensions. The light given by the coal fire was not strong enough to place the features of either in a situation for classing them, and Keith made himself known to our hero by a word of explanation addressed to his ear. He whispered to Gilbert, that independent of his own pretty considerable

stock of wisdom, he had brought to his aid and counsel, one well calculated to assist him, whether strength or cunning were to be used. Hereupon the enshrouded visiter threw aside his cloak, and divesting himself of a tie wig, worn for the purpose of disguise, and a large patch which hid his left eye, he discovered to Gilbert, by a torch which Keys had lighted, the identical features of Sam Bryce.

“Bless me!” said Gilbert, as he gave a start of surprise. “I thought you were enclosed between four stone walls, with a leg chained to a pavement of the same material.”

“Pshaw!” returned the fireman. “I have the reputation of wearing chains, and the reputation only. I keep the key of them myself, and slip them off as easily as you could put a matrimonial ring on the finger of a well-disposed girl of twenty-five. Keys, here, is my friend. I saved his bakery from too much fire, when the best part of Thames-street went to pot; and took his wife from her straw, and the infant from the cradle, and brought them off safely. He owes me a debt, you see; and to give Keys his due, he is disposed to pay it.”

“He has used me kindly,” said Gilbert, “and I believe has rendered me all the favours it was in his power to bestow.”

“Ay, that he has, or I should have made his body as crooked as a pump-hose,” replied the

fireman. "I told him that every act of kindness he should show you would be considered so far a discharge of his obligations to me. He is a tough chicken, this Keys, and his temper is not the most gracious, but he abounds in gratitude. Captain Keith, will you tell your friend, or shall I, what we propose to do for him?"

"My dear Greaves," said Captain Keith, "we have planned your escape."

"Did you plan the rescue of my character and reputation from the disgrace which will inevitably light upon them, if I consent to break prison?" asked Gilbert.

"Therein the patient must minister to himself," replied Keith. "The act of rescue must be the work of your own hands. The impression now prevailing, certainly is favourable to the speedy re-establishment of your character. A large proportion of the army believe that there existed an imperious necessity for your desertion, though it cannot be made to appear in a way which will free you from the legal consequences of the act. To be sure, another, but a less respectable portion, affect to believe that you deserted from the operation of one of the common motives—cowardice, or a bribe."

"In other words, some are prepared to believe the worst of me, and some the best," said Gilbert.

"Even so," replied the captain. "Now, Gil-

bert, there is no other hope remaining for your life, but in an attempt to take advantage of a dark night and a compassionate turnkey, and escape to less noisy climes, and more impartial judges."

"I hardly conceive how this is to be effected," said Gilbert.

"First, will you consent that we shall try to get you out of this dismal cell?" asked Keith.

"Why, I rather think yes," answered Gilbert. "I had reasoned myself into a very calm and cool temper, resolving that life was a poor player at best, and that I would die with the hardiness of an Osage chief; but as time waxes older, the disposition to live a little longer really grows upon me. I bethink me of many things I could wish were better done or undone; and perhaps if I get space, I may amend the error."

"Death-bed repentances, I heard my minister say, are seldom—this, however, is no time for sermonizing. I will enlighten you as to the time and manner of your escape. Your friend, Sam Bryce here, possesses great interest with your keeper; having, as he has told you, done that eminent personage a service, in part payment wherefore Mr. Kit Keys consents to open your doors, and share the perils of your escape."

"What say my father and Sir Maxwell to this plan?" inquired Gilbert.

"Heartily approve of it," answered Keith.

"In fact, were the acting members of the coun-

cil that first proposed the thing. Knowing that Hotspur was not more disposed to cavil at the division of territory, which sent the river 'branching into his share of the kingdom,' than you at a stratagem which does not obtain the suffrage of your father and grandmother, I was careful to get a certificate, very cautiously worded, and legally witnessed and duplicated. Counsellor Newbind would not pretend to show defect in form 'for cause.' "

"Here we go then," said Gilbert. "And yet, my friends, I fear that your affection for me is urging you on to an undertaking fraught with great danger to yourselves. What defensive weapons have we?" asked he, rising, and bustling about for a few articles, which were of value in his eyes, and did not materially encumber. "We shall have to shed a little blood, I fancy, before we find our way out of these gloomy mansions."

Keith replied that himself and Bryce were provided with fitting instruments of slaughter, such as pistols, dirks, and swords. "And good Mr. Lockmeup has gone to the Provost armoury for a couple of rusty swords, wherewith he means to bethigh you and himself," said he. "But I do not expect to cheat my Toledo of its rest this night. The city slumbers, and the regulars are so deeply imbued with a belief that the spi-

rit of the rebels is broken, that you may tread on the most gouty toe in the sentinel corps without waking its dormant proprietor."

"All this is well," replied Gilbert, "and at what hour am I to breathe the air of freedom?"

"Keys will answer you that question, and hark! there he comes," said Keith.

The question was repeated to the turnkey, who replied that "men sleep soundest at midnight. As soon as the sentinel, who brings twelve o'clock, is replaced by another, and all gets still again, we will venture forth," said he.

He now girded Greaves with an old rusty sword, which he had procured from the armoury, or from some receptacle of worn-out and useless sword cutlery. "It was no great things for cutting," Keys said, "but it would be a div'lish good baton, and should be used scabbard and all."

Keys now left them, bidding them hold themselves in readiness for his call at the appointed hour.

At the appointed hour he came, and unlocking the doors of the dungeon, bade the prisoner and his friends follow him. He led them cautiously along the passages, and guided them through the bewildering mazes and intricate labyrinths of the dungeon, without a clue, till he had brought them to the doors which opened upon the street. He bade them stay there

until he had communed a minute with the sentry.

“Matters go very well so far,” said he, as he returned. “Coleraine will go off with us ; but for this we should have had much difficulty. Now then, look you, I open these doors, and God grant that I may never do the like for them again ! Misery, had in continual observation, chills the heart sadly, sirs. When I went to live with the keeper of Newgate, I was as tender-hearted as other folks, and had tears to shed upon emergency ; but now the fountain is dried up, or the sluices barred. Misery must be purely personal to be felt.” It was said that this man had seen better days ; and had fallen, by misfortune, and not by vice, from wealth to extreme poverty—from the station of a reputable farmer to an office which inferred a very degraded state of feeling.

Coleraine, the sentinel, was an old country soldier, and at all times could easily be induced to doze at his post, settle into a gentle slumber, or snore outrageously, as the case required. In other words, Coleraine pleaded that his heart was too tender to withstand the solicitations of applicants for interviews with their incarcerated friends ; and that therefore he would go to sleep whenever sufficient cause was shown for his so doing. It was through the workings of this humane feeling, aided by the occasional gift of a

guinea, that the friends of Gilbert had enjoyed such frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him. It was easy to keep these comparative peccadilloes out of sight ; but Bob Coleraine knew that he did not sit in his office by virtue of a commission of goal-delivery, and that a strapping up would be the certain consequence of his suffering a prisoner to escape the sentence of the military power. His scruples of conscience being quieted by the offer of an equivalent to his pay, he threw aside his musket, drew over his regimentals an old cloak, which had come into possession of Keys, as administrator, ex-officio, and general residuary legatee of the Provost, (it was a fat office in '76—7,) and became the most joyful of the set, under his new privilege of using his legs, untutored and unregulated of the drill-sergeant. A whisper from Keys, and a shake by Bryce, were found necessary to check his disposition to make Spruce-street a race-course, and to bring him to the rear of the wiser and more cautious sharers of his perils. They now bent their course towards the East River, by a route which promised fewer impediments and less risk than any other. For this, to wit, that a residence in the streets thereabouts, being little coveted of fashionable people, there was altogether wanting the array of carriages and lackeys, which are seen of our winter evenings, drawn up in front of the mansions of Mrs.

‘Spriggins, in Broadway, and of Mrs. Mouscherou, *en Rue Pompe*. Plebeians are more sleepy than patricians. I may remark *en passant*, that until my fiftieth year, I never could do with less than six hours sleep; but since the ordination of my son Timothy to the care of the flock in Skinem, and my daughter Peggy matched in the Manor-house, I have found the remaining in bed, more than five hours at a time, absolutely insufferable.”

They found three men, in boatmen’s habits, waiting for them in the ruins of an old building, the ends of which still rested upon posts, but the centre had fallen in, near where the north wing of Fulton-market approaches the river. Fastened to one of these posts lay a boat, modelled after the craft used by Nantucket whalers in their wars with leviathan—long, sharp, and capable of being propelled through the water with amazing celerity. The boatmen stepped into their boat, and signed to their passengers to follow them cautiously, and make no noise. When they were seated in the several stations assigned them, two of the navigators of the little bark, (the third steered her,) drew their muffled oars across the boat and suffered her to drift into the tide’s wake. The moment that she felt the current which set down the river, they sprung to their oars, bowing their lithe backs so as to almost touch the ‘thwarts,’ and keeping the mos-

exact time in the action of raising their sweeps above water, and dropping them again into the same element. Propelled by the great strength and skill used by the hereditary foes of Bælæna, in the application of which they were assisted by the strong current, which, of an ebb, sets out of the East river, the boat seemed to move like a creature of the air. But she was checked in her career by a whispered notice from the steersman, that "he heard sounds, as of oars slipping in their row-locks." Their own oars were thereupon drawn in.

"They have boats, you know, Cousin Hezekiah, which are rowed all night in the narrow passes," said one of the rowers.

"Ay," said Sam Bryce, who took upon himself to answer for Cousin Hezekiah, "but the greatest danger is from boats going to, and returning from the squadron."

"Give us fair play, and we don't care a peck of scraps for them; do we Job Folger?" said Tut Pinkham, the other rower, to the steersman. "When I was at the Bahamas with Cap'un Ben, in the Alliance, we rowed down a ninety-barreller that did his best to escape, and fastened to him upon the run."

"I am really afraid, Tristram Pinkham," said Job Folger, notwithstanding the darkness, drawing a knife and piece of shingle from his pocket and falling to whittling, "that thou hast

rather stretched thy garters there, or else the whales are clumsier on the Bahamas than they are in the Bay. Hush ! there is a boat, and she is very near us too."

It was lucky that their oars had been drawn well in ; the guard-boat came within an ace of snapping them in the blade. When past them, and before time had been afforded for 'rounding to,' and hailing, the whale-boat by the favour of the tide, and due tension of the well-oiled sinews resident in the bodies of Tut Pinkham, and Hezekiah Bunker, had been moved a couple of gunshots from the *guarda costa* of the East river. Her crew heard them hailing; commanding the strange boatmen to lay upon their oars until they came up ; and when, by circumnavigation and thorough inspection of a certain space, the water sentinels had ascertained that their commands were not obeyed, they swore like Uncle Toby's army in Flanders.

"How they blaspheme !" said Job Folger. "Simeon, I believe I may say with truth, that I never swore ——"

"Never till after the third lance," replied Simeon. "And thee swore a little, uncle Job, when Obed and Paul, and thee and I, were at Siasconsit the last time, to eat chowder."

"I did, Simeon," said Job Folger ; "but we got fuddled, and when wine cometh in, wit goeth out, you know—godliness and brandy aye fall

out, Eunice Bernard told us upon last seventh-day. But friend—I forget thy christian name—where wilt thou be landed?”

The chief spokesman of the party, to wit, Sam Bryce, answered, “Upon Long Island.”

“It cannot be much farther down,” said the skipper, “for thou knowest that we must return to our sloop before the light returns. Right glad are we to assist any sufferer; but it cannot be expected that we should greatly jeopardize our own necks. We will row thee past the bluffs on our right, and set thee on shore in the first convenient place after.”

The bluffs were soon passed, and a convenient landing place found at the foot of their eastern slope. Our friends from the Provost were landed there; and Simeon Starbuck and his assistants, refusing all compensation for their services, set out upon their return to the sloop Alpha and Omega, of Sherburne.

When the party were on shore, Bryce explained to his companions the plan of a future route. “Hard by there dwelt,” he said, “a friend of his, a blacksmith, who had retired from the city a year ago, or more, and now tugged at the clearing-hoe instead of the bellows-handle, and hammered upon the soil instead of the anvil. His house is pretty well screened from observation, and if I but get you a snug birth in his hayrick, I shall be satisfied.”

The path by which he led his party to the promised hiding-place, was rough and uneven, for highways and beaten paths were but ill adapted, in those days, to the purposes of him who would transact illicit or forbidden business with safety and success. After tracing many windings of the path, and doubling as often as a hare would in a Scotch fen, they came to a rude cabin, built upon a small hillock or swell rising out of an almost impassable syrtis, and surrounded by high trees, which hid from observation the building and all its appurtenances, except the smoke of the chimney, which, of clear days, was seen to rise from out the tall grove, like the spire of a village church. Bryce approached the door of the cabin, and gave a low, distinct knock, clearing his throat with a gentle hem. A voice was heard inquiring at the key-hole, "Who is there?"

"Lavender, and the sweeps he spoke of," answered the fireman. "Open the door quick, Malachi Baxter, for we are wet and cold, and have need of a fire, and a beeker of toddy, to warm our blood."

The door was now unfastened by relaxation of the cords or withes which secured it upon the inside, and they were ushered into the house. The front door, or principal entrance, communicated directly with the principal—indeed, the only apartment on the basement floor of the dwell-

ing, serving the purposes of a dormitory by night, and a Jack-of-all-trades by day. Much caution was necessary lest the infantile slumberers reposing upon flock beds around, should not be taught retrenchment of their tender limbs by the uncertain feet of their dizzy visitors. The master of the house bade them stand still until he had procured a light to their steps; and forthwith commenced his labours upon a pyramidal mound of ashes which lay upon the hearth, guarded by a couple of tom-cats, the stateliest of the scratching and purring tribe. He succeeded in dislodging the garrisoned coats, and speedily set upon the mantle-piece, a candle affording a very faint light, but sufficiently strong to set the new comers upon noting, much against their will, the state of the apartment. The appearance of a sleeping-room, unless occupied wholly by males, is not, we are aware, considered a proper subject for the employment of a descriptive pen, though, in our opinion, we should not give the ear of delicacy reasonable cause for offence if we were to describe the interior of a dormitory, a part of whose occupants were verging upon muliebrity. Really we could indict a racy paragraph upon the subject—setting forth the state and condition of the apartment; the tittering of one miss quieting her terrified junior with stories of ‘bug’-ears; the cries of a chubby boy sorely vexed by his elder bed-mate; the frequent petition for

‘ sumphing to eat’ or ‘ to drink ;’ all of which did actually happen, and will again, whenever any good gentleman or lady shall have taken the trouble to visit the ‘ children’s room,’ with a lamp in their hand, about the hour when sleep palls upon the appetite, and continuance in bed is becoming painful. But we are forbidden the ambitious essay by sundry canons, and must content ourselves, in lieu thereof, with noting the resemblance which the cabin of Mr. Baxter, in one respect, bore to the ark mentioned in Holy Writ.

It will be fitting for our readers to remember that soldiers always hanker after fresh provision, such as beef, mutton, and poultry, and for the matter of it, swine’s flesh ; and farther, that they are much addicted to the practice of taking it ‘ will he, nill he,’ wherever it is to be found, to the absence of all previous stipulation or treaty for remuneration. Therefore, to avoid the consequences of this light-fingered propensity, the owners of all animals vendible in market overt, who would obtain their value from cash dealers, during our revolution adopted the caution of housing them upon the approach of night, especially if soldiers were seen prowling about their territories. Upon this night, the cautious Mr. Baxter had coaxed various tame quadrupeds into the apartments which himself and family occupied, and had driven all that were not in a state

of mansuetude into a building which received from the mistress the honorary title of 'The Porch.' A pair of sheep lay bleating in one corner; in another lay a happy couple of swine, squealing vociferously with the nightmare; a cow recumbed in one corner of the cabin; while chanticleer and his haram sat roosting upon a pole, fitted up for their special convenience, by the side of the wall.

"Why have you housed the stock, Malachi?" asked Bryce.

"Because the reg'lars were hereabouts in the afternoon," answered Baxter.

"The de'il they were!" said Bryce. "Then you should'nt have struck up a light, Malachi. What became of them after dark?"

"They made a blaze of some cedar rails, killed a couple of sheep, and roasted them and ate them up for what I know. They were at it when my 'Zekiel came away, and the fire did'nt go out till midnight. I s'pect they're now upon Turner's Hill."

"We shall have them upon us for a certainty," said Bryce, rising. "Malachi have you done as you said you would do? Prepared the loft?"

"Yes," said Baxter. "It's a barth too snug enough for the purpose."

"Then let him be hid in a moment," said Bryce; "the light in your windows, at this

unusal hour, may draw the soldiers. Let's get through with hiding him, that the household may be quiet against they come."

They now repaired to the barn, where Baxter showed to the party his contrivance for secreting Greaves, which simply consisted of several shifting and sliding boards, arranged with no great artifice, but closely covered with straw, and which promised a tolerable screen, when only incurious eyes should be upon the look-out. But a mind, naturally fraught with suspicion, or made so by acquaintance with the wiles and stratagems of war, would have sought the fugitive in precisely the place where Mr. Baxter chose to hide him. The emergency did not admit, however, of any alteration of the plan, and Greaves was ensconced in his new lodging; Keith to be his companion for a few hours, when he was to return to the city. It was settled that Gilbert should lie perdue in this retreat until Sam Bryce should return from his political mission to the eastern end of the island, when he was to be farther removed from peril, by means which Mr. Bryce forbore to communicate even to him whose faith he had so frequently proved, and trusted to in so many momentous concerns.

In this uncomfortable position they remained, dozing occasionally, as sleep got the better of their prudence and caution, until day-light had

fairly looked through the chinks and crevices of their narrow house of refuge. Greaves had lost himself in sleep, when Keith jogged him, and assured him in a whisper that some one was in the barn, and he thought employed in removing the hay which fenced the door of their cage. His suspicion was correct; the hay was removed, and a voice whispered at the aperture.

“On your lives come out; you are betrayed.”

“By whom?” inquired both the officers at once.

“By Malachi Baxter—but ask me no more questions,” replied the warning voice. “Lose no time, but fly from this place—you cannot fall into worse hands.”

Without much exertion they were able to free themselves from their duress, and were presently on their feet upon the floor of the building. But they saw no person, and felt half disposed to consider their awakening a dream.

“You were certainly dreaming, Frederic,” said Gilbert to Keith.

“I believe I was,” said he, as he stepped over the groundsel, with the intent of surveying the skies. “Gracious God!” he exclaimed, retreating back hastily. “It is but too true; we are betrayed. The regulars are upon us; there is a company, with the rascal Baxter at their head, within ten rods of the barn. What shall we do?”

“I will tell you,” said Greaves, resolvedly and calmly ; “remain still, Frederic, nor attempt resistance, but march up and meet them. You are not sought after—I am the victim. I will contend with them alone, half armed as I am.”

“I will not hear it, sir,” said Frederic Keith, firmly. “I will not desert you now.”

By this time the Britons were at the entrance to their fortress. Gilbert stepped to the door and demanded,

“Whom seek you?”

“Gilbert Greaves,” replied the cornet commanding.

“That is the fellow,” whispered the traitorous Baxter.

“Lay down your arms instantly,” said the cornet, “and surrender yourself to the company under my command.”

“I shall do no such thing,” said Gilbert, “for my arms you may come and take them.”

“Take him alive, if possible,” said the cornet to his men. “Advance.”

We shall not recite the particulars of the combat, but proceed at once to the catastrophe. The two young men did all that two resolute and expert swordsmen could do, and that could be little where the force exerted was so disproportionate. They enacted wonders indeed, but they were overcome. In the affray, Keith was badly wounded ; but it was the fortune of Gilbert

Greaves to find himself, at the end of the conflict, manacled, but otherwise unharmed. He sought death, but like those of whom it is said by the scriptures that they will call upon the mountains to cover them, he found it not.

It was in the heat of the affray that an occurrence took place which served to give another instance of the temper of the times, and to sustain the proposition that our women, at that day, were more zealous patriots, and more correct in their ideas of political virtue than our men. The wife of Malachi Baxter rushed from the cabin to the battle ground, weeping loudly and frantically, and bearing a child in her arms, whose little cry added its share to the clamour of the moment. Approaching her base partner, who stood a short distance from the battle ground, she cried with the tone of phrenzy, "Great God! Malachi Baxter, why have you done this? Malachi Baxter, you have done a thing for which there can be no repentance."

"Hush, Kitty! be silent," said the traitor. "See what a heap of money I have got for it!" (And he showed a quantity of gold.)

"Thy money perish with thee, Malachi. Oh, oh, that I should live to see this!" and she continued weeping distractedly.

"We were dreadful poor, thou knowest," said he, soothingly.

"I do know it, Malachi; but poor have we

been ever since I married thee ; and did I ever complain ? Often, for months, has our food been bread and water only ; ay, and then it was at the best, and yet I repined not. I would have starved with thee, Malachi, without complaining ; but this black deed of thine I will never forgive.”

“ Do be pacified, Kitty,” said the husband.

“ Never, Malachi,” answered the wife, wiping the tears from her eyes, and drawing up her tall and masculine form with the dignity of a Roman matron. “ Hear the last words I shall ever speak to thee. Take care of our children ; the elder, for the younger I will send for. We part forever ; but as there may be a sentiment of affection for me yet lingering about that wicked heart of thine, I will tell thee whither I go. I go, Malachi Baxter, to the paternal home—to that roof which I left to be the wife of an honest man, but not of a traitor.”

Baxter dropped on his knees, at the feet of his offended wife ; but she took no notice of the penitent and humbled posture, but casting about her shoulders a threadbare cloak, which, in some measure, served to conceal her wretched apparel, departed forever from the residence of Malachi Baxter.

Gilbert was forthwith conveyed to the city, and again lodged in the Provost ; while Keith, who was badly, but not dangerously wounded,

was taken to a neighbouring mansion. He became, however, in a couple of days, so recruited as to bear conveyance upon a litter, to the house of Dr. Sydenham, in the city.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our stock, good sir, is wond'rously discrepant.
We've specimens of all the several ages
Whereof our master, Shakspeare, writ in's play.
We've men of tempers greatly opposite ;
And men of nations, who as seldom mix
In fellowship of peace, or league of love,
As doth the aqueous element with oil.
Here noble minds oft do ignoble service ;
While paltry fools stand by, with nimble whip,
To chide their loitering.

The Man of War

Our narrative now accompanies the fortunes of Ellen Keith, in a passage across the western ocean, in the pleasant month of October. To cross what is termed by American navigators, and generally by those of remoter regions, 'the Banks,' that is, the long and stormy shoals which stretch themselves in a N. N. E. direction from the latitude of forty-one N. for a hundred and fifty leagues, is at no time, a very pleasant undertaking ; but it becomes one of serious difficulty during the season when the ice forces itself from the great polar bays and rivers, into the broad ocean. Ships coming in contact with these immense bodies, find their weight resistless. Seaman

generally assign ice as the cause of the disappearance of so many ships,

The sole memorial of whose lot
Remains, *they—were, and they are—not.*

We mentioned in a previous chapter, the announcement to Ellen Keith of the order of her father for her immediate embarkation. The preparations were attended to with despatch, for it will be recollected that the bearer of that order, as well as the friend commissioned to prepare the outfit for her departure, gave her but a single day for leave-taking. Notwithstanding the brief space allowed for preparation, we have to report an abundant supply of the delicacies wherewith ladies' larders are usually provided for a sea voyage. Behold her, then, on board his British majesty's ship of war Hyder Ali, the hon. Captain Aylmer, sailing out by Sandy Hook with a strong north-west wind, in the latter part of October, 1776. The Arabia-Felix parts of Long-Island are in sight, with a distant prospect of the Raritan, and just opening the sandy expanse of Barnegat. These, before the sun sunk to his 'islands of refreshment,' to use the phrase of our sweet Bryant, had disappeared; and even the high hills of Neversink were dim specks, just discerned on the verge of the horizon. Gayly the good ship clove her way through the waters, with a speed and alacrity which promised well to the voyagers.

Our time, we indulge a hope, will not be considered entirely thrown away, if we devote a page or two to the character of the officers of the Hyder Ali. Our readers will thereby gain such a sketch as our ungifted pen may trace, of the choice spirits, who, during the reign of the Third George, manned the wooden walls of Old England, and endeavoured in the various climes to which ambition, the love of sway, and the passion of avarice, had carried the British arms, to maintain her long acknowledged superiority in naval warfare. The system of favoritism which, in that day, made light of the qualifications of merit and experience, placing juniors, possessed of little practical knowledge, over the heads of seniors thoroughly versed in seamanship, and masters of the nautical science, but inferior in the article of birth, and destitute of court favour, we learn from verbal report, as well as authentic English writers, has given way to practical reform and substantial amendment! Our sketch, then, only applies to the period of which we write.

The commander of the Hyder Ali, by name Temple Aylmer, a right honourable, and post captain, R. N., was of handsome person, accomplished manners, as the phrase goes, and about the age of twenty-one. The son of a nobleman, possessed of a post near the sovereign, and who was supposed to have entirely the ear of that au

gust personage, he had, through the timely whisper of paternal kindness, been appointed to an important ship on the American station, some time before the most partial of his friends had dared to think him worthy a very subordinate office. It was true, this was a matter of little importance; because, in such case, by an arrangement, once common in the British marine, but as we before observed, exploded in present practice, the active 'blue water duties,' usually devolving on the commander of a ship, in the event of his inexperience, were performed by a captain de facto, or to use the technical phrase, a 'nurse.' 'Macaroui took the money, but Tarrybreeches did the work.' So it was with Temple Aylmer, K. B., who, though invested with a command, which necessarily inferred a degree of nautical skill and seamanship, was unable to superintend, with any thing like success, the common evolution of 'throwing the ship into stays.' It was said by the jolly tars of the Hyder Ali, that on a certain time, the right honourable, having a mind to show himself off, had assumed the sailing-master's department, and committed sundry most disreputable blunders before his resignation. Sailors view with much contempt and dislike, a man set over them, destitute of the required nautical skill, and always express, as they did in the present case, their feelings by a liberal use of the terms, "greenhorn," "landlubber,"

“shipscousin,” (we omit altogether the oaths which are the exclamation points of a forecastle colloquy.) It is matter of doubt whether a genuine sailor would prefer a good humoured and easy commander, ignorant of seamanship to one severe, even tyrannical, yet possessed of the mystery of his craft, and aware from his own observation of the omission of the little duties which only the experienced would observe and order performed.

“I never sailed with jist sich a man, damme, Tom,” said Pete Penzance to one of his shipmates. “This same Yalmer’s the greatest lubber that ever crossed my wake. He don’t know a long splice from a sheep’s shank ; he can’t tell the main-topsail-haulyards from the bunt-gasket, and ’twas but tother day when we were beating round Flamborough Head, you lay in the cable-tier, Tom, as drunk as be d——d, that he came on deck—mind me, Tom, carrying his head so, with half a bolt of top-gallant duck in his shirt collar, and says he, ‘some of you,’ says he, ‘take in that lee-fore-brace a bit.’ Oh! the d——d horse-marine. We slacked it two points, as the master’s mate told us, and Toggs never saw the difference.”

Captain Aylmer was, therefore, no favourite with his crew ; and there was not an hour of the twenty-four that did not bring forth a joke at his expense. Comparisons between him and different

commanders, with whom the sailors had voyaged were frequent. "Captain 'Timberleg, who, in the *Serapis*, 38, beat off the *Monsieur Ragout*, 60, was worth a dozen of him; for d'ye see, he did not come into the cabin through the cabin windows, but through the halserhole." "Jamie Sutherland was another fashion of a man altogether—none of your lavender youngsters, but one who could beat the *Ramillies*, 80, up the Thames as though she were a Gravesend packet boat." "Captain Gardiner, who took the *Foudroyant*, French, 80, off Toulon, in the *Thunderer* of 36, aye, he was a d——d fine fellow." Their invention, not content with "Daddy's Boy," "The Spruce Youngster," and "Topknots," was continually on the stretch for new appellations and epithets; while they took off the edge of their course satire by a candid acknowledgment, that when he was duly rouged, pomatumed, patched, essenced, and frizzeured, he would fight like the devil, but that if caught unawares *en dishabille*, with hair *en papillote*, hose ungartered, nor in other respects of apparel and exterior finish *point device*, the *Hyder Ali* would crowd sail from a Dunkirk lugger, until the due ablutions, essencings, croppings and trimmings should be performed. So said Mark Matches, the gunner, Walter Whistlepipes, the boatswain; and there were other characters, of no minor importance, in the gun-room mess, who joined in opinion with the before mentioned officers.

Though Captain Aylmer was not a seaman in the technical sense of the word, he was possessed of personal valour; a quality in which the noble blood of Britain has never been deficient. But he had the arrogance which results from an overweening pride of birth; a failing which has often drawn the eyes of the observer from conspicuous virtues to regard trifling faults. Such of the officers of the Hyder Ali as were of inferior birth, were hourly reminded of the circumstance, by their trim macaroni of a commander. Now, high birth does not always infer great merit; nor should it be inferred that all that are ennobled deserve to be so. The great didactic poet, who has affixed the rhythmical negative to the 'blood of the Howards,' has truly supposed a case of impossibility: 'Nought can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards.'

In the first lieutenant of the ship, the tars had an officer, whose conduct, to adopt their language, being 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' and whose appointment, not having preceded his maturity, had procured for him their great respect and esteem. Hughes Dick, after twenty years' patient endurance of the fatigues of marine life, 'blow high, blow low,' without material preferment, though always reported deserving it, came at last to be a lieutenant; many thanks to the noble Earl whose son, the lord Bob Acres, a midshipman of thirteen, Mr. Dick saved from

usual compliment which daddy Neptune pays landsmen, who, for the first time, have crossed the centre line of the earth ; whereupon he was gazetted a 'brave and meritorious man.' Hughes Dick began his nautical life with the birth of 'powder monkey,' (a hazardous post if the duty were literally predicated of the title ;) and now he was a lieutenant of ten years' standing. Dick always jocosely declared that his hopes of farther promotion were grafted on titled midshipmen and the "Line barber,"

If being the first man to mount the gunwale in boarding, and the first to his duty in the tempest—the last man to leave an enemy's deck under press of superior numbers, the kindest master, yet the most exact disciplinarian and tactician, could have procured him a station beyond that he now held, Hughes Dick had swept the ocean with a broad pendant, at least. But he had the misfortune to reckon for his father, a poor labourer in Yorkshire, a thrall of his Grace of Leeds, and who remembered nothing in the annals of his line, more worthy of note, than the whipping given his father, on the day that lord Osborne put on the ducal coronet, because that he the said Dick, then occupying the post of dog-boy, had neglected to comb two favourite setters of his grace.

Little better than the serfs of the feudal ages, enjoying the inconvenience of entire dependence

on the fief, without the feudal benefits of support in times of dearth, and protection in the hour of danger, (the same we fear may be said of half of the population of Britain, at this day,) the family of Dick continued to 'till their acre, and thatch their cabin,' in the vicinity of Hornby castle, till a pressgang took off Hughes, then a lad of twelve. Though made a sailor in a way which we, 'our own masters,' conceive would at once create a dislike to the business, he became enamoured of his profession; and we learn from our every-day's experience, as well as the records of past ages, that there are few objects of human desire unattainable of industry, ambition, and resolution.

His education had been necessarily narrow up to the commencement of his nautical career, (Sunday-schools were unknown, and tract-societies no more thought of than steam-engines,) but there are many opportunities for acquiring knowledge on board a man-of-war; and besides, as we remarked at the close of our last paragraph, what will not industry and enterprize accomplish. They cleared away the vast wildernesses of the western continent, filling them with delightful and populous cities; fenced out the boisterous ocean from the sunken marshes of Holland, and these labours successfully accomplished, (we confess to bad logic) who will doubt their power to acquire for a resolute and

gifted sailor, a handsome stock of knowledge. Hughes Dick might not have kissed hands at Saint James', lounged through Bond-Street, galloped through Astley's, or "cast off" at Almack's with as much grace as his commander, but he was much better taught in the essentials of an English education, and had more of the finish of the real gentleman.

But though we have ascribed irresistible effects to the prompt exertion of great talents, it is generally useless for the enterprising to strive to acquire knowledge, or to court opportunities of displaying valour in countries where noble blood and princely wealth bar to the lower classes all access to the "Fountain of Honour." An uncommon combination of circumstances—an adventurous quest of dangers and perils from which men of ordinary nerve have recoiled, have at times raised men of low birth to the first honours of the state; but the instances are rare, wonderfully rare—so rare that, to use the figure of the orator, they appear "like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast." A brisk pun has gowned more men than a good action ever did. (We are beginning to grow prozing, reader.) ——— was made Lord Chief Justice from a poor country attorney. Cardinal Alberini was the son of a gardener at Placentia. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher at Ipswich; and others have become magnates in

the church from an equally low beginning. There are a few instances of a rise, as singular and as fortunate on the element which now exercises our goose quill. But where one friendless tar is in receipt of patronage, a thousand die without it. Hughes Dick was worthy a post-captaincy, but he was yet a lieutenant, while his beardless captain, the son of the master of his majesty's stag-hounds, was said to be within an ace of the Blue. So of yore ran the marine polity of Old England, even when she resigned the undisputed mistress of the ocean. Reader, we have presented you with two sketches of character, diametrically opposite. Our exhibition cannot be much farther diversified. They are specimens, these petit heroes of ours, of the two classes of men who navigate, or assist in navigating, the British marine. We could draw the plebeians a little rougher and more sun-burnt; and our patricians might be delineated more or less effeminate than Captain Aylmer, but they would be essentially the same with their representatives.

Besides Miss Keith, there were passengers in the frigate, Mrs. Cordis and Mrs. Ochterlony, wives of officers serving in the royal army at New-York; ladies of agreeable manners and well formed minds. The ladies played at chess, formed parties at whist and quadrille, ran their fingers over a worn-out, spring-relaxed harp, danced a cotillion in fair weather; and so con-

trived, with the aid of the facetious, good humoured Dick, to pass away their hours more pleasantly than they had dared to anticipate. For a number of days, they took long strolls about the deck of the ship, teasing the jovial, reckless tars, with questions about the krakens of Norway, serpents which were said to inhabit Boston Bay, and many other aquatic and submarine wonders; a species of quizzing, in which the fair ones never came off better than second best. But this cheap sport was speedily at an end. The Right Honourable having heard something said of a marine rule that "no body shall speak to the helmsman," interdicted the ladies from conversing with the seamen, a piece of folly which met the potent punishment of averted eyes, and bent brows, as well as due enforcement of other sections of the act for the maintenance of woman's supremacy.

When they had been out about ten days, they spoke a sloop of war, the captain of which informed them that the rebels had several frigates out, the caliber of whose metal was not much inferior to that of the Hyder Ali. It was therefore thought proper by frequent training of their artillery, and exercise of their topmen, after-guard, boarders, &c. to prepare for the Jonathans, as the right honourable was pleased to call the Americans. This, to the great annoyance of the females, was done every morning. With the

hoarse 'watch ahoy!' and shrill whistle, which bids the 'six o'clock' watch to their post, the ladies were disturbed in their slumbers; and their soft dreams of love, and nuptial happiness, and blond lace, and what not, were broken by the use of that 'villainous saltpetre' which so annoyed Hotspur's effeminate lord.

They had now been out about twenty days, and by the calculations and careful figurings of the officers, they were a hundred leagues past the Western Islands—indeed, were so near the coast of Britain, that cape Flyaway had been several times mistaken for an insular headland. It was now about the middle of November, and as they neared the coast of Britain, they exchanged the cold loud-lunged winds of the great northern ocean, for the mild, whispering breezes, common at this season of the year in the latitude to which we have piloted his majesty's frigate *Hyder Ali*.

Hitherto no accident of any kind had befallen the frigate or her crew, save that Thaddy Dooney had fallen from the main top-gallant yard, strange as it may seem, without other consequence than the birth of a bull. For Thaddy being asked where he came from, (the interrogator meaning to inquire from what height he had fallen,) replied, 'from Kilkenny.' Two greenhorns had been thrown into grievous twitchings, and pains in the belly, by eating too

freely of a shark's liver; and these narrated, were the only accidents of importance, which, up to the twentieth day, by the eight o'clock watch, had befallen the good ship Hyder Ali.

At that hour the ladies usually came on deck to take the air—that is, when the weather was fine, and the motion of the frigate easy and equable. Though debarred conversation with the sailors, they could not be prevented from listening to the volleys of good natured abuse, wherewith these light-hearted men loaded their companions, and frequently, in spite of authority, Miss Keith entered into brief discourse with them on subjects which were calculated to elicit marine wit.

When the ladies came on deck this morning, they found Captain Aylmer walking the deck, evidently in a passion. They heard him say, to a stripling near him,

“Will he not come out of his birth?”

“No sir,” answered Midshipman Matthewman. “He says, sir, he will assist to work the ship; he will hand reef and steer, and swab decks, and swig grog, but not train the arms. They are to be used against his country, he says.”

“His country! the d——d rascal,” said the captain. “Have him ordered to the gangway at once.”

Midshipman Matthewman proceeded to pass the necessary order to the proper department.

While the boatswain and his mates were executing the warrant for the appearance of the tar, Captain Aylmer paced the deck with a quick and disorderly step. The ministers of his wrath speedily appeared, leading a young man of the age, perhaps, of twenty-two. His appearance betokened much strength ; and a sharp piercing eye, which, nevertheless, glanced little on the bystanders, indicated much courage and firmness, as well as indifference to the fate which awaited him. He was habited like a sailor of the lower order, that is, in canvass trowsers, having much tar upon them, especially above the knee, a pair of coarse shoes, but no hose, a purple silk bandanna handkerchief, with yellow globes in it, around his neck, a blue cloth jacket, of the kind called by sailors the "monkey," a vest of the same kind, covered with a profusion of small white pearl buttons, and above the jacket and vest appeared the usual outline of a shirt of check. He had no hat, but stood displaying abundance of bushy, curled hair of bright colour, which frequent immersion in salt water, had rendered, to all appearance, impervious to a comb, but which, with a little care, might have been envied by a lady.

"Well, sir," said Captain Alymer, "my officers inform me that you have refused to attend to your duty this morning. Have I heard right?"

"Partially, sir," answered the sailor with a

correctness of pronunciation, much above his seeming condition. "There were certain duties which I offered to perform with my whole soul, and there were others from which I begged to be excused."

"Modest young man!" said the captain, scornfully. "And the hard-hearted officer refused you, I suppose. I'll just ask, my proper lad, what were the duties you refused?"

"I begged, sir," returned the tar, "not to be obliged to array myself against my country."

"May I ask, sir," said the captain, sarcastically, "what country has the honour of your nativity?"

"The province of New-York," replied the tar, without appearing to notice the jibe.

"Oh! you're a Jonathan," cried the captain, looking about him for the expected countenance of a laugh.

"Not exactly, sir," said the tar, with affected simplicity. "The Jonathans live at Pyquag, and at Cape-Cod, and up about the Grants."

"Do they?" said the captain. "I ask your pardon for the blunder. My knowledge of the colonies is not very accurate. I understand pretty well the character and temper of the rebellious rascals who inhabit them, however."

"Yes sir," said the tar, faintly.

"Why do you say, 'yes sir?'" said Captain Aylmer, as he saw a smile on the lips of the

young man, which did not seem to sort with his assumed simplicity.

“ You said something about your knowledge ; that it was not accurate, and I did but say yes sir, faintly.”

Captain Aylmer frowned ominously. “ You refuse then,” said he, “ to do any duty which may appear like taking a part against your country ?”

“ I should be glad,” answered he, “ if your honour would excuse me from fighting against the land that holds my old daddy.”

“ Suppose I should say, as I do say, that if you do not immediately, and forthwith, attend to every service on board my ship, even to lighting the match, that is to blow the base rascals from a world they disgrace, the bo’son’s mate shall truss you up by the thumbs, and lay on a warm hundred, with a promise to have it decupled every day till we make the South Foreland. What do you say to that, my gentleman from New York, and no Jonathan ?”

“ Short shall be my answer,” said the tar firmly, and throwing aside his assumed simplicity “ I did not bring myself to deny the required service without a perfect knowledge of what the boatswain’s mate could, and probably would do, by his commander’s orders. I have not sailed for years with old Manglewell for nothing, and I have a strong belief that I can take the warm

hundred my captain speaks of, and live to write a receipt for its repayment, in kind or in currency with the point of a Toledo."

"Ladies," said Captain Aylmer, "walk below, if you please, for fifteen minutes, and shut the cabin doors."

"Captain Aylmer," said Miss Keith, putting her arm through his, and drawing him apart from the crowd of officers who had gathered to the scene of altercation, "have the goodness to spare that young man. Nothing but a principle of patriotism—a fervent love of country, which should procure honour and reward, instead of disgrace, could induce him to brave the punishment you threaten him with, rather than do violence to the feelings he professes to entertain. Spare him, Captain, spare him on my entreaty."

"Not I, for the kindest glance of your eye, madam," said the right honourable, "I hate the d——d rebellious rascals so, that 'tis meat and drink for me to gaze at their sufferings."

"Hardly a sailor's heart your's, Captain Aylmer," said the lovely pleader. "If you feel hate for the rebels, surely opportunities will offer to gratify it in a more honourable way, than that of wreaking a mere vindictive spleen. You can meet them in fair combat."

"When the fair combat offers, I'll not shun it," said the captain. "To-day I'll have sport with my Yankee lad. Walk below, Miss Keith.

Mrs. Cordis, Mrs. Ochterlony, ladies, please to walk below and finish the game of chess you were at last night. The ship moves like a swan upon the Avon, or, a more appropriate figure, lady Bell Carnegie through the royal drawing-room. Fine time for chess, madam. Mrs. Cordis, have a care. I recollect the lily queen's knight was in peril. Corporal of the afterguard, order the bo'son's mate to the gangway with his cat-o'-nine-tails."

Miss Keith remained on deck ; the other ladies retired to the cabin. "Perhaps," said she, internally, "I can be the means of mitigating the punishment."

The corporal of the afterguard proceeded with Ben Magnachart, the boatswain's mate, to execute the order. The offender wore the same unapprehensive look as when the option of forgiveness or punishment was placed before him. They lashed him by his thumbs to a piece of rigging above his head, and suspended him in this position, a fair mark for the whip.

Miss Keith rushed to the feet of the captain, and begged for God's sake, that he would put the sailor in irons, rather than inflict upon him the merciless punishment he was preparing. But the calmness, and tranquillity with which the tar had viewed the preparations for scourging him, had wrought up the captain almost to the height of genuine madness. "I would not par-

don him," said he, in answer to Miss Keith's petition, "if all the pretty women that ever lived, including Dido, Queen Esther, and Nell Gwyn, were at my feet for him. Lay it on, bo'son's mate."

The boatswain's mate proceeded to obey the order, and Miss Keith found her applications to the subordinate officers equally fruitless with those she had addressed to the captain. "I would assist you," said the humane Dick, "but my intercession can be of no use, when mercy cannot be awakened by the tones of your voice."

The first stroke of the boatswain's 'cat-o'-nine-tails' brought blood from the sufferer; but never man bore a similar affliction more courageously. Miss Keith had a tender heart, and a faintness came over her at the scene. The younger officers crowded around to support her. When she recovered she heard Captain Aylmer say, with a great oath,

"The rascal has taken the hundred. Rebel blood flows plentifully. It will save Dr. Scalpel the application of the lancet, however. Give him a round dozen by way of a vote of thanks for his patience and fortitude. What say you now, my lad; wilt serve?"

"No," said the tar. "You may beat me to death; but, by the God of Heaven, I will never fight against my country."

"A spirited and resolute lad. Give him the

vote of thanks, bo'son's mate, and salt down a hundred for to-morrow."

"Sail, ho!" cried the lookout from the main-top-gallant cross trees.

"Whereabouts?" said the captain.

"On our weather bow," answered the espial; "and she is standing athwart our fore foot."

"Boy, hand the glass!" said the captain. "Mr. Dick, do step aloft and see if you can make out what she is."

Lieutenant Dick, having attained the desired point of observation, answered, "that she looked like a frigate."

"I see she does," said Captain Aylmer. "A Jonathan, I think, for she has an onion head. No offence to my friend in the rigging. Will Miss Keith go below now? If a trifle of blood, drawn from a rebel vein, cause her faintness, a large quantity from the same filthy puddle, would, *pro rata*, infallibly bring death. Do, madam, go below, or take your place at a gun."

"I should like to stay," said the lady, nevertheless slowly retiring down the gangway, "if but to test the old maxim, 'Great tyrants are great cowards.'"

"You will have an opportunity to test it, madam," said the captain. "She comes down upon us, swiftly. Mr. Halnecker, see that dainty rebel cut down. Go to a gun, sir."

"I don't see any that suits me," said the tar.

“I’ll look, however,” lowering his voice, “and if I find one that may be turned in a raking position towards the quarter deck, d——n me, but I’ll do it.”

All hands were now at quarters, and the Hyder Ali prepared for action. The enemy had approached within a long shot distance, and was made out to be a light frigate, wearing the rebel, or States’ flag. She was manœuvred in a way which received the warm plaudits of the old tars.

That’s Jamie Sutherland’s fashion of managing a ship,” said an old weather-beaten fellow of fifty, thrusting a large quid of tobacco into his cheek. “When he was sailing master of the Bellorophon, he would beat that ship to windward in a narrow roadstead, as you would a Deal Fly-boat through a fleet of colliers. That mainyard moves beautifully in the slings, doesn’t it, Billy Boltrope?”

“Yes it does, Jack,” answered Billy; “and I’ll warrant you these Yankees will fight like Wapping Sall for a well ballasted greenhorn, or a tar just paid off. Look you, Heavanhaul! I see by her managing that yard-arm and yard-arm is to be the word.”

“Stand by your guns, boys!” cried the captain of the afterguard.

“Give her a broadside and frighten off the tarnal feilows,” said Captain Aylmer, derisively.

They gave her a broadside, but the distance rendered it abortive and ineffectual. The rebel continued her course, till within half pistol shot, without firing a gun ; and the ' boldest held their breath for a while.' When she was about thrice that distance, the American tar who had received the castigation, contrived to gain the top-gallant forecastle of the Hyder Ali, and plunged into the ocean. Being an excellent swimmer, and buoyed up by a thirst for revenge, a few strokes brought him up with the American frigate. Fortunately for him, the action had been noticed, and facilities were afforded him for gaining the deck. A marine pushed him aft to the captain, who was standing by the aftergun, and viewing with much exultation the effect of the first Yankee broadside on the wooden walls of Old England. The Hyder Ali had been rudely handled by her opponent, though not yet incapacitated from doing something, by way of return, for the Yankee donation of langrage and grape. But the English gunner pointed his artillery too high, and contrived to shoot away some rigging, perforate many sails, and make much smoke, without harming a man, or seriously injuring a spar of importance in the sailing master's department.

The tar now stood before the commander of the rebel frigate, and had opportunity to note his appearance.

His age might have been thirty years, though seafaring people, at least that portion of them who encounter hard knocks in their youth, grow old before their time, and, like the Manfred of the thrice immortal Byron, 'make not years their epochs.' His features were fierce and warlike, and his face, upon the whole, not homely but bearing incontrovertible proof of the visage-bronzing power of the ocean. His stature might have been five feet six inches, and his form, though light, on the whole, indicating activity. He was dressed in white linen trowsers; blue coat coatee, or 'bob;' black glazed hat, with an uncommonly wide black silk ribbon tied around it, (which he afterwards exchanged for a furred cap, with fox-tail projecting like a Dutchman's queue;) and the other articles of his apparel were not of a gayer fabric than those we have described, if we except a long vest of tartan plaid which emulated the rainbow, and which he probably wore as his warrant of clanship. He spoke to the escaped tar with a slight Scottish accent, which we cannot copy, lest we be accused of attempting to imitate the 'eidolon' of the Author of Waverly, who has pounced upon every new thought and quaint form of expression in the treasury of human thought. We claim nothing as original except our taste in excluding the "said he," and "answered he," from the dialogue about to be conducted between Captain Blank and his namesake.

“ Who are you, young man ?”

“ An American, sir.”

“ What ship is that you have left ?”

“ The Hyder Ali, sir.”

“ Who commands her ?”

“ Temple Aylmer.”

“ How many guns does she mount ?”

“ Fifty, rating forty-four.”

“ How many men has she ?”

“ Four hundred, four only on the sick list, picked from the crews of the Belzebub, Press-gang, Copenhagen, and Nabob of Arcot.”

“ And I have—pshaw, enough, and to spare.

“ Why did you leave her so desperately, my man ?”

“ Because, sir, they would have made me fight against my country. I took these stripes (showing his lacerated and disfigured back) rather than do it.”

“ D——n the cowardly tyrants. How would a slice of revenge suit you, my brave fellow.”

“ So well, sir, that I had rather you laid your ship alongside the enemy, and threw me and fifteen good fellows on board, than you should lay off at long shot, and she escape. Give me five minutes at sword's point with the pomatum-roll that commands her, and I could jump into the Maelstrom the next second with a ‘blessed be God’ on my tongue”

“ She sails well, does she ? Smoke ! well done ! Ah ! that was a tip-top shot, my good John Bull.”

“ She out sails any ship in the service, sir. If she have a mile the weather gage, her three lower yards in the slings, and her three top-sail haultards in prime service, good bye to her.”

“ Well, go forward, and show your lacerated back to the men, and tell them wherefore it was done. Lieutenant Pray,” (speaking to the first lieutenant,) “ that ship is nearly twice our match in every thing but spirit and valour—her metal is much heavier than ours—her relative superiority in metal in fact greater than in men. At long shot she will play the devil with us. We must take her, Job, or she will take us. To prevent the latter consequence, we must scuttle the Bon Homme Richard, and board Madam Bluecliffs as a measure of self-preservation.”

“ By all means, sir,” answered Lieutenant Job Pray. “ The officers and crew of your ship will never flinch, depend upon it, sir.”

“ No, by my faith, never. Tell the Devil of Santee what we propose, and let him mention it to the gentlemen. The wild dog would not miss the first blow for the best fifty negro slaves that ever laid paw on the clearing hoe. There comes the master’s mate of the tool chest. What news Splinters ?” continued he as the carpenter’s mate came aft with a downcast look ; “ has a chain shot committed the malfesance of gaping thy adze that thou hast such a penitentiary look ?”

“ I came to apprize you, sir,” said Splinters.

“that our ship has four feet of water in the hold. She is riddled by her water line like a sieve.”

“That’s well, Mr. Splinters, exert your ingenuity to aid the leak,” said the captain. “Tell McBogg to tear up the ship’s bottom, as he would the earth if it concealed potatoes. Hume, (familiarily called the ‘Devil of Santee,’) what says the alcohol within you to boarding the Briton?”

“Says a great deal,” said the young Carolinian; “but the spirit of curiosity and admiration say a vast deal more—I saw a dev’lish pretty face—”

“Short stories, Bob,”——“peep out of the quarter gallery just now: I am for boarding. But, sir, I enter a protest against Job’s meddling in the matter. She is mine by the right of first discovery.”

“So she is,” cried the commander, “but you must take her first. Pray call the boarders.”

“Seven feet of water in the hold,” said the carpenter’s mate at the main gang-way. “The ship is sinking!”

“Ay,” said the cool and perfectly composed commander. “Helmsman, lay the Bon Homme Richard on the Briton’s starboard quarter. Countrymen, brave fellows, are you ready? See that heroic fellow’s back,” pointing to the escaped tar, who stood bared to the waist with boarding weapons in his hands, his swelled and lacerated back covered with blood, basked of the sun, and the

salt and the blaze of cannon, and his eyes glaring like a tiger's. "He would not fight against his country, the dear land of his—of your birth, and the glorious land of my adoption. See how they have mangled him. Boys, we want that ship for the congress. She's a trim thing depend upon it. It's cheaper capturing than building. The Bon Homme Richard is old; let's replace her with a better ship, and then we'll scour the channel sweetly. So that's well; as she goes. Now for the dash, and remember no grapplings. You tortured[^]tar what is your name?"

"Nichol Zachary, sir," answered the young sailor.

"Nick Zachary, prove yourself a true man. Be a life of slavery in this world, and an eternity of damnation in the next, the lot of every man who will not follow PAUL JONES to the deck of the Briton! Huzza for the thirteen free States!"

"Independence and Paul Jones! Huzza for the thirteen free States!" shouted the brave fellows, with one accord, as the Bon Homme Richard ran alongside her antagonist. Nick Zachary, and the "Devil of Santee," were the first men who boarded the enemy from the deck of the American frigate. The man at the wheel of the Bon Homme Richard, lashed the helm to the larboard quarter that she might fall off from

the Englishman, and, with eight of his companions, beat in the quarter galleries and gained the 'state' cabin. "Not a single word of supplication is necessary, ladies," said he. "You are safe from all but carronades, and there will be no farther use for them, conquer who will. We do not war with women. Comrades, to the deck. There's proper work there, by the shouts."

They rushed to the deck. The combat was still bloody; but the English were growing dispirited. Jones and his crew, all and each, performed wonders; but the Cid of the day was Nick Zachary, who was now beheld beating rather than hewing a way to the English commander. His eyes glowed at the rencounter, with as strong an appearance of delight as if he were about to embrace a beauteous bride.

"Oh, you d——d rascal," said he, as he rushed on his late tyrant. The Right Honourable Temple Aylmer appeared not to covet the interview; but as the bridegroom said when the indivisibility of himself and his dear rib was declared, 'there is no dodging now,' and he addressed himself seriously to the task of keeping cold steel from an undue familiarity with his ribs. A single traverse placed him at the mercy of his antagonist, who shortened his point to take his life, but was prevented by the interference of Captain Jones. "You have had your revenge,

Nichol. See! the stars and stripes are dancing in the Norther; and you are too brave a fellow to wish for other satisfaction. Who have we lost in boarding, Mr. Pray?"

"The Devil of Santee."

"Good Heaven! Is brave Hume gone?"

"Killed outright, sir, by a cowardly thrust from behind," replied the lieutenant.

"The Car'linas never had a braver son," said the captain. "Mr. Zachary, you will henceforth act as a second lieutenant in his place. Keep your sword, Captain Aylmer. Who else have we lost, Job?" (Captain Jones seldom used the patronymic in addressing his officers.)

"Whistlepipes, the bo'son; tall Tim Dawkins, that used to talk so much about Rye-Neck—he acted as master's mate, you know, sir, after Bunting died; and about a dozen marines and seaman. Midshipman Gairish is dangerously wounded; some few slightly—oh! and the schoolmaster has been in a swoon ever since the starboard dog-watch."

"What has become of the old lady with the man's name?" asked the captain.

"She is up to her apronstrings in the suds," said the lieutenant, reckless of the blood and carnage around him, "and will soon wet her top gear, I think."

The Bon Homme Richard was accordingly seen, quietly hiding herself in the world of wa-

ters, with every thing belonging to her late crew, save the clothes they stood in, the weapons deemed necessary to the act of boarding, and as much pigtail tobacco as their pockets could conveniently accommodate—the last an act of providence, speaking volumes in elucidation of the prime traits of marine character. The water had reached the single reef-plats of the topsails. The weather-beaten tars had ranged themselves at the side of their prize, and stood viewing the fast-disappearing ship, with such faces as we suppose men wear, when they are about to bid farewell to a much loved friend.

“She is going, Ben ; is’nt she ?” said a young sailor, with tears in his eyes, to a shipmate beside him.

“Ay, to be sure she is,” said Ben. “I should not take on much, Jem (for the chest of things, the few coach wheels and the watch are not much, you know ; a short cruise in the wake of the Jimeka fleet, or a snap at a China-man would make it up,) but Blind Tom, Bob Foster, Lackington and Lige were on Doctor Kilbiduzins’ list, and they have had a tight spell of coughing before this. See her stern sink ! She is going !”

The stern of the dismissed frigate sunk so low that the mizen topgallant mast was hid from view by the water, while there appeared a corresponding elevation of the flying-jibboom. Pre-

sently the fore and main-top gallant masts were observed to recede from view, and in a moment of time she was gone, carrying with her the four sick seamen mentioned by garrulous Ben, and leaving the remainder, two hundred and twenty in number, masters of the Hyder Ali, one of the finest forty-four gun ships in the British navy, of near double the strength in men and metal to her conqueror.

Our readers will recognize in Nick Zachary, the runaway son of the good old parson of the West Bank.

And by way of apology for having spun out this chapter to thirty-two 12mo. pages, we must observe that our muse is a filly for the first time harnessed, and that we have to sober her down by occasional phlebotomy, and long stages to the manage of unlettered authorship.

CHAPTER IX.

Especial prayers should they address to Heaven,
Who business do upon the stormy deep.
Protection should they beg by day and night
From wind and tempest, barbarous shores and rocks,
Which hidden lie i' the pathway of the bark.
And yet they are a reckless set, who strive
To break the image of past woes, by filling
The present moment with unhallowed joys.

The Man of War.

CHANGE of ownership was not found to produce material change of treatment, or the expected procedure of reprisal. The female passengers in particular, received every attention which could be rendered in the present diseased state of the prize, crowded as she was with men, the captors and the captured. Notwithstanding the harsh and cruel treatment which Captain Jones had experienced a few years before, from the nation, a portion of whom were now in his power, he used his present good fortune with much moderation, nor took other advantage of his victory than occasionally to damn the British rulers for a set of cut-throats and tyrants, and to express his determination to work them a little more mischief yet. Still he was as rough as the element whereon he exercised his prowess; cracked many jokes not strictly consistent with court eti-

quette, nor hesitated at any time to remark to his lady prisoners, when their tongues were caught tripping, that modesty was not more the jewel of a woman, than veracity. Strange to tell, for women are seldom in love with candour, he became a favourite with them, and in the rough character of a privateersman, and as his enemies would have the world believe, of a pirate, and in the scarce decent garb in which we first introduced him to our readers, Captain Jones distanced in the good graces of the ladies, the more courtly commander, Temple Aylmer. He had many long stories to relate, of storms by sea, and perils by land—of friendless childhood, and reputation conquered in riper years, from almost insurmountable obstacles, which, related in his piquant manner, had much charm in the eyes of the ladies. Will our readers forgive us if we depart from our assumed province of fiction, and attempt a brief biographical sketch of this celebrated, and, in his day, much dreaded man?—assuring the friendly folks, who are to honour us with a perusal, that they may copy the memoir into their Album, (we speak of the splendid Album lately published by our friend, Mr. Lockwood,) and challenge the parson of the parish to say ought against its verity.

John Paul Jones was born at Selkirk, in Scotland, on the twenty-third day of September, 1745. His father, who bore the name of John

Paul, but not of Jones ; for the subject of our sketch did not add Jones to his patronymic until 1766, was gardener to the earl to whom Selkirk gives a title. His father was a poor but religious man, and early attempted to instil pious principles into his son. The subject of this sketch had no other opportunity to acquire even the rudiments of education than what was afforded him by the care of an old maiden aunt, a sister of his father, who lived in the family until he was nine years old, and taught him his letters, merely led him through the portal of the temple. He never went to any regular school, and the competent stock of learning he afterwards acquired was from an indefatigable, even wearisome application to books, without an instructor. But the knowledge he succeeded in obtaining was desultory in the highest degree, as is usually the case where the student is of strong passions and light judgment. His style of writing was occasionally strong and nervous, but more frequently puerile or bombastic ; always abounding in quotations, sometimes of classic authors, at others, of the most trifling and least known. His letters were always filled with scraps of poetry, singularly indicative of desultory habits of reading.

It is generally understood that he left his father's house at nine years of age ; some fix the time at twelve years. It is certain, however,

that he never made known to his family his intention of leaving them; but without bidding a soul under the roof farewell, he set out for Leith with no other cloths than those upon his back, and no money whatever. When he arrived at that port, he engaged as cabin-boy on board of an English collier. He continued in this business until the latter part of the year 1767, when he left it for another employment. In 1771 he had charge of a ship trading to the West Indies, but we are not enabled to say what precise station he held in the period between the two last dates, nor how long he continued in command of that ship. In the last voyage that Captain Jones made to the West Indies in this ship, an incident occurred which drove him from the land of his birth, and procured to our country the benefit of his services. His temper was in the highest degree hasty and choleric; and in his fits of passion he was apt to proceed to dangerous lengths with such of his crew as actually deserved, or in his opinion only, deserved chastisement. The carpenter of the ship had been guilty of some misdemeanour, and was sentenced to be punished by a very unusual mode. Through chagrin or fright, he jumped overboard, and was drowned.

On the return of Jones to his port of outfit in Great Britain, he was arrested upon a charge of murdering the carpenter. He remained in prison some time, but at length escaped to America:

Soon after his arrival on our continent, he engaged on board a continental ship of war, in the capacity of a midshipman, it is believed, in the fleet which Commodore Hopkins commanded. The great skill he displayed in all branches of naval science and tactics, (for opportunities to prove his courage he could have had few or none,) procured him the notice of his superior officers, who, upon their return to America, strongly advised his promotion to a separate and full command.

His first charge was a sloop of twelve guns, in which he made a few captures of little or no importance. He then had the *Ranger* of eighteen guns, and a hundred and fifty-eight men, and made a cruise with her upon the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. When off the Lough of Belfast he obtained information from a fishing boat that there was an English ship of war lying in the harbour of Waterford. He despatched, by this boat, a written challenge to the Englishman, who took him at his word. They met, and though the English ship was nearly twice as large as her antagonist, and was manned with double the number of men, the *Ranger* carried her in triumph into a French port. He left the *Ranger* there, and was soon after appointed to the *Bon Homme Richard*.

* * * * *

Captain Jones was a man of low stature, say

five feet six or seven inches, rather round shouldered, his visage very fierce and warlike, and apparently elongated by intense application to study. That he was brave, his whole naval life evinces, but it is to be lamented that the same career exhibits proof equally strong of his violent temper, his imperious disposition, great pride, and overweening vanity. His treatment of his officers was frequently savage and indecorous.

When the prisoners had been properly secured, and the Hyder Ali officered to meet her change of masters, a long consultation—technically, a council—was held; with regard to the course that should be taken to conduct her to a place proper for her reparation, and for the disposal of her late crew. So, with the approbation of every man entitled by the right of conquest to speak on the subject, it was resolved to make all sail for the port of a friendly power, while the favouring breeze continued and the heavens gave intimation of a ‘spell’ of good weather. Joyfully the tars of the Hyder Ali, though much to the dislike of her late possessors, squared yards, and rigged studding sails, or the remnants of them, with many a marine prayer for the continuance of the breeze. Lieutenant Nichol Zachary being questioned by the ladies as to the port of destination, replied, that “not many hundred miles off lay the blustering, stormy Bay of Biscay, in the dominions of his

most Christian Majesty, who wished well to the cause of the colonies." The tidings, conveyed in this intimation were very unpleasant, but they lost much of their acidity from the spirited relation of the young sailor, whose wit and cheerfulness coloured every thing of their own complexion.

Still the probability of their being speedily conveyed to a foreign, if not a hostile kingdom, depressed not a little the spirits of the fair prisoners. They had friends and relatives in England who were awaiting their arrival. One of the matrons longed to embrace a son, years absent from her, and who, by this time, must be a large lad. N. B. "he had skimmed the cream from Tully long ago." Another had a daughter at "papa Elford's, in Devon, and who was said to be quite a little lady." Miss Keith had anxiously looked to a meeting with her father, but months might now elapse before she could receive his embrace. The ladies were gloomy under these reflections; and the utmost efforts of Captain Jones and his officers could not rouse them from despondency, or tempt them to take the usual walk on deck which presented the strongest inducement in clear skies, light breezes, and mild weather.

Feeling little pleasure from the lively conversation of the gentlemen, the ladies retired to the

state cabin, and there engaged in those occupations which serve to seat the pang of disappointment more firmly on the heart, such as reading letters from absent friends, (those, of course, being preferred, and first perused, which most abound in expressions of love and attachment,) reviewing gifts and pledges, wiping dust from miniatures, &c. the policy of love requiring from unmarried females, that these little offices should be unwitnessed of curious eyes and jibing tongues. Madams, the married ladies, had drawn from their cabinets, large packets of these cherished notes and memorials, which they devoured with great eagerness, and yet received neither pleasure nor comfort therefrom, as swollen eyes, head rested on palm, and frequent sighs, attested. Ellen Keith, from obedience to the rule which requires concealment of a virtuous passion, compelled to use circumspection, retired to a remote part of the cabin, where she produced from its prison of jetty ivory, tied with blue ribbon, the miniature of our friend Greaves. The cabinet also contained sundry little memorials of the cherished image, which none but a much enamoured lover would have taken a single step to have saved from the pillage of Alaric. One whole letter bearing the signature of Gilbert Greaves, and the superscription Ellen Keith,—another having neither date nor signature, but adjudged on comparison of

hands to be of the writing of the person who wrote the other ; the fashionable poem of *Psyche*, superbly bound, having on the blank leaf a well conceived portrait of our hero ; these were of the memorials drawn from the honoured casket. The letter, which repeated perusals, foldings, and refoldings, had worn and shattered almost to illegibility, was momentarily laid aside for the portrait, the 'concrete' having precedence of the 'abstract' in the young lady's system of metaphysics.

While she was thus employed, and no doubt priding herself much on the handsome features and manly countenance of her elected future guardian, Lieutenant Zachary entered the cabin hastily, and supposing that Miss Keith was engaged at her usual amusement of drawing, gayly looked over her shoulder. The hasty view obtained of the features intimated on the ivory, was sufficient to perfect the suspicion excited by a cursory glance at the superscription of the letter, which was in a well-known handwriting. Nichol stepped hastily back, but not so hastily as to have his unpolite act of espionage pass off unperceived. Miss Keith looked up with considerable anger in her countenance, but the pleading eye and suppliant posture of the young lieutenant effectually stayed the spirited reproof which was pressing to her lips. The transient gleam of anger was succeeded by the blush

which usually suffuses the cheek of a maiden of eighteen, at a detection of this kind.

“If you will not deem me presumptuous, madam,” said the lieutenant, “I will ask if that portrait was not taken for Gilbert Greaves, of ———, in the state of New-York?”

“Why do you ask that question, sir?” said Miss Keith.

“From no impertinent curiosity,” answered Nichol; “but one, madam, which intends your safety and protection. Gilbert Greaves was my dear and valued friend; my father was his preceptor; we spent our boyish days together, and parted not till within four years. My natural respect and esteem for the sex, and if you will allow me to say it, individual regard, would carry me very far in your defence, but I would go a step farther—you smile at my unfashionable sincerity and discountenanced spirit of candor, to serve any one who claims an interest in Gilbert Greaves.”

Miss Keith paused a moment before imparting the required information; and recollecting that she might speedily be on a coast where friends would be any thing but a burden, said, but without the procrastination of the finale common in love confessions, and the stammering also fashionable—

“The portrait was taken for your friend, sir. Mr. Zachary, you may, if you please, suppose

me bound to your friend by engagements. And ——”

“I will not pain you, madam, by farther inquiry,” said Nichol. “I think I understand you, and shall watch over you as the elect of my friend. Did you never hear him speak of me?”

“I really think I have, sir; by this token that he was telling Sir Maxwell Greacen of a lad who attempted to take by the horns a deer whose leg was broken. I think your name was given as that of the youth who attempted, and partly executed, this fearless and intrepid act.”

“Ha, ha!” cried the merry sailor. “If I ever see Wild Gil again, we’ll settle the unhandsome disclosure of my folly—over a sirloin and bottle of Hermitage. Ha, ha! I shall never forget that exploit. I shall never attempt to bridle a red deer again. I lay stretched out senseless for an hour, with hip dislocated and shoulder bruised, fit subject for the rites of sepulture, and never recovered it for six months. We shall soon be on the French coast, and my duty may prevent the occurrence of another opportunity to make a tender of my best services. Whenever Miss Keith finds danger besetting her, she has only to apply to Nichol Zachary, to secure a zealous, and perhaps an efficient defender. Listen! I hear something said on deck of a vessel in sight.” And he departed to learn the cause of the outcry.

He soon returned, and informed the ladies that they were chased by a ship of war, which showed three "rows of teeth," and was running down upon them from the coast of France. He bade them make themselves easy, however, for, to all appearance, she was French. In the present shattered condition of the Hyder Ali it was impossible, he said, to escape the chase, but it became the sons of the lately emancipated colonies to fight in all cases—fight, though the force were ever so disproportionate. "Paul Jones has a name to protect from the calumnies of his enemies," continued the lieutenant, "and must do the best he can with his means."

The doubts which some entertained of the chase being French, were shortly put at rest by the appearance of the "proud pavillion," or Royal Ensign of France, hoisted over the stern of the three decker. She ranged up within 'speaking distance' of the Hyder Ali, when the following conversation, commenced by Monsieur de Bouganville, took place between the two commanders. It was conducted in French, and would have been given to the reader in that language but for the strong probability of its being supposed by the public, whom we very much reverence, an attempt, on our part, to show off our remarkable proficiency in that tongue, and perfect command of its idioms and dialects from the French of the Institute to the *patois* of Provence.

“What ship is that?”

“The American frigate, or rather the American prize frigate, Hyder Ali.”

“Who is the captain of her?”

“Paul Jones.”

“Oh! the devil! What, that dog of war? I have heard of you, sir, for a brave man. Where did you take that ship?”

“Almost in the chops of the channel.”

“Where will you take her; for you will want repairs surely?”

“I think of taking her into the dominions of his Most Christian Majesty.”

“Ah, but you will not though. Do you not know that the king, my master, forbids the coming into any of his harbours, ports, or inlets, of any American ship of war, or prize thereto? And has not Lord Softliwit, the British ambassador, threatened to ask for his passport if we do not forbid you France? Oh! you cannot go to France.”

“What, not to refit?”

“No.”

“Is this so?”

“To be sure it is. I have orders from Monsieur, the minister of Marine, to keep you wide of the havens of France.”

“Good-bye to you, and your king, and your minister of marine, and the whole kit of the parleyvoos, for a set of mean, cowardly, good-for-

nothing fellows. Brace up the yards, boys, and put her upon the larboard tack. We will try for some port-hurricane upon the Irish coast."

And the frigate, for a while, was navigated with a view to such consummation.

Upon the second day, after the speaking of the Gallican, they had the good fortune to fall in with and capture a large Newfoundland ship, which had been supplying with lenten food the good catholics of Bilboa; and soon after a fine packet ship yielded up her national breath. She was made a cartel, and despatch ship, and a number of wounded men were put on board of her, together with Lieutenant Zachary, who was ordered to a port of North America. The ladies preferred returning in her to remaining in the frigate, and were accordingly removed to the Francis Freeling. Behold them then on their return to America.

The first part of the passage of the cartel ship for America was very pleasant and prosperous. In fifteen days they were in that current of water which is denominated the 'Gulf Stream;' and which we ourselves, contrary to the received theory, from the circumstance of its being warmer than the ocean beyond its theatre of admixtion, guess hath its source in some volcano—heat-ed mountain of the southern hemisphere; but let this pass for a mere guess. It may find a sanction in some future work of Hill or Symmes.

The evening had been uncommonly pleasant and lovely, and the ladies had remained on deck till a late hour, enjoying its beauty and softness, and listening to Mr. Zachary's flageolet, and to the merry uproar, which the cook's violin, and a small extra allowance of liquor, wrought among the common seamen on the forecastle. Though autumn was now treading on the skirts of winter, it was such an evening as we see of a September in Pennsylvania. The stars shone with uncommon brightness, and not a cloud was seen to cross the face of the heavens. If there were aught to check the intense feeling of pleasure which took possession of the breasts of our fair female friends, it was gathered from the observation of an old tar, who remarked to his commander, in their hearing, that "they should have a shift of wind before morning, and a stiff gale from the land."

"So I think, Jo ; and it may come in a squall," said the commander. "Take in the light sails. Ladies, I think you had better go below, and compose yourselves to sleep." The ladies, in accordance with his advice, retired to their cabins, and a balmy sleep presently sealed their eyes.

They were awaked about midnight by the sound of voices, which nevertheless appeared to be choaked with still rougher sounds. There was a frequent hurrying to and fro of men, apparently grappling with some mighty foe, a stamp-

ing—a whistling of the wind through the rigging—a creaking of the yards, and their appurtenant blocks, and various other sounds of tempest, and the strife of the elements. They heard the rush of waters by the sides of the ship as she bounded from one wave to another, the while changing frequently her posture from a careened to a horizontal; laying herself broadside upon the wave, and then ‘coming up to even keel’ with the ‘celerity of a cork bouncing from a bottle of brisk beer.’

“What is the matter, sir?” asked Miss Keith of Lieutenant Zachary, who had descended to the cabin with rapid step, and was rummaging for some article needed on deck.

“Hush! my dear, lie still and alumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings——

there is a gale of wind from the North, Mademoiselle, which sets our good bark jumping like a frog on his march to a mudpool.”

“Oh dear!” “Oh Heavens!” and “What shall we do?” were exclamations severally shouted by the terrified women.

“Now I’ll tell you what to do,” said the sailor: “Lay your fair cheeks upon your pillows, draw your night-caps over your bright eyes, and be as mute as fishes. Endeavour to falsify the common belief of nautical men, that women at

sea can outstorm a hurricane. Come, come, go to sleep: we shall need you in the morning to sew up, with your cambric needles, some small rents in our topsails."

The motion of the ship was presently exchanged for one much less agreeable—that which occurs when the ship is put before the wind, and is called 'scudding.' The vessel then rolls heavily, or as the case may be; and to people unused to the seas, the sensation is the most painful of any that can be conceived.

They continued this measure of scudding for a whole night, at the end of which the tempest of wind in some measure abated, and they were able to turn the ship's head once more towards her port of destination. The wind veered to southwest, the weather became pleasant again, and the memory of the storm faded away almost as soon as the grief of a widower for a dear defunct scold.

Apace the wind freshened into what is called by mariners, 'a whole-sail breeze.' Adopting that measure of marine politics which goes to defeat the self-willedness of the Gulf current, they had crossed the Gulf Stream far to the westward, made shift to 'crawl in with the land,' and were now in a latitude and a longitude which enabled them to use the prevailing wind to advantage. By their reckoning, with the sunset come twenty-four hours they might expect

to see the Highlands of Neversink, or put their eyes on some other part of the North American continent. The following night stood noted in the log-book for "clear weather, with some light squalls of wind," which remark applied to the whole period of time, up to the calling of all hands for the morning meal. At that time the wind died away, and the ship lay motionless, with her sails flapping against the masts. The sun rose oppressively hot—to use a plain phrase, scalding; rarefying the air to an uncommon degree.

"We shall have a 'twelve houer,' " said Jo, the old tar, who was the oracle of the ship. The "twelve houer," (so seamen call a southeast wind, from its seldom lasting longer than twelve hours,) came on just before night, and continued to increase with its approach. By their reckoning they must be well in with the land—indeed, just as the sun was going down they saw, in the direction they were sailing, a low, dark *something*, which might be land, or it might be a fog-bank; they thought the former, whereupon they 'laid the ship's head off shore.'

The gale increased until it became a perfect hurricane; such an one as the oldest tar on board had never seen paralleled. Then a deep consternation was visible in the countenances of the men, whom frequent exercise in storm and tempest had rendered indifferent—almost

callous to marine dangers. The land, whether that were land they had seen or not, must be under their lee, and could not be far distant. The ship could not be kept up to the wind, or in marine language, 'laid to.' The sailcloth, in so doing, was rent from her yards, as a seamstress would rend a piece of chambray, mull-mull, or other bonnet gear. No sooner was the canvas unfolded, than nought remained of the entire sail but the ropes which enclosed the cloth.

The only measure left the navigator of the *Francis Freeling* was to put the ship once more before the wind, and trust in God that the distance she might run before morning would not be so great as to cover the whole space between her starting post and the shores of Long-Island. This, however, they could hardly hope, since she walked over the waves with prodigious celerity, driven along by a wind that seemed hardly capable of exhibiting greater fury, or of acting with a stronger impulse. Throughout this dreadful gale, Lieutenant Zachary acted with a calm self-possession, as far removed from the common turbulence and rough energy of marine life, as it was from the half-womanish solicitude which commonly clings to the nautical exertions of men unaccustomed to do business on the vasty deep. The major part of the crew were old weather-beaten sailors; men who could take a quid of tobacco in their cheek, or a can of

grog under their arm, and parade their territory of deck, the length of a storm, without discovering the least sign of fear—as perfectly indifferent to danger as the boatswain in the ‘*Tempest*,’ whose ‘yare, yare,’ was often repeated on this stormy night.

The ladies below were fully impressed with a belief that they were in a situation fraught with much danger; but they were not allowed to know its full extent. “Oh, the gale was nothing,” they were told; “a mere cat’s-paw. The ship thought nothing more of it than she would of a blacksmith’s bellows.” But they were not deceived to the extent their friends would have wished them to be. They laid, therefore, in great suspense; listening with their heads upraised from their pillows, to every step of the moving mariner; and expecting every moment to hear some appalling news of rocks and breakers. That portion of our readers who have been a little, and but a little, at sea, we think will recognize these feelings and this conduct, as being precisely similar to their own in moments of ocean peril, or when their unpractised minds thought they were encountering such.

Once they had the hardihood to venture to the gangway door, and had the good fortune to obtain one view of the sublime horrors of the storm. All around them the waves were of a

feathery whiteness, now foaming around her settling stern, now breaking over her sinking bow, dancing in sparkles by the sides of the ship, or flying in spray to the very head of the fore topmast. The heavens were enveloped in thick darkness; while at the ends of the horizontal, and on the heads of the perpendicular spars, sat, or clung, globes of fire—meteoric appearances, called by sailors, ‘corposants;’ and always considered as the forerunners of disaster, inasmuch as they betoken a degree of tempest which the frail bark may seldom resist.

“Six A. M. and no abatement of the tempest!” The “twelve o’clock, and a fine starlight night!” of the watchman going his rounds, would have been, we take upon us to say, a far more pleasing sound to the inmates of the Francis Freeling. They continued to drive with the wind and surge, when the man stationed at the bow of the ship to look out, cried, that he saw “breakers ahead, close aboard!”

“Are you not mistaken, Jem?” said the commander.

“No sir,” answered Jem; “there they are, sir, a little on the starboard bow.” The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship struck with a tremendous crash upon what appeared to be the foot of a shoal. The sea ran mountain high, making inroads upon her, and in its first assault, washed overboard almost

every moveable thing, reckoning among its acquisitions ten men, being half of the crew who were able to do duty. At second assault of the surge, the three masts 'went by the board,' and with them every man of those on deck but two—the third floated the wreck over the shoal into water comparatively still. Lieutenant Zachary and old Jo were the only men remaining of the twenty who had striven with the tempest of the night. All the rest lay in the bottom of the ocean.

The moment the wreck was clear of the shoal, Mr. Zachary hastened to the cabin. It was nearly filled with water. His fears were agreeably disappointed, when upon his addressing Miss Keith by name, she responded with "Sir," which, however sounded as faintly as Desdemona's, "a guiltless death I die," from out the smothering pillow used by her sable lord.

"Are your companions living, madam?" asked Zachary.

"I cannot tell, sir," said the young lady; "but I have not heard them speak since the vessel struck so hard."

"They must be in a swoon," said he, "I think. Can't you awaken them?"

"Captain," cried Jo from the deck, "you had better come on deck. There is a glimmer of day, sir, and I see that we are driving again upon a ledge of rocks."

“Miss Keith leave your friends to die in their happy senselessness,” said the lieutenant, “and attend to your own preservation. Leave your birth in a moment, and come to the deck. I am pledged to stand by you to the last, and will never quit you while I have life.”

When they reached the deck, they were presented on the left or larboard hand, with a view of high, shelving rocks, towards which the wrecked ship was floating as to certain destruction. A little to the eastward of these rocks, which spoke loudly of approaching death, lay a smooth, level strand, whereon the lesser waves, children of the rude surges that smote those rocky frontlets, were disporting themselves, and laving the strand, which proved a very thirsty recipient of the briny element.

“Perhaps you will be displeased if an old tar should offer you advice, sir,” said old Jo; “but I would throw off that outside coat, sir. You had best lighten yourself for swimming, sir. I think the ship is going to strike on the eastern end of the ledge; and if she does, and her stern swings to starboard, we may save ourselves by swimming to the strand.”

“You may do as you like, Jo, but I will never leave Miss Keith,” said the lieutenant. “You need not open your lips, madam, unless it be to glorify that God in whose dread presence, a few minutes may find us.”

Miss Keith dropped upon her knees, and the son of the pious pastor of the West Bank, so far recollected the heavenly things taught him in his youth, that he fell in like posture beside her.

As the old sailor judged, the ship was carried to the south-eastern part of the ledge ; but instead of swinging to starboard, she swung to larboard, which threw her into the surf, with her bows projecting a few feet past the end of the reef. The moment she attained this position, Mr. Zachary caught Miss Keith in his arms, and plunged from the bow of the ship into the ocean. He was a man of much strength and agility—youthful, and withal an incomparable swimmer ; and though somewhat exhausted by the labourious exertions he had made during the storm, he succeeded in gaining the strand with his lovely burden senseless in his arms. It would have been difficult for him to have placed her on dry land, but for the assistance afforded by a neighbouring fisherman, who, apprehending maritime disasters, had left his bed at this early hour to visit the sea shore. They had the happiness, in a minute or two, to see Miss Keith open her eyes, and to know that she was not dead as they at first feared.

Of the forty persons, including the wounded, who, twenty-four hours since were on board the Francis Freeling, two only remained in the

land of the living. All the rest had perished victims to the fury of the elements. The waves washed up the corpse of old Jo, who had acted in accordance with his given opinion, but who was too aged and helpless to work out his own rescue from the o'ermastering surge, though effectually pointing out the path of safety to others. In a few hours the wrecked ship lay scattered along the shore for miles, "torn piecemeal by the roaring tide," as the psalm saith. And before the day had gone, twenty of the unfortunate inmates of that ship were found, and were, by the neighbouring people, buried; among whom were the two ladies who had been the companions of Miss Keith.

In the house of Mr. Bass, the fisherman, whose hospitality and kind intentions were seconded by neighbours of greater ability to supply the articles needed to repair the wasted strength of our heroine, Lieutenant Zachary and Miss Keith spent the few days of repose, which late fatigues rendered necessary to be taken before the latter could be removed to the metropolis. The house of the kind fisherman stood just behind the range of beach-plum bushes and dwarf pines, which skirted the coast for some leagues, and still skirt that part of Long-Island, where the "Francis Freeling packet was cast away in the revolutionary war."

In a few days, Miss Keith and her lieutenant departed for New-York, and arrived safe in that delectable *locus in quo* of human enjoyment, wisdom, wealth, philosophy, and fine women.

CHAPTER X.

Philip. Be strong of heart.

Annanan. I was no child, thou know'st when from the feast
The Hurons led me to the bloody stake.
I sung my song : I counted o'er my scalps,
And lived — to strike more blows. If so it chance
My father's spirit calls his son to-day,
The whiteman shall not say, " Behold we've bound
A dove unto the stake."

Philip. Do thus, and die a warrior.

Philip, an unpublished drama.

WE now return to Gilbert Greaves, whom we left a couple of chapters back, in the unpleasant situation of a man closely confined under sentence of death, and we made known, in the close of the same chapter, that the sentence specified four days thereafter as the day for his execution.

The morning at length came which was to be the last of his mortal existence. We have shown in other chapters what had been his treatment up to the time of his attempt to escape, since which it had not been materially varied, except in the extreme caution of his goalers, whose provident measures since, would have rendered hopeless every similar attempt, even had he been disposed to make one.

Every exertion had been made by his friends

to procure, if nothing more, a temporary suspension of the sentence. Sir Maxwell Greacen had in vain represented to the general the consequence of displeasing such a steady and well known loyalist as Brigadier Greaves, and had depicted the evil effects which, in some respects, the unnecessarily severe system of discipline, now in use in the royal army, would have on the minds of the well disposed part of the colonists. Even Sir John Savage, of scalping memory, who relished blood with the zest of an Ogre, had advised that the life of the prisoner should be spared. But Arleston, when he saw an enemy in his power, had only the question which the retainer of the Capulets addressed to his fellow, "Is the law on my side?" before he proceeded to gratify his vengeance by the infliction of a punishment proportionate to the degree of hatred the victim inspired. To the numerous applications made for mercy on the prisoner, he invariably answered, that "Captain Greaves was a deserter, a tried and proven deserter: that it was necessary that an example should be made of one such criminal to deter the provincial recruits from the like crime; and that the more exalted the object selected for the sacrifice, the more unequivocal would appear the determination of the general to punish secession and apostacy without reference to services or family." All application, therefore, either for a revision of the sen-

tence, or postponement of the execution, was found fruitless and unavailing; and the only hope which the friends of our hero dared indulge, was that he would possess sufficient firmness to die like a man and a soldier.

Sir Henry Clinton was momentarily expected from England; but his arrival had been so long delayed, that nothing in the shape of hope presented itself from that quarter. If he arrived, a pardon was as easily obtained as an inquiry into the cause of the quarrel was certain. For it had come not to be doubted in the army, that the son of so distinguished a loyalist as Cuthbert Greaves would have been pardoned, if there had not existed some cause which made his disappearance from the theatre of human testimony a measure preventive of a dreaded punishment. "Why," asked many, "was the trial so hurried; and why was the day, fixed for the execution of the prisoner, made to follow his condemnation so speedily? A few weeks were necessary to a due preparation for eternity. But in the present instance, five days only would intervene between his sentence and his execution. A brief space this, for the purification of those feelings which are of the 'earth, earthly,' into a state proper to meet death in the presence of assembled thousands, and Creator in his character of a just Judge." So reasoned the multitude, and with some show of deliberate reflection.

The place assigned for the execution of our hero was a level piece of land, known by the name of The Bishop's Pawn, with allusion to the manner of its acquirement, whereby hung a deep tale of clerical scandal, but which our respect for the habit and functions of that venerable body of men, forbids us to relate. By the proclamation issued by the commander-in-chief, he was to be executed at eleven in the morning. And it was farther officially made known, that to prevent all expression of popular discontent, a large body of regular troops would march to the ground, prepared to enforce the general order which directed the quick suppression of tumults, by the shortest methods.

A full hour before the appointed time, the field was crowded with anxious spectators, of every age and condition. Very few of the British officers were absent; though it should, by no means, be inferred, that the major part of those that attended felt or professed joy at the spectacle. Many, from the first, had been convinced of his innocence; and others had met with a change of opinion in his favour, and were now fully convinced of his innocence of the major charges preferred, and of the existence of circumstances in extenuation of the minor.

A great many whigs attended, with countenances indicating the possession of a feeling half between indignation and satisfaction; though the

precarious tenure by which they held their locomotive rights compelled them to abridge, to an occasional whisper, the curses which 'time and tide serving,' would have been 'loud and heavy,' and besides in little danger of being turned, like Balaam's, into blessings. We have said that their feelings were half way between indignation and satisfaction. They were indignant at the colour of these merciless acts, but satisfied that the first blow of their inflicting was to fall upon the distinguished loyalist of the West Bank. They attributed a considerable part of their present calamities to the brigadier, and the advice he had given the British ministry; and the regret they really felt for the unfortunate situation of our hero, was in some degree counterbalanced by the joy of wounding the father, through the son. Nevertheless, the cause in which he was to suffer; his gallant bearing on the night of his capture; his filial affection, the exercise of which had led to his present fate; all contributed to interpose a plea of preponderating interest in his favour. Some of them shed tears; though this was not the age of tears. But in the eyes of the greater part of the whig spectators you could have read those petitions for a 'fitting opportunity,' which men frequently put up when they are compelled to receive cold-blooded insults; to endure contumely; and, generally, to be disgraced by enemies it were mad-

ness to resist. They sat, therefore, with countenances darkening as they caught the eyes of the general, or his satellities; but relapsing into pity and benevolence when turned on the prisoner, or on those who were known to be his friends.

The tories were overjoyed. With this base body of men Brigadier Greaves had never been a favourite; they had always looked upon him with an evil and envious eye. His views and opinions, though at first bigoted and narrow, had come to be much more liberal than theirs; and several times when a whig leader had fallen into their power, he had refused to sanction their schemes of blood, and had procured the release of the rebel. Though fervently desirous of reinstating the British government, as it stood anterior to '74, and with superadded and unconventional powers, he saw a greater certainty of effecting this object by the employment of measures of a well regulated lenity, than by the bloody scenes, the outrages, and the murders, which usually followed the transient successes of his tory associates. These were now his sentiments; but they had become so, unfortunately, when he had lost the power to make them available with his ministerial friends. In the early part of the contest his advice had great weight; latterly, he had found his influence considerably lessened, having utterly failed in pleas for quite contemp-

tible boons, beside the important one in which, to use Counsellor Sparrow's language, he was guilty of such laches.

With the tories, no laurel was worth wearing unless dyed in blood. The Bishop's Pawn was crowded with them on the day of the expected execution; the most of them wearing as strong an expression of savage and fiend-like joy as Young has given his Moor in the *Revenge*, when the 'blow' was partially atoned for by the anguish of his fallen enemy. The British soldiers, when serving in Germany, accustomed by an extremely severe discipline, and, in the present war, by a merciless system, to regard such things as trifling occurrences, showed a most soldierly indifference to the business of the day. So the letter of their duty were complied with, they bestowed few thoughts on its spirit. "A whig deserter was to be hanged, shot, or racked—that was all." Where was the father who was down in the tragedy for Brutus! Our readers will see him in time to pronounce his personification of the character much more complete in the first than the fifth act.

At a quarter before eleven the drum began to beat in front of the Provost, and the military guard formed. Vernon, he from whose escort Gilbert had escaped on the night which saw him change sides, and who had been promoted from a low situation to a colonelship, solely through the

interest of Arleston, was the active commanding officer of the day. [We beg the most reverend, the Archbishop of York not to take umbrage—the gentleman was no relation of his.] All the superior officers attended, Knyphausen, Donop, Fraser, and so of the rest, excepting Sir Maxwell Greacen and Brutus. Sir Maxwell had by letter promised to support our hero in his first experiment of facing singly twelve well-poised queen Annes. But Sir Maxwell had been called from his bed at the peep of day by an old man, Zack Fish, a pilot, residing a short distance below the Narrows, though his occupation frequently made him a sojourner with a brother chip, who lived on Blowbreezes' Hill, behind Barnegat. The old pilot had entered in great haste, and departed as hastily, carrying with him Sir Maxwell, whose countenance betrayed a surprising degree of excitement. The wondering servants were assisted to form a conjecture of the probable object of their journey, by an expression which Zacky used as he crossed the threshold, in reply to some interrogatory put by the baronet.

“Sim Riddle said, sir, that the foremost of 'em was a three decker with a broad pen'ant.”

“When was this, Zacky?”

“May be four o'clock, or arter.”

“Did the fleet crowd sail? Did they pack on canvas stoutly, Mr. Fish?”

“ Ay, that they did by all accounts. Briggs, Burtin Briggs, told our whole crew at the look-out, that he never in his life saw ships dressed so with sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, star-gazers, jib-o'-jibs, even sprisail topsails. If they were in chase of a French squadron, he said, they cou'd'nt do more.”

“ How was the wind in the night, Zack, and how is it now ?”

“ In the night, sir, we had thick weather, and a light wind. But Phil Soundtheshoals stood their pilot, and he needs no stars nor moonlight. He's the best of the gang for a muddy time, and a heavy draught. But if he's out now — out beyond the Hook, he'll find the wind rather scant ; if he's past the light he'll have three points free to the Narrows, and ——”

“ That will do, Mr. Fish ; we will meet them at the Narrows. Spring to the boat. Hire, if necessary, two men to each oar, and offer in my name, a doubloon a piece. I will pay like a generous man if I lose the race, but if I win it, I will fill every old stocking in the Blowbreezes' mansion with the real Patosi.”

The old pilot hereupon left the house of Sir Maxwell to make the necessary preparation. The baronet was speedily after him ; the knees of his breeches unbuckled, and various other parts of his dress in most admired disorder. Before he went, he was careful to enjoin a strict silence

upon his servants. On his arrival at the boat, he found it manned by a stout and expert crew, who, upon his repeating the fine things he had said to old Zack, sprung to their oars with the zeal of blood-hounds.

The soldiers appointed to the guard, on this occasion, had formed in front of the Provost when Greaves was brought forth with his arms bound behind him, but the fetters had been removed from his legs. His appearance, as to mere externals, was certainly much impaired, but his countenance exhibited traits of fearlessness and intrepidity, which did him honour; his demeanour was such as his friends expected him to assume. His bold and noble bearing instantly interested every unprejudiced spectator in his favour. It was not observed that his eye for a moment quailed beneath the many stern glances, which were directed at him by his enemies. He appeared as calm as if about to chase a buck on his native hills. There was an expression of strong surprise on the countenances of the few spectators who had gathered at the outside of the Provost doors. They were expecting to see in the offender the timidity and irresolution which commonly lead to the particular crime with which he stood charged. No such thing. When the order "forward, march!" was given, he moved with a firm and manly step, and with as much speed as the restraints imposed on his

limbs allowed. The only lingering sentiment of humanity which seemed to be warring with his resolve to die like a man and a Christian, might be traced in the anxious glance with which he appeared to search among the crowd for an object which, if physical impossibilities had been first removed, his own heart should have told him, could not be there, a spectator of his impending fate.

At five minutes before eleven, the guard arrived with their prisoner at the fatal spot, the Bishop's Pawn. The crowd, as we have before said, was great, but there appeared little disposition to oppose the execution of the sentence. A few hisses and a few murmurs were indeed heard, but they died away at the unsheathing of some dozen bayonets, and a score or two of the guard were ordered to the place whence they proceeded. Two clergymen were on the ground to perform the last acts of devotion with the unhappy youth. Of course, they were of the established church ; that body being, if we mistake not, spiritual comforters, ex officio, of all who are similarly situated with our hero, and who do not demand that the consolations of religion shall be administered from a heterodox formulary. During our revolution, the episcopal clergy were much courted and caressed by the British ministry and their servants ; and several projects were got up, which, by encouraging the idea of a thorough hierarchy,

it was hoped would bring that powerful body of men to support the claims of the mother country, and to their full extent. We regret to say, that a large proportion were so purchased; but we are gratified in asserting that there were very many honourable exceptions. Indeed, when we recollect the nice dependency subsisting at that time, and hardly severed yet, between the parent church and its offspring in the western world, our surprise at the course of conduct adopted by the great body of the episcopal clergy will cease. There were other motives which assisted in determining the established clergy to espouse the quarrel of Great Britain. A great majority of the colonists were of persuasions which, at some period or other of British history consequent upon the Reformation, had been persecuted by the head, and the dignitaries of the established church; and there were fears entertained by that body, that in the event of the colonies becoming independent on the mother country, the sects predominating in numbers might be disposed to retaliate the wrongs they had received.

The reverend gentlemen appointed to perform the last spiritual functions likely to be required by Wild Gil, were, as we said, of the established church; and came prepared to denounce vengeance upon all who were not churchmen and loyalists. One of them was the reverend Dr. Mystic, who had very lately been inducted into the

North Dutch, with the most scriptural prayer on his tongue, of " Lord establish thy holy episcopal church over this land ; whereof, let thy servant, the Royal Defender of the Faith, continue the head : " to which, no doubt, there was added an adjunct petition for an increase of temporalities and benefices. There was no tory in the land who carried about him a heart more devoted to his earthly, and, if certain lay acts were assumed as a criterion, less devoted to his heavenly master, than the portly and well caparisoned pastor of the North Dutch, as the house of worship, built in ————street, in the year ————, was then called. We warn our readers not to fancy the stately blue building, at the corner of Cedar-street, the house of worship here meant ; nor must they look among present presbyters for Dr. Mystic ; nor search for him among former incumbents of the church. The comprehensive history of our reverend friend we sum up in the few words which the chroniclers of Judea's kings generally use to describe the brief close of their hero, and the succession of a prince to the vacant throne—" He was gathered to his fathers, and another reigned in his stead. " Equally brief must be our notice of the other reverend divine, who, on this important day, came forward to administer spiritual consolation to the unfortunate youth. What was the nature of this consolation, and in what style and manner it was

delivered, will be half imagined by that portion of our readers who are at all conversant with the private history, public acts, and promulgated opinions, of Samuel Peters.

“Young man,” said the last named gentleman in canonicals, “it naturally grieves our hearts to see thee thus. Thou art to suffer a fearful, a dreadful, and, I fear, a deserved death. And yet it surely cannot have come unexpected upon thee. It is thus that traitors and regicides, the opposers of kingly, and the contemners of divine authority, usually suffer for their oppugnation.”

Greaves raised his head contemptuously, but made no answer. Samuel pursued.

“Thus, I said, it usually fares with rebels. God is mindful of his own, though, and protects them—thy treason has failed of the purposes thou didst intend; but the purpose of the Most High is answered. Anathema maranatha. The brief hour allowed by special clemency wears apace. Have you aught to say which our ears may hear without derogating from our duty to our king and our God?”

“I have some advice to give,” said Gilbert; “friendly advice to your sovereign, as you call him, whose pockets will ere long petition Ned Boulter of Hounslow fame, or Jem McCoul of Scotch memory, for protection against the army and the church. Bid him recruit his armies with

generals like Arleston, and priests like you, and I will bet the right, title, and interest of the heir male in tail special of the West Bank, against six feet of the Trinity burying ground for present occasion, that the colonies will be free in a couple of campaigns more !”

“Audacious !” said Dr. Mystic. “Why, he hath the impudence of the devil ! I will not hear him, Dr. Peters.”

“Hush !” said Samuel, who was in his element ; for of all things he liked such transactions, especially if men of spirit and courage were to be sufferers by them. “Dost thou think the cause of the colonies just ? Answer me, thou whom not inaptly I call Shimei—for thou hast, in effect, cursed the king.”

“Do you propose that we should hold a conference on the rights of man, and on the political duties incidental to the connexion of parent and child ? If you do, bid the soldiers sink their halberds, and order my irons knocked off. The audience, (and a pretty numerous one is collected,) might smile to see the respondent, on a question in which he is to advocate the cause of many millions, imitate the constrained gestures of a highwayman making his last speech at Tyburn.”

“Young man,” said Dr. Mystic, “this is unfit language for a man so near his last moments as thou art said to be. But fifteen minutes more !”

“And this is called, in clerical phraseology, spiritual aid, I believe,” said Gilbert. “Why, sir, many have announced to me that my life has short space; but not one has done it in a way so polite and gratifying as yourself. The gaoler made the news a chorus to lillibulero, and Mr. Deputy Commissary sent it by the penny-post; but your manner on the occasion is infinitely more obliging.”

“I would not wound thy feelings,” said Samuel; “but it is our duty to call back thy thoughts from worldly things to the one thing needful; and why should we use soft phrases?”

“I am ready for any thing,” said Gilbert; anxious to evade farther discourse.

“Are you ready to confess the atrocity of your conduct?” said Samuel.

“Ay; and I should like to make it fully known,” said Gilbert.

“This is a fitting opportunity, and I take upon me to give thee permission so to do,” said Samuel.

“Well then,” said Gilbert, in a loud voice, “I have been a base traitor to the land that gave me birth. I leagued with foreign ruffians to destroy her liberties, and bind her sons in chains. This was atrocious—damnably atrocious: I feel it was; and God has visited the deed on my own head. Merciful Heaven! grant that these red-coated slaves of despotism, may be driven

speedily from this land, or may water it with their blood! Will that do, reverend sirs, for my last speech? Why did you come to disturb me in my last moments? It was not for my soul's comfort; but to wring from me some pitiful secret of which you suppose me possessed, and which you think I am weak enough, or base enough to divulge. Off, off; I can die without your aid," and he faced the soldiers with the air of a man who can say, without trembling, "fire!"

The crowd, whose every honourable and praiseworthy feeling had been brought into action during the dialogue, at its termination, with one accord, huzzaed the brave young man. Even the tories huzzaed him as joyfully as James the Second did his rebel subjects, when they were beating his French allies off La Hogue, and thereby destroying the last chance for his restoration to the British throne.

"Colonel Vernon," said parson Peters, "nothing can be done with the prisoner. He dies in a most unhappy frame of temper—contrition and penitence have no place in his mind."

"Then unbind his arms, and lead him out," said Vernon. "Call the sharp-shooters."

Twelve soldiers, detailed from the Sharpshooters, came up at the word, and the prisoner stepped deliberately to the point, in the direction of which the spectators had not been permitted

to place themselves, thus leaving a clear course for the flight of those balls, which should not make their goal of the breast of our hero. Hitherto no veteran on parade could have manifested a more soldierly obedience and attention to discipline than Greaves had done. But when one of the soldiers advanced to put a cap on his eyes, he resisted. "It may be necessary," said he, "to hide the advance of death from cowards, but I am none such. The only favours I ask are, that I may be permitted to die with my eyes uncovered, and that I may be allowed to give the word of command myself. I wish to show this army, and this crowd, how resolutely and resolutely an American freeman can die."

"It cannot be," said Arleston, who had galloped up in time to hear this request.

"Why not, sir?" asked Gilbert, with a countenance for the first time looking somewhat entreatingly. "By army rules I have a right to ask it."

"It cannot be, and that is enough," said the British hero. "It is meant for a disgraceful death, and nothing which can increase the ignominy shall be omitted. Put the cap on his eyes."

The prisoner sprung back with electric rapidity. "Base man! but my death will be avenged. Force alone shall draw me into this shame!" The soldiers rushed upon him in a body, but he ex-

erted his athletic limbs to the utmost. Strange as it may seem, his struggle for a boon of no importance to a dying man, saved his life, at least for the present, for we don't care to let our readers into the secret of the story yet. As he wrestled with the soldiers, a noise like that of a multitude of discordant voices shouting the same words was heard upon the outside of the crowd. It gathered magnitude ; and from an indistinct, indefinable murmur, came presently to be a discourse conveying intelligible words. "A reprieve"—"pardon"—"pardon"—"reprieve"—"huzza," were the first sounds which clearly conveyed to the ears of the group, immediately surrounding the prisoner, intelligence of the adjournment, *sine die*, of the cause, Greaves *adsecutam* Arleston. The crowd were in a delirium of joy. Many wept, who, till then, had been tearless. Some who had been praying, now cursed, and many who had been cursing now prayed. It may be safely asserted that the Bishop's Pawn was, for a few minutes, the scene of more noise than was that particular spot of Asia upon which stood Babel. Arleston, who was unable to conjecture from what source the pardon had been procured, was wrought up to genuine frenzy. "Shoot him upon the spot," cried he. Not a soldier stirred, for it had been whispered that a new commander was at hand, and they did not care to meet the rebuke of such. Perceiving that

the soldiers would not march to the quick time of vengeance, Arleston seized a fusee, which one of them carelessly held, determined to execute the dictates of his vengeance with his own hand. The fusee was pointed in the proper direction. At the moment, the very instant of pulling the trigger, the arm of the epauletted Jack Ketch, videlicet, the commander-in-chief for the time being, was seized by the bony hand of Duow Van Loon. The feat was performed too late to prevent the discharge of the piece, but in time to avert the direction of the ball it contained from the breast of Gilbert Greaves to that of the minister of many a dark deed, Charles Vernon, who fell dead into the arms of Sergeant Niel Craig, without a groan.

The whole passed in less than five minutes. As the ball lodged in the breast of the English officer, Sir Maxwell Greacen, spurring his horse to his utmost speed, and followed by Sir Henry Clinton, general-in-chief of the land forces, and Lord Howe, admiral of the fleet, Major Andre, Zack Fish, Sim Riddel, Phil King alias Soundtheshoals, and several more of the Hook and Island pilots, by dint of a little authority and a great deal of elbowing, gained the spot. Being arrived, their eyes sent most eager glances after the principal actors of the drama. Arleston stood in some measure hid from observation by a portly butcher from Fly Market,

who had thrust himself, in his bloody regimentals, upon the theatre of action, and stood laughing most obstreperously, and making his fat sides shake like a plate of gauver jelly. Our hero having less reason to covet a screen, was the most prominent person of the groupe. Sir Maxwell sprung from his horse, and Wild Gil was in his arms in a moment. "A narrow escape this, my lad of the highlands." The veteran wept like a child—in fact, there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd, save those of the general, his associates, and satellites. Every eye was now bent upon Greaves to observe how he, who had sustained the terrific advances of the great enemy unmoved, would receive the present 'hist o' suspension,' to use a phrase of the Scottish lawyers. But the resolution which had supported him in the moment of extreme peril, deserted him at the "renewal of his lease," with the condition which the kind glance of Sir William induced him to think was attached to it. He wept outright. Sir William turned his eye on the *ci-devant* general, no longer in eclipse from the screen of flesh, with a most terrific scowl.

"You give an admirable demonstration in your conduct, though not in your despatches," said he to his predecessor in office, "of the reason why his majesty's arms do not prosper, sir. The motto of your house, I believe, is, that 'Might overcomes right.' I see it does. What!

Captain Greaves, have the irons entered your flesh? Have they injured the sinews and muscles, do you think? Because if they have not, I have a mind to put a sword in your hand, and place you and your foe upon Blackwell's Island for a bout or two at the small sword, and leave it to your own arm to exact a penalty for your sufferings."

"We forget, your excellency," said Sir Maxwell, "that the good father of this young man does not know of the reprieve. We may imagine his condition. I read in the eye of our young friend that the greatest favour we can now confer upon him, will be to inform his father that Gilbert Greaves, of the West Bank, is in the condition of Robin in the Christmas gambol, 'alive, and alive like to be.' Greaves, here stands Carfacaracataddera—so, you sir—fresh from the sod; pawing like the charger in Job. Lend him to me, and I'll for the Half-Pay house to prepare your father for your resurrection: Heaven forgive the expression! You'll back my Eclipse, who, with Sam Purdy to ride him, is a match for the beams of the morning. He distanced the Roanoke horse Hog and Hominy, with two legs in a bag. I'll run him against His Royal Highness of York's Moses any day, and carry two stone in the bargain. But he is wearied now. Here, Zack, take these fifty guineas and divide them among your gang.

This day's service shall be had in perpetual remembrance, Zacky. It shall be the dawning of your fortunes. Your gang shall be pilots, *ex-officio*; and, of course, of all the royal navy of Great Britain which shall have occasion to look into the waters of Long-Island Sound, or of the Hudson. And, hear me; if any of you are caught plucking a god-send too freely, for once I will step between you and the big wigs in consideration of this morning's service."

Hereupon he vaulted to the saddle, and put spurs to Carfacaracataddera, who perhaps guessed the errand, for he moved with uncommon celerity. Sir Henry Clinton, after speaking a moment with the admiral, followed Gilbert, who was moving slowly, and with difficulty, amidst the congratulations and caresses of the cow-boy and old Ludovico. The faithful Duow who had been, under God, the saviour of his master, could not be prevailed upon to leave him, but ran by his side, communicating as he ran many particulars respecting "Jenny Limping and her baby," and "Robert Scott's being had up for cursing and swearing," into the city. Ludivico, who acted as aid-de-camp to Duow on all important occasions, the while, of the spectators, that particular evolution of canine mathematics which consists in describing prodigious circles with head to the ground, was performing, to the infinite amusement

and tail between the legs. (You may coax them a month, but they will not do it unless they are very joyful.) Each time, as he returned to the starting-post, he put himself erect upon his hind legs by the side of the horse, came down upon all-fours again, and then set off anew on the 'grand tour.' The crowd separated, and in a few minutes the Bishop's Pawn, which had lately been a most important piece in the game, became of no more consequence or value, than the pawn of a check-mated king. Arleston had taken an early opportunity to leave the field; not, however, before some wittol in the crowd had loudly petitioned that he might be delayed until some four of the guards should be gagged, put in dominos, and sent off as his custodiers, that the entertainments of the day might close with the pantomime of the "Devils and Don Juan."

CHAPTER XI.

The virtues of a Roman father doom
A son (first crowned a victor) to the tomb ;
But we, of later times, whose hearts are cast
Of softer stuff, rejoice such days are past.
There was an hour of Rome's existence, when
Her sons were either more or less than men,
Were Neros dancing when the city flamed,
Or Regulus by the Punic wrath untamed,
Or he that Prince for continence so famed.
Then all was ardent love of country built
Upon the love of glory—or 'twas guilt.
If love, 'twas shaded by a thirst for blood—
If guilt, 'twas overwhelming as the flood.

* * * * *

*We are not bid by glory's voice to steel
Our breasts to joys which Heaven has bid us feel.*

Prologue.

WHEN Sir Maxwell Greacen reached the Half-Pay House, and entered the chamber which was occupied by Brigadier Greaves, he started back when made fully aware of the change which grief had wrought in the person and manners of the occupant. From a hale, robust man, he had sunk into a state of leanness and gracility, which made him the only suitable candidate I ever saw for the honours and the *profits* of that wonderful "predicament of diminution," which our great voyager, Captain James Riley, arrived at by

dint of unheard-of distresses, and a series of strict lents. The brigadier lay upon a couch, his eyes open, though their sense was apparently shut. His hair, which began to be slightly tinged with gray, was about his head in wild disorder, his cheek pale and sunken, and his hands folded on his breast. He did not move a limb at the entrance of his friend, nor by any perceptible motion give evidence of a knowledge of his presence. The first impression which the baronet entertained was, that a total estrangement of his reason had taken place. A female sat at his bedside weeping bitterly. The undisguised trepidation, and extraordinary embarrassment she showed at his entrance, gave him to believe that he himself was not unknown. Her very white hand was laid in a most affectionate manner on the forehead of the brigadier. As Sir Maxwell walked up to the bed on which the would-be-Roman reposed, the lady arose, and dropping her veil over a cheek, which, notwithstanding the darkened state of the room, Sir Maxwell, even in the hour of distress, from an imperfect view of the chin and neck, nathless the veil, imagined must be exquisitely beautiful, retired to a sofa, which stood in the recess. The baronet, who must not be supposed very miserable, since he had about him, as he imagined, a "medicine for healing," paid her that mute compliment, which fond man never fails to bestow on a beau-

tiful female form for the first time gliding before him.

He went to the bed-side, and took the hand which, for the first time since loyalty nerved it, did not return his pressure. As he stood looking on the face of his friend, and watching for a favourable moment to communicate his tidings, he saw his lip quiver, and his eye become lucid, but there was no tear. "My son!" he murmured in the tone which dreamers use in their communications.

"My dear old friend," said the baronet, giving him a gentle shake, "look up and hear joyful news. Can you hear and not go crazed, do you think, the most joyful news that can reach your ear, save that of your redemption? Your son——"

"Is gone," said the brigadier, faintly, "and what can'st thou say that will heal the heart of his father?—and oh! God! his murderer."

"Tush, man, the devil!" said the baronet, "did'nt I say that I had good news? Would his death be good news, Brutus? (The female, Sir Maxwell saw, arose and stood trembling.) Down upon your knees, and thank the God of Heaven and Sir Henry Clinton for a full, free, and unconditional pardon. Why, man, there is not as the old song says,

'A hair of his head singed at a' wi' the powther,
'Tho' he's played at the fusee wi' Lenox and Lowther,'"

The lady screamed faintly at the conclusion of the baronet's speech. She was in the act of falling, when Sir Maxwell caught her in his arms and carried her to the sofa. Luckily, at that moment, Mrs. or Miss (no matter which) Peggy Pool, alias Aunt Montaug, *ci-devant* housekeeper at the West Bank, and who had just arrived in town, and was labouring in her vocation at the Half-Pay house, entered, and to her care Sir Maxwell committed the lady, while he went to attend the brigadier, who, in attempting to rise from the couch, had fallen, through extreme weakness, to the floor. Sir Maxwell raised him up with some difficulty, and replaced him on the couch. At the same moment, the sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs gave notice of the arrival of other visitors. The door was burst open with the speed, which in every concern either of pleasure or pain, distinguished the Hunter of the Kaatskill, and Wild Gil Greaves was locked in the arms of his father. By this time the chamber was literally filled with gentlemen and yeomen, Englishmen and Americans, whigs and tories; in fact with every thing except dry eyes and throbbless hearts. But Sir Henry Clinton, who did not by any means deem this a public exhibition of filial and fraternal feeling, said mildly,

“My friends, perhaps this pair may wish to thank Heaven for their wonderful deliverance

the which act requires seclusion, you know. Let them be private."

The crowd who had been viewing the scene much as do the guard the liberation of Lear and Cordelia, as the play reads in Oxberry, immediately obeyed the order, and the chamber was cleared of all but the two Greaveses, the unknown lady and Aunt Montaug, Sir Maxwell and Duow Van Loon, with his dog Ludovico, the latter of whom, much to the prejudice of his master, had his paws on his benefactors as they knelt in thanksgiving, and was dealing out his caresses by the Winchester measure.

"My son," said the brigadier, "thou art restored to my prayers, but how, my son?"

"It is a very long story, my father," said Gilbert. "I have the gift of the gab to a great degree, being of the blood of the Butlers, of whom you know goes the proverb, 'If you see a proper Butler you see a proper talker.' So I must needs quarrel a while with Dr. Mystic, and parson Peters, whereby I saved a good ten minutes. Then I asked to be shot with my eyes uncovered, ("a brave fellow," interrupted Sir Maxwell,) and to be allowed to give the word of command myself, which they would not grant. They proceeded to put a cap over my eyes—not your's, aunt Montaug. I resisted; and in the struggle to ascertain which was the strongest, I or the battalion of sharpshooters, I saved a good three

minutes more. I have heard before now of the importance of an inch in a man's nose, but never till to-day calculated so nicely the value of a minute in his life. All would not have saved me, but for the vigorous interference at a critical moment of our friend Duow, of whom more hereafter. I cannot speak of the other principal actor, while he stands at my side blubbering in a manner not to be forgiven in a favourite of the Second Frederick."

This playful observation was addressed to Greacen, but the eye which was directed at the baronet, rested while on its round of observation, on an object not before otherwise than very cursorily noticed, being the female whom Sir Maxwell had found nursing his afflicted friend with so much solicitude and tenderness. The elder Greaves, who had been watching the inquiring glance of his son, said, with a very kind tone of voice—

"A lady, my son, who has watched with me unceasingly for the last two days. I must bespeak your brotherly care, my son, for this kind and amiable lady. And yet, madam, I have been for that space so completely absorbed in grief that, believe me, I cannot for my life name you to my friends."

A momentary silence succeeded this acknowledgment. It was probably expected that the lady would give her card, (to use the fashiona-

ble phrase.) But she did not, and, to the bystanders, appeared to be weeping. The gentlemen were distressed.

“It is Miss Keith ; do not cry, ma’am,” said aunt Montaug.

“Miss Keith—Ellen Keith ? Blessed angels, it is she, and I am not at her feet,” exclaimed our hero. The part of his duty which the “blessed angels” were informed that he had omitted, was speedily added to the number of rites performed to the very letter of the ritual. He was at her feet in a moment, her lily hand clasped in his, and covered with his kisses and tears. Very acceptable offerings to an enamoured girl of eighteen, and a kind of plea, said the counsellor, to which few females demur in any stage of the suit.

The moment was worth an age of pain to the lovers. They had forgotten in whose presence they were, or the cold rules of the world might have controlled their feelings. The arm of the lovely girl, as she indulged in a passionate burst of tears, was leant on the shoulder of the lover, whose lips, if we may credit the respectable witnesses present, and ready and willing to depose to the fact, rioted in the pure red and white of her yielding cheek. [We expect immense praise for the matter and construction of this sentence.] And if we took to the peculiar manner and more peculiar circumstances under which they met

we shall find little blame for them in our hearts. He had been snatched from impending death, and restored to the arms of a doating girl, whom he loved with the truest affection. The presence of each had been entirely unlooked for by the other. Not a distant hope of his escape or pardon had visited the maiden's breast; and one minute before Sir Maxwell Greacen entered with the joyful news of his release, she had supposed him an inhabitant of the land of departed spirits. Now he stood, or rather knelt before her, healthy, free and happy. And equally unexpected was the presence of the maiden to her lover. He had never heard of her return to America. Under all these circumstances, I would have had any officer of my command cashiered for cowardice, who should have refused, in the presence of his great grandmother, to press such a woman to his heart.

There was none of the company who discovered any great surprise at the passing scene, except the brigadier. He had no suspicion of any engagement of the kind contracted on the part of his son, or of any affair of the heart in which he was a party, except that terminated, as he supposed, by the infancy of the object. Nor was he aware that this was the lady who, by the courage of his son, had been saved (and he no longer affected to disbelieve the story) from the brutal designs of Arleston. Had he known this, he would probably

have underscored the expression "brotherly love," as official documents are sometimes served when parts are not to meet the public eye. Thought he, "that soft pressure of the little fair hand upon my feverish brow, was not altogether, I find, because 'charity hath a reward.' Well, she is a lovely creature, and, I think, as good as lovely. So that the West Bank finds an heir male short of Barrymore, I am content."

Thus reasoned the brigadier, though the part Sir Maxwell was acting did not permit him to reach that joy-inspiring division of a prosing divine's sermon, to wit, a 'lastly.' The baronet cut a 'pigeon wing' to the tune of *God's Lock*, thought himself the punter at *Jeux et Noir*, and cried *Je va la banque*, and acted a thousand other extravagancies perfectly in character with his feelings when his excellent heart was gratified with the sight of human happiness. Ludovico, who apparently relished a love scene as well as Miss Janet Lavender, who reckoned no work perfect without a score or two of them, and rejected, as

Testament
Heaven,' a
his fore pa
ing over m
fully at th
might hav
courageing,

e Old
t from
l with
peer-
wist-
which
nt en-
touch

at the other fair check, or a lecture to prove kissing one of the fine arts. Duow Van Loon, whose hair had been twice pulled, and ears thrice cuffed by Sir Maxwell, in pure joy, had retired with a half churlish "thunder what ails the man!" towards the door, where, with a face of unmeaning Dutch gravity, he watched the whole scene with as much simplicity as Leon catches flies in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.'

"Come away Ludivico," said Duow; "you'll spoil the fun."

The exclamation of the country lad brought
 the senses. The blood mounted
 to Miss Keith's cheeks, and
 with engaging timidity, she said,
 "I leave, I am happy that your
 presence you. May he never again be
 a person which shall reduce his fond
 feelings in which I lately beheld him!"
 "I do promise me that you will
 not serve with either party again for this war."

A smile, which, in the days of chivalry, would have compassed the overthrow of some ten principal.

"I

said

little

snaff

Ellen

"I

Gilbe

love have not the power, with their blindest accents, to check my resolution to place myself with to-morrow's sun, once more under the godlike Washington. My heart is pledged to stand or fall with him in his glorious struggle. But, Miss Keith, while life lasts ———”

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said Miss Keith, blushing deeply, and moving towards the door.

“You must not go yet, my dear Ellen,” said Sir Maxwell; “I am much interested in this affair. Your father is my friend, Miss Keith. We have served much together, and that amongst military men creates a feeling which lasts while life lasts. We served under Prince Henry of Prussia, and were side by side at Cunersdorf, (a biting business that last.) And again under Prince Ferdinand. We were then transferred to Portugal, and very angry we were when brave old Lord Tyrawley was displaced to make way for that beardless boy de Lippe Buckbourg, and I declined serving under him, but your father went. A cursed Closter Seven business.”

“I have heard *entre nous* that you were suspected, about that time, of cowardice,” said Gilbert, assuming a serious aspect.

“Did you, indeed? A word in your ear. Hold your tongue, or I shall take the liberty to part the happy pair, by narrating the commencement of their attachment—what a low opinion one had of the conversational powers of the other, &c.”

“Gentlemen, sir—Sir Maxwell, do not detain me,” said Miss Keith ; and she spoke something about ‘home,’ which only the baronet understood.

“Never mind home, Miss Keith, it’s a fool to this place ; still less mind me, who am old Sir Maxwell Greacen, as well known as the bell at Saint Paul’s, and in one respect very like it, being forever a ringing. But a truce to badinage ; we will be serious. Captain Gilbert Greaves, by an arrangement made with Sir Henry, in the hearing of Sim Riddle, Zack Fish, and Phil King, whose familiar name is Soundtheshoals, is to leave the city to-morrow, for a short visit to the American camp, being obligated by the preliminary article of the treaty for his pardon to procure from the rebel commander, George Washington, a certificate of his innocence of a principal charge. That being done, he goes where he pleases. We think that any attempt to detain him in our service will be fruitless. If he will forget his friends, his father, and Azure-eyes, and serve in the rebel army, why he must go, but not to that body which is opposed to Sir Henry, lest he should encounter his father, who I suppose will stick by us.” If the brigadier be transferred to ——— all in good time, the blank shall be filled, the arrangement goes for nothing, and Wild Gil may even measure swords with a Greacen.”

“It would be to lose it to him then,” said Gilbert. “I will never raise my sword to my benefactor’s breast.”

“As arrant a modern as ever lived,” said the baronet sarcastically at the brigadier. “Give him a lesson from Roman history, my old friend. Tell him of the pattern Brutus’s sacrifice, Consul Decius’ devotion, the big words which a certain Roman spake to King Porsenna, &c. My young friends, I know that you love each other. Do not blush, Miss Keith; virtuous love is nothing to be ashamed of. Captain Greaves, assume your tongue for one of its noblest purposes—that of offering your hand to this charming girl. [Gilbert could not avoid smiling under a knowledge of the perfect supererogation of Sir Maxwell’s order.] I might perhaps allow you all those mute colloquies which grace romance, but in truth we have not the time. Miss Keith must depart for England immediately. A ship sails to-morrow.” A tear mounted to the eye of Miss Keith, as she cast her eye upon Gilbert, who, from the commencement of the dialogue, had been at her side, and now whispered softly, “Dear Ellen, confirm your promise, and be mine.”

Sir Maxwell, who could spare his jest when it was likely to pain, affected not to notice the tear nor the petition, but resumed,

“My children—Miss Keith, you have a father

solicitous for your happiness. I have taken care to forward the necessary representations of the signs of the times to him, and I think, dearest Ellen, if you will give this young man your promise to be his when the wars are over—hold your tongue, Wild Gil, you sha'nt have her an hour before ; she is too bright a jewel to be adventured in the desperate game you are playing, that your father will not withhold, d——e, if he shall withhold his ratification of it.”

“ Make my son happy with your promise to become his at the conclusion of the war,” said the brigadier, who came forward to the support of his son.

“ Gentlemen—Mr. Greaves,” said Miss Keith, with much dignity, though the hue of the rose mounted to her cheek, “ I will give the required promise always in subjection to a most indulgent father. It would be a poor return for the protection which Mr. Greaves afforded me, if the promise appeared to be unwillingly given. I am yours, sir, heart and hand. If the new relation in which we stand to each other, gives me any right to offer advice, I must beg you to remember that it is not true courage to rush heedlessly into peril. I know that your courage and sense of duty will lead you into many arduous and dangerous paths. Sir Maxwell laughs. I see he would have me tell you to avoid them for my sake. I do tell you so. I am a soldier's

daughter, and would not have you disgrace yourself, but surely you may contrive to be not always in the forlorn hope."

"Can't you give him an amulet," said the teasing baronet, "a portrait, or some such matter. I recollect of hearing that after the battle of Almanza, in the bosom of Don Juan de Castro, who was left dead on the field, there was found a toe-nail, (forgive me, Miss Keith) but whether it was his lady's or his saint's, the college of Salamanca were never able to determine. And now I am ready to escort you to your lodgings."

Miss Keith arose, and bending her cheek to the rapturous youth, and to the brigadier, who fondly pressed her to his heart, with the affectionate epithet of "dear daughter," took the arm of Sir Maxwell, (for Gilbert Greaves was for the present a prisoner in his room) and retired. From the window of his chamber, which looked out on Broadway, the lover watched the steps of his mistress, and they never appeared so Zebra-like before, till he had seen her escorted by her efficient protector to the house of his father's friend, Dr. Sydenham, a short space from the Half-Pay House. When he saw her safely lodged in the house of the worthy and respected professor of the healing art, and recollected that the power of Arleston to distress was materially lessened by late events, he felt more happiness than he had done for many a day.

He now gave a detail of the day's occurrences to a numerous audience, composed of eleventh-hour friends, and some old maiden ladies, who performed the part of daily chronicles, distributing news, and revising, and re-editing rumours gratis. When these were despatched, he found leisure to hold a colloquy with his corporeal faculties, and found them in a state of rebellion from want of good and wholesome viands. The talents of Aunt Montaug were enlisted into his service, and with the aid of Kitchener and Les Almanac des gourmands, a well cooked delicately seasoned quant. suff. of victuâls, on a clean diaper, were speedily placed before our hero, with a side plate for Duow, and a deep trencher with the bones for Ludivico. Corporal Giffard, of my own regiment, had the bill of fare many a day after, but it was supposed to have been lost when the corporal fell into Wapping's Creek and was drowned. I recollect that there was a leg of mutton, with capon and oysters, a haunch of venison with a plentiful sprinkle of wine in the cooking of it, a pair of Havre-de-Grace canvasbacks cooked *a la Sykes*, soups *a-la Niblo*, beside custards and jellies unmeasurable. I farther recollect that neither a 'boar's head with a lemon in its mouth,' nor 'red herring riding away on horseback,' were of the number of dishes. These were in fashion, I believe, before the civil wars; at least, so says Aubrey's

curious MS., in the Ashmole library, at Oxon, but they have never appeared at any table at which we have found our important selves seated, though we have dined once or twice with aldermen, and have been able, we may remark, from personal observation, to notice all our national peculiarities of diet from the soups at New-Orleans, to the whale-scraps and "oppone or corn" puddings of Nantucket,

CHAPTER XIII.

Pluck up your ears, my gentles, while I show
How the blithe pair went blindfold to the bridal.

The Odd Trick.

WE are now to suppose a couple of nights to have passed, and the sun of the second morning to have risen like our hero refreshed from his slumbers. Greaves awoke at an early hour, and though debarred emergence from his chamber, visited in spirit the usual walks of a morning, and fancied that he felt the pleasures that such are wont to confer on rural minds. He had scarcely made his brief toilet, when his father, now completely divested of his Roman predilections, entered with most affectionate inquiries about his health, his appetite, and what viands in particular it craved, his spirits, and whether he was well supplied with pocket money, owed debts, wanted habiliments, &c.; questions which we well remember, we thought in our early days, extremely affectionate, and becoming in our father to make. To these inquiries, Gilbert returned answers, in which joy at the intimated return of parental affection was so apparent, that the brigadier, unable to look at the watery eyes of his

son, without exhibiting as he thought too much tenderness, left the apartment, pretending to order a delicate breakfast, but in fact to weep in private. Before his departure, he informed his son that he would return, and take coffee with him presently, when they must hand the exculpatory letter of the American general over to the quarter whence his full and final pardon must be had.

His return was, however, delayed a considerable time past the usual breakfast hour. He came at length, and with him came Sir Henry Clinton, Sir Maxwell Greacen, and a gentleman wholly unknown to Gilbert. The last, Brigadier Greaves announced as "Major Finlater, a gentleman with whom I shall be glad," said he, "to see my son on terms of respectful intimacy. Major Finlater, I would have you keep in mind your promise to regard this boy of mine with some degree of friendship."

The major said, "certainly I shall, sir," and smiled very kindly, but Sir Maxwell laughed outright. Greaves expected to see his father's cheek flush with indignation, at being made the subject of an ironical laugh, but was disappointed. He did not think it worth his while, however, to quarrel in his father's behalf. It seemed to him, he could not tell why, that some private intelligence of a merry nature existed between his father and his visitors. He detected them fre-

quently exchanging signals. Sir Maxwell, in particular, seemed big with some idea which every minute was composing his features into an ill repressed form of risibility.

“Your father yesterday informed me,” said Sir Henry, “that you had gone to visit the rebel commander-in-chief. How prospered your application for the certificate?”

“Your excellency shall judge,” replied Gilbert. “When I reached the quarters of the American general, he was at dinner with a few of his officers. He never sits long at wine, and on this day left the table, I was informed, earlier than usual. He received me in private. I briefly stated to him my object in visiting the American camp.

“Your excellency, I think,” said I, “can be witness that I made no communication on joining this army, which went beyond the simple particulars of my escape.”

“I can say, sir,” answered the general, “that no other reached my ear. If my certificate to that effect will be of any benefit to you, you are welcome to it.”

“His excellency, the commander-in-chief of the royal army has written you on the subject,” said I, handing the letter of which I was the bearer.

“It does not in a strict sense relate to public

business," said the cautious American. "I cannot therefore receive it. But Captain Greaves will oblige me by reading aloud from it such extracts as he may think go to support his application."

"I then read aloud the parts of your excellency's letter, which spoke of my peculiar situation, and of the general wish prevailing in the British army, that I should find an honourable way to free myself from the legal consequences of that situation. When I had finished reading the parts of the letter which I supposed applicable, General Washington rose and seating himself at his travelling bureau, wrote and gave me the writing which I hold in my hand."

Gilbert was requested to read the certificate ; it was in these words :—

HEAD-QUARTERS, WHITE PLAINS,

November 1st, 1776.

"The bearer of this certificate, Gilbert Greaves, captain in the seventh American regiment, came into the army under my command, in September last. His conduct, while he was with us, was that of a gentleman and a soldier. Understanding that he is in a very unpleasant situation, being suspected of having communicated in an un-officer-like manner to the American commander-in-chief, intelligence of the numbers, disposition and movements of the royal army, I think it proper for me to say that he has been accused of crimes, whereof, as far as my

own knowledge, or scope of inquiry extends, he is innocent.

(Signed)

“GEORGE WASHINGTON,

“Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.”

“Will that be sufficient, sir?” asked Gilbert of his excellency.

“To adopt the concise and energetic style of your rebel friend, it will,” answered he. “Give me that paper.” It was handed to him, and he continued musing over it for some minutes.

“It cannot be denied,” said he, awaking from his fit of abstraction, “that the author of this writing is one of the greatest men—if not the very greatest, that the world has ever seen. We must not say this in the hearing of the Irish regiments—nor in St. Stephen’s Chapel—nor in the king’s ear, but we will say it freely in this friendly groupe. The world has seldom, if ever, looked upon so wise and so virtuous a man. His countrymen do not rightly understand him, my friends. They have fallen into the error of believing him a tolerably cool and sober man, instead of accounting him superlatively eminent in the highest virtues of a soldier. You are surprised at finding these my sentiments, and yet I believe they are the secret sentiments of every reflecting man in the army. We will let the matter rest here. I see your chocolate is on the table, brigadier, and, really, I like the honest phiz of your toast and muffins.”

The gentlemen now sat down to the table, and did all imaginable honour to the good things which were placed upon it. This was a day when breakfasts were of far greater account than they are at the present time. They were not indeed, as in some of the West-India Islands, the principal meal of the day, but they did not consist of the half-picked bones of yesterday's pig, the pinions, neck and drumsticks of yesterday's turkey, nor in any respect were they wont to draw for the plenishing of the breakfast table on the "seven baskets" remaining of the last mid-day meal, as has become the practice of many of our hotels. For ourselves we are old-fashioned folks, and extend our gastronomic providence to the first meal of the day equally with the second ; but we regret that the plentiful breakfasts of our fathers have been banished from the houses of those who are more modern than ourselves.

It was the fortune, good or bad, of our hero to find himself seated at the table by the side of Major Finlater. He found that gentleman an excellent table companion. After discoursing on various subjects, not of a military character, he observed, that though he served throughout the seven years' war, he had never liked the profession of arms.

"You have seen some considerable service, I am informed," continued he, "that is, considering

that you have been a soldier but three months. How do you like the life of the camp?"

"I imagine, sir," answered Gilbert, "that fighting for one's country is a pleasant business, and equally pleasant the strife which proposes some equally worthy end, if there be any as worthy. But to take arms, a mere mercenary, ready at any time to transfer our services to a better bidder, caring not a farthing who wins or who loses, so our pay be secure, sinks the soldier to a level with the common headsman."

"Hush, my dear young man," said Sir Henry, "you'll bring at least fifty of the king's German legion upon you, and all the Hessians to boot. You must sing small about mercenaries, my friend."

"I have no inclination to disturb the peace of the king's lieges," said Gilbert.

"We had best quit this subject, then," observed Major Finlater. "If you propose, Captain Greaves, to reside in any part of his majesty's dominions, it will be as well for you to continue silent on the subject of politics. And you have no idea of entering again into the rebel army, sure?"

"I have not fairly determined," said Gilbert.

"Then let me use arguments to induce a determination," returned the major. "In the first place, your father is a loyalist, and, my head for it, will so continue. You cannot wish to encoun-

ter him again in the field, though you should thereby be able to prove yourself possessed of filial affection as well as personal valour. You must thence feel some disinclination to a service which so frequently brings you in contact with your sole surviving parent. I knew your dear deceased mother when she was one of the loveliest women in England, and she would have wept herself to stone at the bare possibility of your driving a bayonet, in a dark night, into the bosom of your father."

"To avoid such a heart-rending catastrophe," said Greaves, laughing, his eyes nevertheless filling with tears, "we will agree, my father and I, to carry on all our martial operations by daylight, or we will throw a die to ascertain which of us shall remove himself from the theatre of war."

"And then," continued Major Finlater, "every friend—that is, every bosom friend you have in the world, is on the side of Great Britain. You cannot help regarding that as a circumstance in the way of your joining the Americans."

"The Romans," said Gilbert, looking obliquely at his father, "never suffered friendship to stand in the way of duty."

"There Brutus gets it," said Sir Maxwell, laughing.

"No, nor in the way of interest neither," said Major Finlater. "I do not know that I can

urge another reason for your relinquishing altogether the rebel service. Yes, I can. I was told yesterday that you was passionately in love with a very amiable, as well as very beautiful daughter of the 'fast anchored isle,' as one of your deceased provincial governors called Britain. I recollect that her father is a substantial tory. You'll hardly win his consent to marry his daughter, unless you promise to take her to a land of more security than this promises to be for the next five years."

"Huzza! huzza!" cried Gilbert, making a pleasant show of swinging his hat. "Why, I thought when I received my commission from his majesty, that the rebels were to be eaten up by the slowest process of mastication in less than a year. And now five years is allowed for the feat by a well-informed, loyalist. All hail the 'Thirteen Free States!' for if the deed of subjugation be not done in two campaigns more, it will never be done at all. But, sir, do you think that the fathers of our fair ladies do right to withhold their daughters from deserving men who may chance to be of a different political opinion?"

"Oh, my dear sir, that is a question of casuistry," replied the major, "and the issues upon it are too many to be entered on our breakfast docket. But you had better say 'here is to Old England,' than to stay and fight the battles of the young republics."

“I deem theirs a cause that angels may approve,” said Gilbert, with a quickness, resulting from an apprehension that he had not sufficiently vindicated the colonists.

“That resolves itself into a mere matter of opinion,” said the major, smiling. “I myself do not think the rebels so entirely in the wrong as some of my friends suppose them to be, but think that they have suffered many oppressions which they have resented with too much sharpness.”

“Your very liberal sentiments, do you honour, sir,” said Gilbert. “If the ministry had entertained as liberal, the now independent states would have remained provinces of the British empire.”

“Let me follow up my main subject with a proposition or two, while we continue our amicable feeling,” said the brigadier. “Gilbert, I think of returning to the land of my fathers, and laying my bones, if it please God, in the very cemetery which contains the dust of Rhuy's the Founder. I learned, last night, by certain advices, that your uncle Robert has died without heirs, and that your uncle Griffith has died in the Indies ; the first leaving me his title, and the second bequeathing his princely wealth for the support of the baronetcy. We cannot rejoice in these splendid acquisitions, my son, because they are purchased at the price of the lives of two af-

fectionate relatives. Now, I hope that surrendering your republican predilections to your father's wishes, you will consent to accompany me to Great Britain, and contentedly set down in the venerable halls of Llankbodhie, subject of George III., and the heir of a plain Welsh baronet."

"I will go, my father," said Gilbert—"go to the end of the earth with you, if it be your request. Yet I could wish to see the liberties of this infant people placed beyond the chance of present prostration, and see how they will wear the privilege conferred by emancipation before I bid them adieu, and leave them my blessing for a brave and virtuous people."

"If it will in the least assuage your fears to hear the opinion of a soldier upon the issue of the contest," said Sir Henry Clinton, "hear mine, which is never to be repeated beyond the doors of this dwelling:—America can never be conquered while George Washington lives. He is the wisest man and the best general of the age, and will baffle every attempt of ours to subdue him. And should he fall, like Gustavus Adolphus, he will leave behind him Wrangels, Banniers, and Saxe Weimars to uphold the cause of the states by a perseverance in the plans he has laid."

"If our friends on the other side of the Atlantic were to hear you, Sir Henry," said the brigadier, "it would not be difficult to predict your

fate. But we will talk no more of this. My son consents to become an Englishman without farther argument."

"And taking every thing into view, he has acted wisely," said Sir Maxwell, who, during this conversation, had been sitting with a countenance bearing evident symptoms of abstraction. "For myself," continued he, "I shall never see old England again. I have a firm presentiment, no matter how acquired, that I shall lay my bones on the Western Continent. But enough of this, too, for I see tears gathering to your eyes, which is a symptom of a woful coronach. Gilbert, you have forgotten to stipulate for Ellen Keith. You should have made her a preliminary."

"With regard to Miss Keith," said Major Finlater, gravely, "you will have many rivals, Captain Greaves. The lady is said to be very beautiful, and withal has a fair prospect of inheriting a large fortune from her o'd father, the contractor. Wealth and beauty, when in possession of the same female, seldom fail to find infinite favour in the eyes of the nobility of England. If his 'grace the duke,' or 'my lord marquis,' should drive up in a coach-and-six from Piccadilly, or from one of the Squares, bound down to 'Belvoir Castle,' or even to 'Wilderness Park,' I very much question whether the lady would not forget the affair of the rescue and all the fine

things said by, and all the fair promises made to, the descendant of Rhuys the Founder."

"If she should love his 'grace the duke,' or my 'lord marquis' better than me, she should be at liberty to bid me good bye. But she will never marry a duke for the mere pleasure of being addressed as 'your grace.'"

"We don't know that, my young rebel," said the major. "Come brush up your memory, man, and tell us how often in the course of your reading you have lighted on stories of 'lovyers true,' sold to distraction, infamy, and death, through the workings of a woman's passion for wealth and title. You are moved. Come take a walk with me, and I will see what can be done to lay the melancholy spirit I have conjured up. I have an errand to do in Miss Keith's ear; and as I am an old man, one would suppose that I might whisper it with my arm resting on her shoulder, but not caring to abide the displeasure of the man who *floored* Bill Cutbush, and disarmed Lambie Wilkie, I will take you to be an eye-witness of our confab. Sir Henry, Greacen, brigadier, will you accompany us?"

"I am otherwise engaged," said Sir Henry.

"And I have to meet an old friend from the country at the Boar's Head," said the brigadier.

Sir Maxwell also excused himself, and Major Finlater, and our hero proceeded on their visit; Gilbert first claiming, and being allowed a short time for toilet duties.

A few minutes brought Major Finlater and Gilbert to the door of the ancient Dr. Sydenham. The usual motion at the bell rope drew a servant, at whose bidding they entered the hall.

“Does Miss Keith receive company this morning?” asked the major.

“She is writing now in master Frederick’s chamber,” answered Billy Porter, “but she said that if your honour, or another gentleman called (and here *Blacky* showed his pearls) you must be bidden to the drawing-room, and she must be called.”

“Oh, you should not relate every word so particularly, William,” said the major. “Your master has no young ladies, I presume, or you would have been better versed in dissimulation. Go, and tell Miss Keith that she has friends in the drawing-room, who request her presence. Where did Sydenham get these costly vases, and these beautiful Argands? The apartment is furnished like that of a first prince of the blood. Pedal harps and a superb clementi. It all came honestly, however. He’s a noble old Grecian, this Sydenham; but his egotism and vanity subject him to some impertinence, much ridicule, and abundance of criticism. You shall visit his library this moment, and the burthen of the library table shall be—*Imprimis*, some three or four medical works, one leaf of the cover of each being thrown back to display an ornamented title-page, which

informs you that the book hath received the corrections and critical notice of Samuel Sydenham, M. D. et Lugd. Batav. Med. Theo. et Prax. Prof. Hers. et Col. Ins. Rhod. Hist. Nat. Prof. A. A. et M. M. et S. P. A. Soc. S. S. L. L. P. P. and five folio pages more of bare contractions. Beside the said books reposes a German periodical, perhaps the Gottingen Journal of Science, which is carelessly thrown back at the place where you read that the American Dr. Sydenham, hath made some important discoveries in nosology. Listen ! there comes our charmer."

They heard steps as of some person advancing, and in a moment Miss Keith entered the drawing-room. Greaves sat in a chair fronting the door, and was first noticed, and noticed with a playful bow, and a smile which threw him into a thrill of rapture. Another step brought her in a position to obtain an imperfect view of the major, who was standing in the recess of a window, endeavouring to screen himself behind the drapery of a window curtain. Ellen blushed deeply, and stepped quickly back, but presently resumed her station.

"Has blindman's buff become fashionable in England, dear papa ?" asked she.

Gilbert arose.

"No my love, I believe not," said the proud father. "The Hessians brought it in. But I doubt whether my sweet child would not have

power enough in the fashionable circles to get it introduced. Take away your coaxing arms, my child. I must hasten to Mr. Gilbert Greaves with an apology and sundry courteous remarks, or I shall incur the risk of underlying his challenge for practising a little piece of deception upon him. My dear Greaves, I am both Major Finlater, and Major Keith—Finlater Keith, and the father of this very expensive piece of flesh and blood. Take heart, man.”

“I thought that you was in England, sir,” said Gilbert.

“So I was this day a month gone,” answered the major, but learning by an Aleppo pigeon that I ought to be in this troublous land, I set sail from Spithead in the Serapis, Captain Shovel, and early yesterday morning heard the joyful sound of “land!” A foolish story of the death of Fred., told me from a fishing-boat in the offing, set me nearly distracted, but I was soon put aright by an old pilot, the most communicative of that very communicative class, by name Zack Fish, who claimed the honour of saving our young friend of the West Bank, from a Byng-like death, and who said that Frederick Keith was alive and doing well, whereupon I came up to zero again.

“And who assured you, my dear sir, of the safety of your Ellen?” asked Miss Keith, with an affectation of resentment.

“ The general appearance of the city, miss,” answered the father. “ There were no marine flags flying at half-mast—no muffled bells tolling—no sable ribbons bound around the arms of the civic gentry—All of which are generally, made to be seen, heard and felt, at least in romances, when youth and beauty depart the sphere of human action.”

“ Oh, I am so glad you are come, papa !” said Ellen.

“ What ! if I were to exert the fiat of paternal authority to the annihilating of all the tender projects which have been conceived ? Would you be as glad then, Ellen ? In ten days I return to Great Britain.”

“ Shan’t you rebuild the Orchardleys ?” asked she.

“ No, my dear ; I shall bid the rebel states good bye, carrying my all with me. Frederick disinclines to serve his sovereign any longer on the western continent, and Ellen is a gem of too much value in the eyes of her father, to be trusted to casual defenders, in the midst of a profligate army. My dear daughter, Captain Greaves has asked your hand of me. What answer shall I give him ?”

“ Let me retire, my dear father,” whispered the blushing girl, “ and do you answer as you please.”

“ Sit still my love,” said Major Finlater.

“ Captain Greaves, I must interpret my daughter’s speech as her eye bids me interpret it. I bestow her hand upon you, sir, with a firm belief that her heart went off many months ago. May the God of Heaven bless you, my children, in a long and a happy union.”

He turned hastily from the lovers, and walked towards the window, but whether for the purpose of brushing away a falling tear unobserved, or to give Gilbert an opportunity for the expression of his gratitude, we cannot say. Nor can we positively inform our readers, in what coin the debt of gratitude was paid. Report says, that the major having ascertained how many diamonded panes of glass there were in the windows of an old fashioned Dutch-built house opposite, had a vision, as he turned on his heel, of a youth on bended knee saluting the cheek of a certain fair maiden. It was certainly a very bold action, but it was one which we cannot be legally scolded for relating.

“ But Mr. Greaves,” said Major Keith, “ I must insist upon the terms, which Sir Maxwell prescribed to you in my behalf, namely, that you shall not marry my daughter till the end of the war.”

“ Then sir,” said Gilbert very gravely, “ I will carry into effect a voyage that I have for some time thought of taking into the interior of Africa, to ascertain the source of the Nile. And I may

also get time to furnish a bird's-eye view of New-Holland."

"Admirable plan!" said the Major laughing, "We will get the sanction of the king for these undertakings, and then you can travel under royal patronage. The bell rings; we are to have company."

Ellen arose to leave the room, but her father gently detained her. The door opened, and Brigadier Greaves entered, accompanied by a venerable gray-headed man in canonicals.

"It is my dear old tutor!" cried Gilbert, springing up, and rushing to his arms. "My tongue cannot express, my dear Mr. Zachary, the joy I feel at seeing you, and seeing that your eyes still sparkle, and your step is still strong."

"If my dear pupil still retains his affection for me," said the tearful old man, "I shall be recompensed, in learning it, for my journey to the city, although I should not be so fortunate as to meet with my son."

"Nichol is in town, sir," said Gilbert, "though I have not been able to see him. This lady—Miss Keith—Mr. Zachary—owes her preservation from the late distressing shipwreck of the Francis Freeling, to his single arm."

"Nichol is worthy of his father," said the brigadier

"I thank you, sir, for the compliment," said the pastor.

“How are all our friends at the West Bank?” inquired Gilbert.

“Why, generally well. Mr. Coulter still occupies the post of steward of the Greaves’ estate, and since he heard of your secession from the royal cause, has new swept the lawn, new painted the garden paling, ‘put all to rights,’ to use his own phrase; and to give the finish, has nominated you, prefacing the matter with a long speech, a delegate to represent the village of Tibbs Hill, cum the landing, alias the West Bank, at the next general Congress, population of the district 761, besides Mingo Woolyhead and his family, who are stout tories, and decline all whig agency, expressing entire satisfaction with his majesty’s government. Mr. Coulter writes you, which saves farther mention of his friendly offices.”

“And how is the deacon?” asked Gilbert.

“Well. Has married Ruth to Stoffel Tasker, and Nabby to Bob Pope. Patty Mansfield is in town, blushing like a rose. The incendiary Moke Dymoke, remains as great a thief as ever. Squire Jacks has mounted green-eyed spectacles. There is no other important matter to be dilated upon, I believe.”

“I will, if it please you, make a few more inquiries. How is it with Ludivico, Tendertoos, and the Black Prince?”

“Ludivico,” said the parson, “continues a doer

of mettle, and keeps the peace of the canine population admirably. Tendertoes waxes feeble. The Black Prince has been transferred from the armory to the bed-chamber of Mr. Coulter, where it hangs undisturbed, except on scouring days."

While Gilbert was making these inquiries of his aged tutor, the drawing-room had been gradually filling with company, the major part of whom were listening to the conversation of Gilbert and the pastor. "The Major holds a full levee to-day, I presume," said Gilbert, internally. While he was wondering what could be the occasion which had drawn together so many well-dressed people of both sexes, many of whom seemed unknown to each other, and all behaving with a staid and composed behaviour, little resembling the usual badinage and gossip of 'full morning calls,' Mr. Zachary arose, and stepping into the middle of the room, said

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God"—he paused.

Sir Maxwell Greacen whispered in Gilbert's ear, "do not appear ignorant, but step promptly forward. You are to be married."

In the mean time, Major Keith had imparted the secret to his blushing daughter, and now led her, "half reluctant," to the altar. Mr. Zachary took up his catch-word, and proceeded,

— "*and in the face of this company, to join*

together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is commended," &c. &c. &c.

As we are paid for our literary labour, in the phrase of mechanics, "by the day," say, a full gold piece of the United States' mint per page, it would be a fine penny in our pockets, if we were to transcribe the entire church service, appropriated to the marriage ceremony ; but professing to have a conscience, which does not ooze so readily through our palms as Bob Acres' did, we omit it, referring our readers to Bishop Kemp's certified Book of Common Prayer, where it may be found at large.

When the ceremony was ended, the happy pair received the congratulations of all present.

"I little thought on the morning of the court martial," said Colonel Talbot, "and still less on the day of your *execution*, that you would be still living, and in receipt of such a blooming recompense for your toils and troubles. Those were some of the hair-breadth escapes which elicited such eloquence from Othello."

"And he will have to be farther beholden to some good angel, or come halting off from the fearful expeditions he has planned," said Major Keith in a mock fit of trembling.

"What expeditions do you speak of?" asked Talbot.

"To ascertain the source of the Nile, and explore New-Holland. I hope the bride will have

interest enough with him to persuade him to relinquish these daring schemes."

Gilbert turned from his gay friends to where Mr. Zachary was endeavouring to escape from the recognitions and introductions which were multiplying exceedingly. He promised to return and bless the meat. Greaves agreed to walk with him, first informing his bride that he was going to see her brave lieutenant.

CHAPTER XIV.

All things must have an end—youth and its bliss ;
Old age and its gray hairs and tottering limb ;
War and its glory—peace and its mild joys,
Ministrings, musings, warring, wooing, wedding
Do all approach unto a period when
The actors doze i' the middle of the scene.
And e'en the author hath a final chapter.

Anon.

THE two friends found Nichol Zachary at the lodgings to which they had been directed. We cannot do justice to the meeting between these long parted relatives and we forbear ; bidding our readers imagine it in what would be the feelings of every affectionate parent and child, four years seperated by unnatural wars and stormy oceans.

Nichol was much improved in appearance, and from a sickly lad, had become a robust, athletic man, with a sun-burnt cheek, and a countenance lighted up with good nature and hilarity. He eagerly questioned, by turns, his father and our hero, of, and concerning various personages, whom he had known at the West Bank, each one suggesting some droll and characteristic remark.

“How do the Latin elegiacs prosper, my son?” asked the parson.

“Oh, I wrote a few which are now in the latitude of Antigua running down the Trades. But I preferred writing Latin epigrams, sir.”

“Did you? let’s hear one,” said the pleased old man.

“I will endeavour to recollect one if I can,” said Nichol, winking at Gilbert. “Ah, I have it.

Ne tempore non tuo disertam
Pulses ebria Januam, videto :
Totos —————

Hang me, father, if I have’n’t forgot the rest.”

“dat tetricas dies Minerva,”

continued Mr. Zachary. “Oh, you are a rogue, Nichol, to think of palming Martial’s upon me for your own composition. But you are a very shallow cheat, I see.”

The sailor jumped up, laughing, and went to the window. Presently he beckoned Gilbert to him, and inquired if that lady passing was not Miss Mansfield. Greaves, looking in the direction of his finger, saw that Nichol was indeed right. She was passing, attended by a middle aged man in regimentals.

“I thought I knew her,” said Nichol. “She appears to be grown up a fine girl. I must call upon her, and ask her if she recollects what extraordinary skill I had in solving riddles.”

Our hero thought it would be improper to stay longer from his bride, and accordingly made his bow to his friends, after engaging Nichol to accompany his father to dinner. A few minutes found him seated by his own Ellen, who rallied him upon his temporary desertion, in which task she was assisted by her jovial father, and Sir Maxwell.

We mean to say very little about the gay party who assembled to do honour to the bridal, or about the splendid viands which were spread out on the occasion ; for this, to wit, that it was only that very common occasion, a wedding dinner, which drew the company together. If we were describing a corporation feast, it would have been imperative on us to set forth and show how bravely the aldermen lapped turtle soup, and ate of the turbot and premium beef. If a Tammany dinner, how many roasted crabs the Grand Sachem picked ; and if the occasion were a " public dinner to Governor Clinton," how many species of lake fish and canal ling were on the table, making the mouths of our city epicures water with our descriptions. A wedding dinner demands no such tedious particularizing of viands. We will observe, however, that the company, on the occasion of the nuptials of Captain Greaves and Miss Keith, were such as people of fashion may always com-

mand, and the eatables and drinkables, such as people of wealth may always deck their tables withal. Gayety and profusion reigned mistress of the day, and joy sat upon every countenance. But not one of the company—not even the happy pair themselves, appeared to enjoy the day more highly than Lieutenant Zachary, who found himself seated by Miss Mansfield. To such good purpose did he employ the moments of the repast, and of a subsequent interview of an hour, that in a week, the lately disconsolate girl quite forgot Gilbert Greaves, in an attachment as warm, and promising a better result, for Nichol Zachary. The pastor united them with a warm paternal benediction, and saw, with the sincerest pleasure, the blush of health again visit her cheek, and knew that the tear which mounted to her eye was from a much less anguished cause than that which had lately operated to fill it. It was the voice of the nation which, with a special compliment to the bravery of her husband, had promoted him to a first-lieutenancy, that filled the eye of the young wife. It should have been mentioned before that Nichol, through the application of the friends of Gilbert Greaves, was exchanged, and speedily departed the city. His aged father followed soon after, carrying with him many a valuable gift, and valued token of the unfading friendship, respect, and esteem of the Greaves and Keith families. They attended

him to the shore, every individual of their united households. They had previously used every argument to prevail on him to accompany them across the Atlantic, and end his days upon the British isles. Tempting offers of rich livings were made him. There was the "vicarage of Dyffryn Golych—the rectory of Dryslywn, and of Trefrhiew—of Llanfynydd, and a hundred others. And who knew but he might get the prebendal stall of Saint David, when Dr. Ire-monger died?" But no. "He had lived," he said, "forty years on the West Bank of the Hudson;" it had become a something more than a birth place to him. He had embarked with his countrymen in the war of liberty; he had urged them to resistance, and he would stay and share their fate if they fell; if they conquered, he would thank the Almighty Giver of the gift, in the very temple where he had first prayed for vengeance on the Briton.

In the mean time, immense preparations had been making for the voyage of the united families of Greaves and Keith across the Atlantic, and every delicacy was provided by the careful fathers, which the supposed weakness of Frederic Keith, and the delicate constitution of Mrs. Gilbert Greaves, were thought to require. But let us dismiss, for a while, the major subjects of our story, to give room for the outfit of the minor to their harbour of rest.

Mrs. Baker, Gilbert's former landlady, and her grand-daughter, Clara, were among the first who were honoured with the call of our hero and heroine. One morning, when the lately married couple were rising to make their bow, Mrs. Baker, whom the mad-cap of a grand-daughter had been pestering with some whispered petition, said to Mrs. Greaves,

"What do you think, madam, this pet wants I should ask of you? But you would never imagine the boon. She wants to accompany you to England, and leave her poor old grand-mother to die alone."

"La, grand-ma'am," cried the spoiled girl, "you can take a husband. You are but sixty-three, come Saint Luke's day, and old Mr. Simon Trapp will marry you and endow you nobly."

"Why do you wish to leave me, Clara?" asked the old lady.

"I told you, my dear, good, good grand-mother, that I had an ambition to become a countess," said the pet. "I think myself quite as well calculated (and she passed before the mirror) to become the heroine of a novel, and figure in high life, as any lady I ever read of. Cinderella, grand-ma'am, was as portionless as I am, and she married a prince, you know."

"Will you take the hair-brained child with you, Mrs. Greaves?" asked the old lady.


"With great pleasure, if Gilbert likes it," answered she.

Gilbert of course did not dissent, and it was arranged that Clarissa Halket should accompany our hero and heroine across the ocean, and become if possible a countess, and at all events, figure in high life. And it was farther settled at the special instance of Clara, "that if Mrs. Baker did not choose or deem it prudent to espouse Mr. Simon Trapp, that a gouty man of worship should be sent her from the old countries.

About this time died Charles Carruthers. He fell in a duel with an officer of rank in a quarrel originating in a gambling transaction. And thus died Abner as a fool dieth.

Gilbert made diligent search for Sam Bryce with a view to leave-taking, but that most original personage was not to be found. Once, indeed, when a fire broke out in a street adjoining that in which Gilbert dwelt, and had hurried to aid the sufferers, he fancied that he saw the athletic limbs of the director of the Hand-in-hand, but a view of the face appurtenant to said limbs put him at fault again. It was probably Bryce, but so disguised as to preclude the dangers which would have attended detection.

At length the day arrived which saw the Keith and Greaves families, their attendants, and Clara Halket, on board the ship of war, which was to transport them to the shores of the British isles. A numerous party of friends attended



them to the water side, and received their last adieu. The sails were hoisted, the anchor drawn up from its embedding, and the ship, piloted past the hook by the veteran Zack Fish, briskly ploughed her way through the world of waters to her destined port. Nothing was seen by our friends of Paul Jones, the Raw-head and Bloody bones of the period. In this they were far more fortunate than their brother travellers on the wave. Every vessel they spoke on the passage had seen him, "wearing the blood-red flag, or the Black Ensign, was chased by him, whole days and nights," and escaped only by the occurrence at the critical moment, of remarkable dense fogs, of superior sailing, or superior cunning.

After a very pleasant passage, the ship, in which they sailed was anchored, without mishap, in the Downs. The family of Refugees, whom it has been our task to bring safely off from the field of revolution, left the ship at that place, and proceeded to London. After spending a few weeks, the seniors, in renewing friendships, and in repairing the rents, which time had made in their youthful intimacies, and the juniors, in arranging their sets of familiars 'hats,' 'simply civils,' and-so-forth, of the different degrees of friendship and acquaintance, they left London, and proceeded post to Llankbodie Hall. And there we leave them for the present, while

•

we return to the western continent, note some few events, conduct one or two down the vale of years to a gentle death bed, and the rest to the common Aceldama of the bloodier minded of the novelists, and then proceed to the winding up of our tale.

We left many of the principal characters of our drama, and others, subordinate, engaged in revolutionary warfare, and the reader may wish to be informed of their final fate.

Sir Maxwell Greacen, upholding to the last the high character which an unsullied service of thirty years had procured for him, fell in the Southern campaign, deeply regretted by every officer in the army. In the opinion of his brothers in arms, he merited more than any soldier of the day, the title of "Undeiled," which had been bestowed on a high-souled warrior of a preceding age.

Nichol Zachary continued to rise in reputation till the last hour of the revolutionary struggle. Soon after his marriage, he was appointed to a sloop of war, in which he had the good fortune to make many brilliant captures. His service, throughout the whole of the war, was, in fact, little else than a series of actions almost unparalleled in naval history. But he acquired more honour than riches by his deeds. The close of the revolution found him, like thousands of our gallant countrymen, who had fought in the war of

independence, in actual want, "maimed and disfigured by honourable scars;" and he was compelled, by stern necessity, to accept the command of a merchant ship in the West India trade. He continued in this command with few intervals of service, until the aggressions and insults of the French and Spaniards drove us into a war of reprisals, when he was appointed to a small armed brig, ordered to protect American commerce in the Mediterranean against the corsairs of the Catholic King. He had the misfortune to get becalmed on the Spanish coast, and in that situation was attacked by five privateers. He was killed in the engagement. His excellent and venerable father had died the year before, at the very advanced age of ninety years, leaving behind him a character which should be a model for the clergy of every succeeding age.

Sam Bryce, who most fortunately escaped all the snares laid for him by his enemies, lived through the revolution, and nearly down to the close of the 18th century. When the peace of '83 took place, and men began to "build houses upon the highways and the hill tops," Bryce, no longer pregnant with national schemes, took the improvement of the city policy in respect of the fire department, set about the manufacture of engines and their apparatus, the drafting and drilling of fire companies, and other works very beneficial in his peculiar sphere of action. For

fifteen years, on the cry of fire, duly proclaimed, the bell of the North Dutch was heard to utter its solemn call to the rescue, on both householder and sojourner. Within a few rods of this church, and a little to the west of Special Demurrer Buildings, Bryce fixed his habitation, the situation which, of all, best suited him, because of its proximity to the bell rope of the church. Opposed to the devouring element by day or night, you were sure to find Sam. Bryce. Many a card of thanks lettered the walls of Bryce's principal apartment, wherein might be read in varied language, the thanks of the opulent landlord, the wealthy merchant, the thriftless tenant, and the unfortunate widow, for signal and loudly proclaimed services. And when he died, the city had seldom before seen a concourse so great assemble to celebrate the obsequies of one of her citizens.

Sir Cuthbert Greaves did not live many years after his succession to the title and estates of his family. His years were however sufficiently lengthened to show him the prospect of the duration of his race beyond the generation of his son. Sons and daughters were born unto Gilbert, healthy, handsome and active, and who, to the great joy of their grand-father, were named good old fashioned names of fast Welsh origin, Griffith, Pendarves, &c. The old gentleman resided altogether at Llankbodhie having his son and

daughter-in-law with him during the summer months, and Major Keith a companion throughout the year. The American estate was forfeited, irrecoverably forfeited to the law of the States, confiscating the property of the refugees. The exiled proprietors of the West Bank took care to remunerate Mr. Coulter for his care of their property, though his care had produced no benefit to them. But the price of the American property was hardly missed, in the wealth which, by the decease of the elder brothers of Sir Cuthbert, and the bequest of Major Keith, of a moiety of his fortune, had settled in the family of the Greaves of Llankbodie.

It was some time in the latter part of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, that an American gentleman, journeying over one of the most mountainous tracts in Wales, alighted about the going down of the sun upon the summit of a romantic ridge, to enjoy awhile the beauty of the prospect. The ridge, abrupt and craggy upon one side, on the other sloped away towards a noble sheet of water, which reposed within a fringe of willows. About half way down the fenced slope stood an ancient building of large dimensions, and apparently of great magnificence. While our traveller was soliloquizing, (for these old baronial residences never fail to inspire with fits of musing,) an aged gentleman, riding upon a Welsh pony, and attended by a

couple of servants or running footmen, passed that way. Our traveller was a Yankee, and in the true spirit of the 'universal nation,' must needs ask to whom that splendid mansion belonged? The aged gentleman answered, with much affability, that it was the family residence of the Greaves, and was called Llankbodhie. One word brought on another—the highroad led not far from the mansion—they continued travelling and discoursing together until they reached the park-gate, where the traveller bid, or was preparing to bid, the aged gentleman good day.

"I am half-inclined to think," said the latter, "that you are not an Englishman."

"I am not, sir; I am an American."

"I half suspected it," said Sir Gilbert Greaves.

"You are my lodger for the night, then, sir. I was born in America, and her people seem to me like brothers. I lived there until I was twenty-two; I even drew a sword for you in the war of your independence. You were a brave people then, sir, and you are a happy people now. I hear much of your country, her growth, and greatness. If I were ten years younger, I think I should visit the American states, but, alas! I am too old to think of a sea voyage."

The American traveller was introduced into the mansion of the Greaves, and treated with abundant hospitality. It was a time of family feasting and rejoicing, for Pendarves Greaves, the

youngest son of Sir Gilbert, had just arrived from the field of Waterloo, covered with renown, and the sons and daughters of the baronet had assembled to meet him, they and their children.

“ In the words of Jacob, these are ‘ the children which the Lord hath graciously given me ! ’ ” said the baronet. “ I have six sons and six daughters, sir, and my grand-children are more than three score. My children are all happily settled, and come yearly, or oftener, from their hiding places among our Welsh mountains to look upon a head which grows whiter and whiter, aye, and ominously too, with each succeeding year. I am old, but hale and robust ; have a wife, who, though she has lost her beauty, has not lost her good humour, and am, on the whole, a happy and contented Refugee.

Our traveller spent a week in this delightful mansion, and then left it to prosecute his journey to other parts of the United Kingdoms. And they live yet, our hero and heroine, full of years, and prepared by lives spent in the performance of praiseworthy actions for the final audit of all human accounts.

One word more, and the devil—that is, the printer’s devil—may have the sheet. Clara Halket married the Earl of Ollapod, and figured in high life to the extent of her wish.